

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
LYRASIS Members and Sloan Foundation

<http://archive.org/details/springhillianoc191112spri>



A. M. D. G.

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

SPRING HILL COLLEGE
MOBILE, ALABAMA



The object of THE SPRINGHILLIAN is to record College events, to stimulate literary endeavor among the students, and to form a closer bond between the boys of the Present and the Past



CONTENTS

	Page.
The Christian Citizen—Thomas D. Flynn, LL. D., '11-----	5
The Greatest Boon—Joseph P. Newsham, '12-----	11
In the End—Samuel L. Kelly, '09-----	14
Before the Tabernacle-----	23
It Happens to Us All—J. T. Becker, '12-----	24
Modern Magic—M. Humbert Diaz, '12-----	25
When Baseball Comes to This—J. T. Becker, '12-----	29
Tested by Fire—Frank L. Tarleton, '13-----	32
October—E. I. F.-----	34
Editorial -----	35
College Notes—M. Diaz, '12, J. Becker, '12-----	37
Football—M. H. Diaz, '12-----	39
Kidlets—J. Francis Gillespie, '14-----	40
Alumni Notes -----	43
Obituary -----	48
To a Distant Engine-----	54



The Man of the Hour

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

OLD SERIES—VOL. XVI., NO. 1

OCTOBER, 1911

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV., NO. 1

Entered as second-class matter, October 29, 1910, at the postoffice at Spring Hill, Alabama, under the Act of March 3, 1879

THE CHRISTIAN CITIZEN

An Address Delivered by Hon. Thomas D. Flynn, L. L. D., at
Spring Hill College Commencement Exercises

You have been advised that my subject is "The Christian Citizen." You have wondered, perhaps, why he has been singled out to bear the brunt of this address. Has he been silently attacked? Is he in any sort of plight? Has he been dragged before the bar of the public conscience, that I should hold a brief for him? None of these things has happened. He is prospering in a country where the Christian cross salutes the eye in every hamlet, where its public officials are entrusted with their functions on an oath that gets its solemnity from a Christian Bible; that describes the manners, the laws, the charities of which it wishes to boast as "Christian." On the surface of society all is calm. It is a good sea for any bark that flies a Christian flag. But under that placid surface there is a current—a vague, undefined movement of thought. It is an unformed, uncertain, unasserted doubt that comes from many sources. It comes from the laboratory, where the demand for material premises has killed the germs of faith, and where cherished conclusions are impossible in the light of Christian doctrine. It

comes from the salon, where the austerity of the simple Nazarene sits heavily on the luxuriant disposition of the habitue. It comes from the studio and Bohemia, where the singleness of Christian belief does not comport with the broadness of the artist, whose unbounded tolerance includes even the social vices. It comes from the homes of the wealthy, where the love of the bizarre and singular has searched the wide realms of Mohammedism, Confucianism, pantheism, materialism and Buddhism, for their most fanciful vagaries, in order to build up religious quackeries. It comes—alas—from the ranks of the poor, out of those grave questions of social reform, from those dangerous thinkers called "popular philosophers," those heedless apostles of a new order, obsessed with the spirit of change, who in their indiscriminate demand for a rearrangement of society, would include Christianity in the wreck.

In the last 100 years there has not been a time when the spirit of true Christianity in our citizenship was more needed than today. The land is flooded with nostrums for all our so-

cial ills, but the end of the real solution will be found in the dominance of those virtues which get their highest emphasis in the teachings of Christianity.

There was a time in Greece, when the normal philosophies of Plato had fallen under the ban of mediocrity, and skepticism had entrenched itself in the academies; when the wise men had given place to wise-acres, when those academies began to proclaim that truth was unattainable. And then, as if to support that conclusion, they expressed doubt as to the relative value of virtue and vice. It would seem too plain for assertion that a more dangerous doctrine than this can hardly be found in the name of philosophy. A hundred crimes committed do not damage society so much as a single doctrinaire preaching a defense of human passion. There is not a more perilous principle in vogue today, masquerading under the guise of social hygiene, than the deliberate defense of immorality. Men may go on sinning. So long as they are ashamed of it, the republic is safe. But the day this country draws from her youth that protection of their purity which is found only in the unqualified prosecution of immorality, that day her final disintegration will set in and she will go her dismal way over the same riotous path that Egypt, Greece and Rome traveled to their doom.

That is but one question. Let me cite you another. The very cornerstone of a stable society is the family. The foundation of a family is mar-

riage. When a nation tampers with the sanctity of marriage, it threatens the security of the family and hits at the very vitals of society. In every nation the institution of marriage has been the work of its first sovereigns, even among the Chinese. The Jews relieved married men for a time of military service. The Persians exempted them for a year from taxes. The old Romans yielded to the state of matrimony the most unlimited reverence. During centuries their morals were strong and they pressed from conquest to conquest until they wielded the empire of the world. Divorce made its appearance, and soon marriage fell into disfavor. Seneca says that very soon women married to divorce and divorced but to marry, and that they counted their years not by consuls, but by the number of their discarding or discarded husbands.

Do we not see in the appearance and spread of this pagan parasite upon the divine institution of marriage a menace to this republic? I am an optimist, not an alarmist. I believe we are living in a better world than our ancestors enjoyed. I believe this nation to be the greatest, the strongest morally and mentally that the world has yet produced. But great as it is, this mighty republic is not yet greater than those immutable laws of nature which govern her citizens with a more potent sanction than her own statutes. She may abandon her early protestations of human liberty and still prolong her glorious career. She may sin for a time in the exaltation of the dollar,

and, finding her error, cast down the golden calf. She may suffer corruption to crawl into her courts, and yet succeed in purifying them. But there is one disease that will prove mortal. There is one evil from which she cannot revive. When the institution of marriage falls into disfavor her doom is pronounced.

Let me direct you to another situation. You have all watched a hive of bees at work in one of their wonderful little cities. You have doubtless marveled at the strange mysterious power that compels all that ceaseless industry and guides that little kingdom. Maeterlink calls it the spirit of the hive. There you will find, strongly expressed, the external expression of our modern "progress." You will see its streets swarming with people; you will see its roofs stretching endlessly, its soaring spires, the iron bones in the skeletons of its new buildings, its countless smokestacks; you will see its network of tracks and ceaseless trains rumbling over them; its busy wharves, its great ships and all the tangled rigging of its harbor; you will hear the pounding of pile-drivers, the clanging of bells, the rattle of machinery, the screams of whistles, and all the mighty din of the great city that comes in a huge roar up to your ears.

But somewhere down in that busy hive, hidden beneath some of those prosaic roofs, are the minds that are guiding all that movement. They are the real leaders, the high priests of "progress." They watch all those ac-

tivities; they fit all those buildings and exchanges and railways and steamships and factories, even those surging crowds of men, into their plans. They are the great industrial captains. They are the money lords. They are building up that great commercial empire that is playing not only with banks and railroads and industrial institutions, but with legislatures and courts and constituencies.

There is, however, another power in that city. There are the men who sit in the cabs of those locomotives, who ride the soaring derricks on those great buildings, who work upon those busy wharves, who, in the strength of their arms and sweat of their brows, ply all the avenues of industry. Individually, they are no match for the powerful minds that control the commerce of the nation. But collectively they make up that vast force which is called "labor." That great force is feeling now the power of its arm. It is beginning to know its possibilities, its rights, and to yearn for them with the zeal of a crusader.

These two great forces of capital and labor, then, stand face to face. Each year the resources of capital are becoming more closely organized. Each year the struggle is becoming more and more active. Do you think it beyond the limits of possibility that the well-organized commercial activities of that scene upon which we have just looked should give place to the disorder of revolution; that that jostling crowd of busy men should yield those streets to the soldiery? Already

we have heard the roar of the bomb in this land of liberty. Already the rumblings of discontent come up in unmistakable tones from the huddled tenements and crowded shops. What is to be the end of it all? It is an admirable field for the intolerant despot and railing demagogue to do mischief in.

I have outlined three conditions. I have stated three problems. Where is the purity of youth to find its Aegis? What power is it that is to guard the sanctity of marriage and preserve the integrity of the family, the very rock of the republic? Where are peace and industry and social order to find their safeguard? Their safeguard is here (Pointing to graduates.) The hope of the nation is in the kind of citizenship that is formed and nurtured at Spring Hill College. It is to be found in that noblest offspring of time—the educated Christian citizens. The palladium of our liberties is in that restraint which is the peculiar characteristic of the Christian religion.

Christianity is the surest foundation of social order that has yet been designed. Most of the other religions of the world, recognizing the sensuous in human nature, have subtly adapted themselves to its demands. Mohammedanism adapted itself to the passions of the luxuriant East. The system of Buddha and Confucius consulted the inclinations of their devotees and tempered their commandments with mildness. The old Pagans formed a religion that appealed insidiously to the sensuous and raised in heaven a

god for every passion. But Christianity has taught a religion of restraint. It puts into the hands of its children a lash for the spirit and the flesh. It has substituted mortification for indulgence. Contrast the warm, aesthetic, sensuous hymns of Pindar, Sappho and Theocritus, who celebrated religious festivities with the songs of love, of lovely Helen's immortal beauty, of rosy-armed Adonis, with the stern numbers of St. Francis, who sang "Praise be to Our Lord for our Sister, the Death of the Body." That is the difference between paganism and Christianity.

Paganism is of the past, but there is the same difference between Christianity and irreligion to-day. Irreligion means the unbridling of human weaknesses. Christianity means mortification and restraint, and as this republic goes "spinning down the ringing grooves of change" it is the religion of restraint alone that can safely keep it within its rails.

I do not wish to paint a gloomy picture. These are but the dark shades. But there are many brighter tints. After all is said and done this is the greatest age that in all the cycles of time has yet visited the earth. When I left school I thought with some regret that I was passing out into a world from which all the romance had departed, and in which all the opportunities for great achievements had passed. It seemed such a sad thing that such talents had been postponed to an age when they were no longer needed. I think that is a mistake into

which most young people fall. The imagination of youth, contemplating the past through the distance of years, sees it clothed in a glory that is not of to-day. It sees all the heroic deeds done and all the elemental problems solved. But how mistaken! The greatest deeds have not yet been performed, the greatest problems are before us.

Great have been the achievements of the past. Great have been its conquests, its struggles, its martial spirit. Great have been its poets, singing in immortal numbers, its orators thundering mighty philippics; its daring spirits pursuing adventurous discoveries. But its bloody pictures are eclipsed by the peaceful triumphs of to-day. It had its poets, its orators, its philosophers, its discoverers; but we have our civil engineers on the outskirts of civilization, over canyon, torrent and mountain range, pressing forward the boundaries of progress. We have our industrial chieftains, our scientists, our inventors, our aviators, who, in his oil-coat, represents the very incarnation of the spirit of this age. We see the great characters and historic events of the past. We do not see its tyrannies, its serfdom, its ignorance, squalor, inhumanity. To-day, we enjoy the fruit of those years—"the long results of time"—which from that tyranny and squalor and ignorance and serfdom, through many centuries, in human suffering, have been ground out of us. All the ages, like tributary vassals flocking to the storehouse of the present generation, each bringing its

contribution, have piled up a treasure for us to enjoy and squander if we will. These ages are Christian ages. This storehouse holds a Christian treasure, and every portion of it, to the last nugget, is thrown open wide to the Christian citizen.

The enjoyment of that treasure, however, lays a burden on us. If Christian citizenship means a set of privileges, it means a set of obligations as well.

Above all, it demands a supreme reliance upon God, that in the whirl and stir of life, amidst the material cares of our daily pursuits, we continue to remember His unfaltering providence, and that some day, at some solemn hour, each of us must walk into the Valley of Death. It demands that we shall yield an unflinching devotion to country, a devotion that needs no marching hosts, no booming cannon, no martial music, to stir us to its service, but that impels us in time of peace to take a lively interest in its public affairs and apply to the solution of its problems the patience and virtue of our Christian teaching, so that we may contribute to develop and preserve its institutions in purity and vigor. It demands the exercise of those simple virtues which marked the daily life of the lowly citizen of Nazareth, whose divine mission was to redeem the world. It demands that we shall work. There was an old pagan religion in which no man could be a saint who had not worked. It was not sufficient that he should have prayed. He could not be sanctified until it was shown that he

had sown useful seeds, destroyed noxious insects, conveyed water to the dry lands of Persia. Our Christian citizenship exacts of us nothing less in this regard than the old Magian sainthood. The true citizen must do something in his community. He must fill some useful place in the society in which he lives. Finally, he must stand firmly by those religious views which are the Ark of the Covenant of his own faith. In a day of doubt and distrust the Christian who yields his point for the sake of peace or holds his tongue out of mistaken charity is false to the faith he professes and has not the courage to defend. Compromise may be a wise policy in matters of business, but it does not commend itself in matters of principle and religion. I am sure none of us will admire that bishop, who, preaching to his fashionable congregation and fearing to offend, told them that they must repent of their sins—as it were, and mend their ways—in a measure, or they would be damned—to a certain extent.

And now, my dear young friends, you are fortunate in that you are going out into this great world with a badge of Christian citizenship upon your breasts. You are not to think that because you are leaving the classroom you have finished your education. It is related of Michael Angelo that, walking one night in the shadows of the Coliseum, he was asked by a friend what he was doing in that ancient solitude. "Sir," he answered, "I come here to meditate on all that I have learned during the day, for even

yet I find that I have not ceased to go to school." If you will contemplate the expansive intellect of that great poet, philosopher and artist, daily devoted to the acquisition of new knowledge and the improvement of his intellect, who can talk of having finished his education? You are just beginning your career—just beginning to use those instruments which this institution has placed in your hands. It will rest wholly with yourselves what use you will make of them—what use you will make of the opportunities that come to you. Fortune will not lay her favors in your lap. You must pursue her; you must make her yield them up. But if you are made of the right material, you will make her surrender. Once, when Pompeidius was commanding the Roman army, he occupied with his forces the summit of a mountain. The enemy was maneuvering about in the defiles below. The opposing general, tired of waiting for Pompeidius to descend, sent this message to him: "If you are a great general you will come down and fight." But Pompeidius replied: "If you are a great general you will make me come down." And if opportunity should prove slow in coming down from the mountain, why, force her to descend.

Back of you are all the forces of knowledge, of science, of literature, of business, which the past has organized and placed under your command. Before you are all the fields, of thought, all the avenues of trade, all the great resources of nature to be conquered. You have but to pitch

your campaign upon the highest plane. You have but to hold jealously to that great code of morality which you have been taught within the ancient walls of Spring Hill and which is the price-

less inheritance of Christian citizenship. Do this and your course will be as the flight of the eagle, who mounts into the illimitable heavens, pursues the sun and rides in everlasting day.

THE GREATEST BOON

JOSEPH P. NEWSHAM, '12.

The seventeenth century was nearing its close, when Tallahoochee, chief of the Choctaw tribe, left the rude wigwams of his ancestors to settle among the lofty pines and sturdy oaks at the headwaters of the Mobile river. Soon the fierce Creeks, avowed enemies of his nation, swept down in the dead of night on the unsuspecting village, asleep beneath the stars. A fierce fight ensued, and, for the first time, the proud crest of Tallahoochee was humbled in the dust. Of all the Choctaw tribe, there remained only Tombigbee, Tallahoochee's eldest and favorite son; a youth, young in years, but old in undaunted bravery, as he had well proved in the hottest part of the fray.

When the fierce war-cry of the Creeks had ceased to resound through the woodland glades, he dragged his father's body to a nearby thicket, there to bury it in a mound overlooking the broad waters of the mighty river. Without friends, without shelter, without consolation, no wonder a deep curse on those who wrought such havoc welled up from the very depth of his soul.

At length day declined to night; but still the mourner knelt by the side of the lonely grave, and it was long ere sleep, blessed, restful sleep, fell at last, on his tired eyelids.

But, stay, what delusion chases itself across Tombigbee's troubled brain? It seems to him that a vision, clad in white, floats on the water near the shore. A voice comes to him, strong, commanding: "Go where the river widens into a lake. There you will find the greatest boon which the Mighty Spirit can bestow on his children."

The imprint of the dream remains, clear cut as a cameo in the mind of Tombigbee, but the call of vengeance is too strong at first. A second and a third night he spends by the grave, and each time comes the same dream, the same mysterious vision, the same stern command. It is the voice of destiny out of the wild, and, like the Magi of old, answering the call of the Star of Bethlehem, he determines to obey its summons.

With bow and arrow in hand he leaps into his canoe and bidding farewell to his childhood haunts, he is

soon on the broad bosom of the swift-flowing river, the stars are above him, the river beneath. On either bank of the stream stretches a mighty forest dim, impenetrable, gloomy. The sougling of the wind, and rush of the water under the stern of the canoe are the only sounds to relieve his utter loneliness.

For four long days Tombigbee plied his paddle almost incessantly, stopping only for a necessary amount of sustenance. It was sunset of the fourth day when he reached the broad waters of Mobile Bay. Far off in the dreamy distance the dark blue line of the gulf stream told where the bay widens into a mighty ocean. The sun's rim, just visible above the trees, turned the waters of the bay into a sea of molten gold, seeming to kiss each wavelet with the day's parting benediction.

It was on the forest-clad shores that Tombigbee landed, and met three hunters of the tribe of Mobilians. His mighty muscles, his swarthy complexion, his fanciful dress, his noble head, his piercing eye, his kingly appearance, all united to produce friendship and admiration in the breasts of the hunters.

"Come with us to our mighty chief," was their willing invitation.

"Who are you?" asked Coosa, the powerful chief of the Mobilians when they had arrived in front of the royal tepee.

"I am son of Tallahoochee, chief of the once flourishing Choctaws," proudly answered Tombigbee.

"Tis well," replied Coosa, "you

shall have a place in my council."

Now he thinks that in true friends he has found the "Greatest Boon." But somehow his happiness is not complete. The same old thirst for revenge consumes his very soul, and he feels that until it is satiated, he never can find true happiness.

The years speed by, and Tombigbee, just turned thirty, a noble specimen of young manhood, became enamored of the bright eyes and raven tresses of the chief's only daughter, Orama, a beautiful damsel of nineteen summers. He sought her in marriage, but the proud old chief stood firm, saying: "By your prowess you must win her."

Disappointed, Tombigbee swore a great oath that he would win Orama. By displaying extraordinary skill in hunting and fishing, and the fiercest bravery in the grim hour of war, he gained the admiration of all. Still, Chief Coosa demurred at the match, though the coy maiden, nothing loath, gave Tombigbee every encouragement.

It was in the season when game is plentiful, that Coosa and Tombigbee went deer hunting together. Coosa while engaged in a fight against a fierce old buck, was thrown from his horse and lay at the mercy of the charging and infuriated brute. Hearing his cries for help, Tombigbee rushed to his assistance, and single-handed rescued him from his mortal peril. The wounded chief looked up into his eyes and said: "Orama is yours."

Merrily, merrily whirled the mar-

riage feast, soon after, when the wounds of the war-hardened chief had healed. There was dancing and singing and joy in camp, and such a celebration as had never before been witnessed among the Mobilians.

As the happy bride leaned upon his arm, Tombigbee exclaimed: "Now I have the 'Greatest Boon.'"

After a few weeks had passed, however, he realized that his happiness was not complete, for the desire for revenge, an almost hopeless desire as he knew it full well to be, still burned in his breast.

Let us picture in imagination, the French colony of the *Sieur de Bien-ville*, transferred in 1711 from Twenty-seven Mile Bluff to the present site of Mobile, as it appeared to Tombigbee, a mighty chief of the Mobilians, when, with other braves he visited the friendly "pale faces." A store, a few houses, a rude frame church, then constituted all of what is the present city of Mobile. Yet it seemed to the Indians, accustomed to the solitude of the pathless forest, a mighty town indeed.

One day Tombigbee happened in one of his visits to pass the little frame church, in front of which a black-robed priest, Father LeMaire, was preaching. He was about to go by when a voice within him seemed to whisper: "Stay." His interest and curiosity were at once awakened, and he paused to listen. See how his face lights up, as the sky at break of day, when he hears the

priest exclaim: "In Baptism you will find the greatest boon which the Mighty Spirit, your Father, can bestow on you." They are the very words of his dream, and his soul expands with joy. After the sermon, he seeks Father LeMaire, and asks to become a Christian.

The day of his baptism dawns bright and fair. A vast concourse of colonists, as well as copper-skinned Indians from far and near, came to witness the ceremony, for the fame of his prowess had spread to the regions beyond the turbulent Mississippi, aye, even to Kentucky's dark and bloody hunting-ground.

When the pomp and ceremony was over, Tombigbee sought out Father LeMaire.

"Blackrobe, why is it that I am so happy, and not a spark of revenge lingers in my breast?" exclaimed the newly-baptized chief.

"The answer lies in a rude cross that rose on Calvary's Mount two thousand years ago," replied Father LeMaire. "The Crucified Redeemer with his dying breath prayed for His very murderers: 'Forgive them, Father, for they know not what they do.' Could anything be so sublime? And in Baptism you become a Christian, a child of Heaven; and you take up your cross and follow Him, Who died an ignominious death for our sins."

"Truly," exclaimed Tombigbee, "Baptism is the GREATEST BOON!"

IN THE END

SAMUEL L. KELLY, '09.

Tom Carden descended the steps of the Marshall residence that night with as much of an air of bravado as he could muster for the occasion. As he reached the walk leading to the gate he stopped and drew a full package of cigarettes from his pocket, placed one between his lips and lit it. The box of cigarettes was one which he had purchased specially for the occasion, for Carden had not smoked in years. As he held the flaring match to the end of his cigarette, he was astonished to notice how his hand trembled, and instead of an air of cool indifference his actions bespoke intense excitement. The fact of the matter was that Carden was making a stage play, was trying to act a part, and was failing miserably. Despite the benumbed condition of his mind, and the general sense of disaster which hung over him, he realized that he was a sad-looking figure, and that he was making a failure of his role. So he hurried on to leave the scene of his discomfiture.

As he walked along the cement pavement a familiar tune was wafted to him on the breeze. The band in the public square some six blocks away was playing "Tonight Will Never Come Again For You and Me" and Carden caught the tune and startled.

The thought struck him that perhaps the words were all too true as applied to his own case and that of the girl whom he had just left. One impulse

was to turn around and go back and repair the breach that had lately been made in their relations, but Carden brushed it aside. It was not his place to make any overtures, he thought. The girl was clearly in the wrong, and he did not propose to humble himself to suit her fancy any more. And the thought added new impetus to Carden's steps and sent a mad wave of temper surging through his mind and he walked on in bitterness of soul. He forgot the band in the park, forgot his cigarette, which he tossed into the gutter, forgot everything except that Helen Marshall had dared to oppose him for the first time since they had been engaged, and that they had quarreled and separated. The result of all of which was that Carden was not in the best of humors.

His first thought was to return home and go to bed, but past experience had taught Carden that sleep never came when trouble was upon his mind, and that he would lie awake for hours thinking and worrying. He was determined not to worry about this quarrel; he had worried enough about the girl, more than she was worth, he thought, and so was going to do something to make him forget his troubles, something to distract his mind. And so Carden dropped in a cigar store where the boys usually hung out, picked up an old crony with whom he had not associated for months, and carried him

away to the best vaudeville show in the town. After the performance he walked home at a brisk pace, whistling with an assumed gaiety, and went to bed. He was physically tired, and so he slept.

In both a social and a business way, Tom Carden was considered a successful man in his town. He was as widely known and as well liked as any young man in the city, and his position as division engineer on the X. & Y. Ry. was a very desirable one. But Carden had a besetting sin, and one which, while not apparent on the surface, and known to few of his acquaintances, was the terror of his close friends. He was selfish to the core, supersensitive, headstrong, and with an uncurbed temper, which he often said would be the ruin of his life. In fine, he was one of those men who have sometimes been designated as "street angels, and home devils;" which is to say that Carden was a more pleasant and affable man to strangers than to intimate friends. He had few close friends, and these he was in constant terror of losing by some outburst of passion. The friends he kept the longest were those whose dispositions were so similar to his own that he respected their peculiarities and kept a constant guard upon himself while in their company. If he had watched himself as closely when with others as he did when with these few friends he would have been a model man. As it was he passed for a model man with everybody but his close friends and himself. In his own estimation he stood pretty low. He was in the unfortunate posi-

tion of knowing his own weakness and detesting himself for it, but being, so he said, unable to conquer it. In fact, Carden was in the habit of blaming his misfortune on heredity, and spending valuable time in pitying himself, which he could have employed much more profitably in correcting his faults.

On the morning after his quarrel with Helen Marshall, Carden was torn by conflicting emotions. He was not beyond the reach of good impulses, but unfortunately beyond their execution. They were frequently sown in his mind but hardly ever bore fruit. The trouble with him was that he could not distinguish between stubbornness and manliness. He made it a tenet of his life's creed seldom to give in to another in an estrangement. He pretended to be fair, and boasted that he could apologize and acknowledge his mistake when shown he was in the wrong, but nobody ever succeeded in showing him he was in the wrong, except in trivial matters. So it was in this trouble.

Carden's first waking thoughts were of the quarrel of the night before. An All-wise Providence has so ordered things in this world that a man's inclinations, when he awakes in the morning after a night of restful sleep, are usually pure and wholesome. When Carden awoke he was in a frame of mind which told him quite clearly he was in the wrong, and while in this attitude he firmly resolved to mend matters, and profit by the lesson. He was impulsive, and so decided not to wait until evening but to sit down and

write a little note the first thing in the morning. After he had breakfasted he prepared to write the note and discovered that his inclination to take the initiative in repairing the breach of the night before had vanished. The more he thought upon the matter the more he was strengthened in his opinion that he was in the right and that it was not for him to make overtures. It was not manly, he decided, and abandoned the idea. He felt sure that everything would eventually come out all right; things always did in the end.

In a way Carden was an optimist; a blind optimist. Perhaps if he had analysed his sentiments he would have discovered that he was a fatalist. It had always been his steadfast belief that everything came out for the best in the long run, and he bolstered himself in his belief by imagining that everything that did happen was for the best. It was a little sophistry of which he was particularly fond. He brought it into play to console him in his trouble with Helen Marshall, and it told him that something was bound to turn up which would straighten things out, and that he would not have to humble himself. He could spare his pride, he thought, for Helen Marshall would find some way of bridging the chasm. She always had in the past, and this, too, would come out all right. And then Carden would become more cheerful and would try to forget the troubles, and would be all smiles for several days at a time.

In fact, after the first few days he never gave any signs of being very

deeply distressed over his misfortune. But he did not forget the girl and the only way he could keep his mind from brooding over the quarrel was to keep it constantly occupied by other matters. It was noticeable that he worked harder, sought the society of his friends more, went to the theatre oftener, and always contrived to be doing something, or to be with somebody. And with this condition of affairs prevailing, two weeks passed, then three, and finally a month, and Carden was still unchanged in mind. He was still stubborn, still convinced of the justice of his own cause, still hopeful of eventual success, and was beginning to wonder a little at Helen Marshall's holding out. And it was while he was in this frame of mind that opportunity knocked at Carden's door and found him alert and waiting.

There was, at that time, a big deal on in South America, and Carden was offered a position which paid a salary that made his present wage look small in comparison. To the mind of the fatalist it was the intervention of Kismet, the little god of luck or fate, at whose shrine the engineer of the X. & Y. was a constant worshipper. Carden could see nothing but good in the venture. He was tired of the city, of the constant memories of Helen Marshall, of the thousand and one little things which recalled happier and more pleasant days. He wanted new scenes, new work, everything new. In truth he would have liked to have donned a new self and to have fled from the old one, but this was not pos-

sible, and so he determined to make the best of his present opportunity and change surroundings at least.

He sailed the sixth week after his quarrel with Helen. There was a long piece in each of the three local papers concerning his good fortune, and the work he was going to do. It gave the history of the great venture on which he was embarking. It told where the engineer's headquarters would be, and that Carden was to be the second in command there. Carden got a copy of the two morning papers the day he was leaving, and as he read the articles in them he smiled with satisfaction and thought that time would work for him if everything else failed and that he would receive some word from Helen Marshall when he had been in his tropical position a short time. The romance of the situation appealed to him powerfully, and he had visions of his return home in a few years, a successful engineer, and of his claiming Helen for his bride. And so he carried hope always with him, and ever looked forward and trusted in his star. In the end, yes, surely everything would come out all right in the end.

Two years in the tropics had undoubtedly changed Tom Carden. The men who had been constantly associated with him in that time remarked the change and commented upon it. A few of his friends told him of it, and he himself had not failed to notice the metamorphosis. The work on which he was engaged was in a malaria-infested region of Brazil, pushing a railroad through a densely wooded,

swampy country, where the tropic heat, the mosquitoes and the fever combined to make life a regular hell for the engineers and those under them. Not many men lasted two years there, and Carden was one of the few of the original party who still remained. Some of them died, others returned to "God's country" ruined for life, almost all of them left. Those who stayed in the tropics were changed men. The ills of the region ruined their dispositions as it ruined their bodies. They became fretful and irritable, cross and surly with one another, and instead of alleviating conditions they made them worse by their own conduct. But things went by contraries with Carden. Mosquitoes, fever and heat had alike treated him well, and after two years in the worst section of the Amazon country, he could boast a constitution unimpaired by yellow jack or malaria, and a disposition which had been chastened by the fire of adversity. Where other men had soured and become pessimists, Carden had been cheerful and never lost patience with his surroundings, nor with the less fortunate men under him. It was as if a special dispensation had been given him to live in that region unmolested by the thousand and one ills that preyed upon his fellows. From second in command, he had risen to the position of chief engineer, and the main reason of this was because his superior had been sent home on a stretcher, and Carden knew more about the work than any new man who could be brought down from

the States. Besides he could handle the men better. Carden, who never complained himself, could get more and better work out of his inferiors than men who cursed and fumed and lost their tempers at every little thing that went awry.

It was not that the chief engineer had been immune to the common evils, but that he had set his soul to conquer them, and conquer them he did. He had taken better care of himself than the men with whom he associated, and had tabooed the native rum, the whiskey from the States, and the other dissipations which formed the chief alleviations for his companions. He had firmly resolved not to give in to his peevishness or temper when things went wrong, as they did quite frequently, and the result was that he had survived where others had perished miserably. In reality, Carden was becoming a strong man. Back on the X. & Y. he had always been known as a strong man, and a stern one, but he knew in his own heart that he was a weakling, because he had never mastered himself. Now, he was daily mastering himself. His associates and the men under him looked upon him as a sort of wonder, and the ignorant native Indians would have offered him homage as a relative of the great sun god himself. And with the great change that had come into his life, he saw his mistakes of the past very vividly and clearly. He knew now that he had been entirely to blame on that night two years before when he had quarreled with Helen Marshall. He

knew that he had always been in the wrong in his many quarrels with her. He could see how his jealousy, his selfishness and headstrong temper had been responsible for all their troubles. He knew that he had blighted his life, and he blamed no one for it but himself.

In the two years that he had been in the tropics no word had come directly from Helen. Once or twice he had been in one of the larger coast towns and had succeeded in purchasing home papers from a little news stand that handled American journals. The society columns usually contained some mention of Helen Marshall; a dinner party here, a theatre party there, and another time where she had been bridesmaid at a wedding. And then along towards the end of his second year in Brazil, Carden had met a tourist who had spoken of her. He had said that her life was one round of pleasures, that she was the gayest and most sought after girl in her set, and that, though there were many admirers, none seemed to be favored more than the others. And for awhile, after talking with the tourist, gloom sat upon Carden's soul, and his men missed the wonted cheerfulness, and thought that perhaps the malign sickness had at last stricken the chief. But in a day or so Carden was again himself, and if he did not forget the tourist's talk, he at least did not allow it to affect him further.

The work on the railroad was rapidly nearing its completion, and every man working upon it rejoiced at the

prospect but the chief engineer. The pay had been good and many of the men, with large rolls of bank notes, were looking forward to their return to the States. They all had something to look forward to, and it made Carden sick at heart to think that he was an outcast, and that the old scenes and the former surroundings had lost all attraction and appeal to him. The future did not hold much in store for Tom Carden. He wanted to remain in the tropics and go on building railroads through fever ridden country the rest of his life. He still believed in his star, but only in a very limited sense, and his old motto, that everything would come out all right in the end, had almost faded from his memory in the two busy years of construction work. He did not have any definite plans for the future, and when the last tie of the road had been laid, and the last spike driven, and the daily trains had commenced their trips over the steel rails which had rusted before they were used, he lingered on in the little town on the coast, like a man who rests in a cool place after a long journey beneath the sun. Life had suddenly become very monotonous and tiresome to him. As leisure supplanted labor he had more and more time for thought, and he always found himself wandering back in fancy to the town where he had lived the greatest part of his life, and to the girl who had been the greatest factor in it. He hated himself for his inability to have made his life worth while, and looked upon his whole career as marred. It

never occurred to him that he could start over again. He had gone from one extreme to the other, and instead of blind optimism he now believed that it was too late and that there was nothing for him to do but face the dark future and make the best of it. He had conquered everything but his pride, his stubborn sense of aloofness, and his inability to humble himself and acknowledge his wrong before the party whom he had injured. He could accuse himself in his own soul, but not before another; not even before her who he knew would forgive him most readily. Carden did not realize it himself, but there was still this one barrier between him and a complete reform.

Then one night it all came to him. It suddenly dawned upon him that he was still lacking in something, and that he had not humbled his pride. He was staying at a little hotel on the main plaza of the town. Every night during the winter months one of the national regimental bands played in the plaza. Carden was in the habit of sitting on a little balcony overlooking the square, and listening to the band. The airs played were mostly Spanish, with now and then some French and Italian, and an occasional American piece, usually at special request. And so it was that on this night the band commenced playing "Tonight Will Never Come Again for You and Me." It was the first time that Carden had heard the piece in over two years. As he sat and listened to it he was carried back to the last occasion when he

had heard it, on the night of his quarrel with Helen Marshall. He sat through it as one benumbed. In a dull sort of way he remembered his thought at the time, that perhaps the words of the piece were prophetic for him. Events had lent veracity to his guess. A flood of bitter regrets swept over Carden's soul, and he bowed his head and set his teeth to choke back the sobs that rose in his throat. That melody, played by the shabby, little regimental band, had touched him as nothing else had done since he had quarreled with Helen Marshall. For the first time, too, he realized that there was another side to the case; that the girl had also suffered; that she, too, must have gone back in fancy thousands of times to the night of their separation, and tortured herself with the burning memories of the past. All this had never occurred to Carden before. He had seen only his side of the question. Now he thought of her, and the suffering he had inflicted upon her.

And then a good resolve sprung up in the soul of Tom Carden, and he stood up and looked out over the plaza, bathed in the glorious tropical moonlight, and gazed towards the North, to where, in the great distance, he knew that "God's country" lay. Somewhere up there was his land, his home town, his people and the girl whom he still loved. Perhaps it was not too late, after all. What right did he have to be wasting his life down there in a foreign land when everything that should be dear to him

was back up there? And as he stood there looking towards the far range of mountains in the North he realized that he loved his old sweetheart more dearly than he had ever loved her before in his life. He knew that he had been through the fire and had come out chastened and purified, and that now he approached nearer to being worthy of her. And with the thought came the determination to go back to the old town and beg her forgiveness, and ask her to forget the miserable past and live with him in the glorious present and the still more glorious future. Yes, he would fulfill his great resolve. He would take the first boat that sailed for New Orleans, or Galveston, or Key West; he would land anywhere to get back to her. He was a well known engineer now; fame and wealth had come to him as a result of his work on the Brazilian road, and he had something to offer Helen, something besides his great love. But he knew that he had something else, bigger and greater than his position or his success, to offer her. He would offer her his new self, the man she had taken him for at first, and discovered he was not. Yes, he would go back to her and tell her that he had learned his mistake, and that he was penitent, and ask her to start life over again with him.

Never for a minute did he doubt that she had been true to him through the long time that had elapsed since they had parted. He knew her too well; he knew her love and he knew that she would not give herself to another. He never felt any concern

along these lines. Never a fear entered his head of her having married. He did not believe she would marry a man she did not love, and he knew that a woman loves truly but once. Besides, the tourist had told him she was not married, and the tourist had left there only a few months before. And life once more took on its brightest colors for Tom Carden. Now there was something to live for, something to look forward to. After all, his old motto held good and things would come out all right in the end. They always did. The little god of luck had not deserted him even after all these long months in the Brazilian swamps. He was bound to win. His star shone before him more brightly than ever and all the world was radiant with its light. It was as if he had dreamed a long, unpleasant dream, and now he was awakening and rejoicing to find that it was not true. He felt ashamed of himself for ever having despaired and given up hope. He ought to have known that it was for the best, and that things would right themselves when they had run their course. In the end, yes, that was it. Nothing went wrong; everything came out right in the end.

When Tom Carden reached his old home that evening he felt that he had never before seen it looking so beautiful. It seemed to him that things had been specially arranged for his homecoming. The old town looked to Carden like the City Beautiful. He thought that Heaven could not be more attractive, and laughed from

sheer joy at the thought. In the depot he met several old friends and greeted them with an impulsive cordiality that made them wonder if this was the same Tom Carden who had sailed for the tropics two years before. Every one he met was glad to see him and welcomed him home with an enthusiasm which was unmistakably genuine. And all the while Carden thought upon the goodness of everything, and what an excellent old world he lived in. He could not understand how he had ever degenerated into a pessimist. Surely, he thought, it must have been that infernal Brazilian climate. And then his thoughts would return to Helen, and a mad joy would surge up within him which could hardly brook the delay occasioned by his having to go to a hotel to change his travel-stained clothes. That very evening he was to see her, and she would forgive him, and they would be sweethearts again as in the happy days of the past. Everything would be forgotten and they would start anew, and live each for the other's love. It seemed to Carden that his whole existence heretofore had been only a preparation for the real life that was now opening before him. This was achievement; the other, the toil that purchased it.

Carden had engaged a cab and directed the driver to a hotel. Part of the route was over the famous Esplanade, the city's most beautiful thoroughfare. As he was whirled along, Carden thought how much prettier was this street than anything he had seen while he was away. To his mind the

magnificent boulevards of the large Brazilian cities were not comparable to this beautiful driveway. The trees that bordered either sidewalk were filled with myriads of small birds, all chirping merrily. Carden imagined that they, too, were singing poems of joy because life was so good and the world so fine and grand. They echoed the gladness in his own soul and gave expression to his feelings as he never could.

And while he was thus musing and lost in his glorious reverie the cab stopped and the coachman descended from his box and began pacing the sidewalk. Carden knew he had not reached his destination, and opening the door of the hack he stepped out to see what had caused the halt. They were at a street crossing, and along the intersecting thoroughfare a funeral procession was slowly wending its way. The hearse had just passed, and as Carden looked at the beautiful white horses and the snowy casket he knew that some young life had been ruth-

lessly snuffed out. His gaze then wandered to the first carriage and as he recognized the occupants he involuntarily clutched the open door of his cab. For there, all in black, was the Marshall family; every one except Helen; the father, his head bowed with grief; the mother, with her tear dimmed eyes gazing unseeing out of the carriage window; and the boy, the younger child. And Carden looked to the next carriage, thinking that there, perhaps, he would see the daughter. But it was an open carriage, laden only with floral tributes, and as he looked at them one large piece attracted his attention. Carden could see it quite plainly and could distinctly read the word that was worked out in the flowers, and as he gazed in fascination on that word, it occurred to his sub-conscious self, as trivial matters often intrude in tragic moments, that he had never before seen such magnificent roses. Spelled out in gorgeous white flowers was the one word. "HELEN."

BEFORE THE TABERNACLE

Dear Lord, I am kneeling before Thee,
From the depths of my heart I adore
Thee;

I believe in Thy presence all-holy,
Love-immured in this prison so lowly.

Here Thou stayest and here ever
waitest,

To console and to solace the latest,
Who, burdened with grief and af-
fliction,

Come at length for Thy sweet bene-
diction.

All the day long this world is so busy,
By the whirlpool of life made so dizzy,
That but few think of Thee ever long-
ing

To have myriads of men round Thee
thronging.

And at night when the world is re-
viving

Its forces to keep up the striving
For pleasure and wealth and dominion
And the favor of fleeting opinion—

Who with Thee then the long vigil
spendeth,

Save the little red lamp that e'er
sendeth

Its soft-shining rays without falter
Towards the innocent Lamb of the
Altar.

Ah! truly, Dear Lord, we neglect Thee,

Thy servants—we do not respect Thee;
We walk in Thy presence with bold-
ness,

To Thy promptings we answer with
coldness.

Thou askest of us some small taken
Of love for Thy heart, that was broken
By sorrow for want of man's pity,
On the Hill by Thine own chosen city.

We love Thee indeed—but how coolly,
We still keep our passions unruly,
We throb not with fervent devotion,
That breathes through each action and
motion.

We kneel not in rapt adoration,
We heed not Thy sweet inspiration;
For Thy fond, gentle love does not
win us

And Thy grace finds no temple within
us.

Ah! verily, Lord, I repent me
My abuse of the grace Thou hast sent
me,

The times without number I've sad-
dened

That Heart I so easily had gladdened.

Dear Lord, I am kneeling before Thee,
From the depths of my heart I adore
Thee;

I believe in Thy presence all-holy,
Love-immured in this prison so lowly.

IT HAPPENS TO US ALL

BY J. T. BECKER, '12.

"If life were robbed of love and folly,

'Twould be at best wise melancholy
And poor would be that wisdom's rule,

Where man ne'er loved nor played
the fool."

Isn't it great to go home in June feeling as if you have accomplished the world and own a good portion of it? Work? Well I guess not! Money is no object. Your coat of tan and the things you think you know about the world in general and its doings, are enough to make up for any financial deficiency. Your allowance is sufficient. Off to a watering place,—a sandy beach. There you meet the Girl. The most adorable creature on the globe! Not a goddess of beauty, but one, easy to look at; large, dreamy eyes; shining, white teeth; and a darling little dimple when she smiles. Sleeves rolled up,—and she doesn't use paint; swims like a fish, eats cold lobsters, has the baseball craze—and then—she is so sensible; will never let you spend money foolishly; only consumes five chocolate milks per day, but likes to see the baseball game. One lb. of Huyler's is enough for one night, and she never eats very much at supper, but only cares to go to hear the music and be in the swim. Ah; it is a case of love at first sight. Her admirers at the beach are many but she tells you how you are the favored one. The affections of the others are only trifled with. She also lets you know how

much you love each other and all that. And say, isn't the moon lovely on these quiet little walks and still quieter little talks?

She thinks you are a dear for giving her the ring; never expected anything so expensive. She's such a sensible miss. Then just when your soul is filled to overflowing with the sweet perfume of her presence, and your pockets are flat,—also from presents, out from across the noisy waters you hear the gentle calling of the Rah-Rah boys. It is time to join the ranks of toil. Your clothes go pell-mell into the trunk, but the small picture and the lock of her hair are next to your heart. They are to be your only consolation. You hold one small tanned hand in yours and say good-bye. The train whistles and you leave her waving farewell from the platform.

Next comes the excitement of opening day; the meeting of all your old friends and the acquaintance of new ones. The prospects for the football eleven occupy your mind and make you forget that you have written two letters and a telegram, without receiving an answer. She is such a sensible girl and maybe does not like to waste time writing silly letters; or, perhaps she is sick,—poor thing,—you are worried. The boys do not think her picture is so stunning but then,—they don't know the girl.

The excitement of getting back

soon wears off, and the grind begins. You try hard to study, but cannot see anything in a book other than a confused mixture of curls, candies; and a face full of rippling laughter; to you—the face of an angel.

Every one slaps you on the back; “Cheer up! You have a few more days to live!” But you don’t see it that way. “Why has she not written something besides that ugly old post card?” you wonder, and just as gentle autumn falls before the cool November winds, just when the old straw hat is shot and the derby has its day, you learn the fatal news. And how do you learn it? Why, every friend you know who has the price of a postage stamp sends a full account of the affair. “They were quietly married at the home of the bride’s father. She was beautiful in a simple white gown.” And all that

sort of thing. The lucky groom was he who stood by her side to give sweet consolation when you left her standing on the platform.

A pretty hard fall and it is many moons before you can see the humor of the situation in the same light as do your friends; but then, as time wears on you get over it all, and begin to regain your capacity for laughing without looking as if it hurts. It is time now for the fellow who won out to be miserable. You are free! The curl and picture are carefully stored away in a strong box with the other trophies.

By plugging you make up for the hours spent in rapturous thought, and, when the Christmas holidays come around, you are quite ready to go forth and take your winter pill. Say! Isn’t it great to be young and foolish?

MODERN MAGIC

M. HUMBERT DIAZ, '12.

And when the lights one by one went out, leaving the four strangers seated in the shadowy rotunda, it was nearly eleven o’clock. Here and there suddenly appeared lights and as suddenly went out, as if the boarders wished to try the durability of the electric buttons, if not from board at least from play, they would receive full value for their money.

The four strangers, each unknown to the other, were equal, inasmuch as each has as much to do as the other,

and though for one solid hour these four men had been seated side by side, yet not one had broken the silence.

Aroused, as it were, all of a sudden from a reverie, one individual crouched up in a seemingly uncomfortable position, removed a pipe from his mouth and spoke:

“My only regret,” in a scarcely audible whisper, “is that I leave this hotel in the morning.”

Seeing that he had attracted no attention, he continued in a louder tone:

"And more so because I am afraid that I must tread my weary way home on foot. I am not much on the Edward Payson Weston habit."

Still, not even a sound of approbation or of dissent came from the lips of the other three as they dreamily smoked in silence.

"But," subsumed the man with the crazy feet, producing something from his hip pocket, "I have here in my hand one pint of liquid food, which if taken moderately will produce hardly any results, but if taken carelessly will draw a jovial smile on the lemon-fruit-soda countenance of many a gentleman of English extraction. It is called Black and White; guaranteed pure Scotch, imported; an ingredient of highballs; the nectar of the gods. With this long speech the man with the bottle, resumed his uncomfortable position, and remained in a state of complete rest. The fat gentleman with the stogie removed the said rope from his teeth, and inclining his brain box in the manner of a magnetic needle, looked long and hard at the man with the bottle. Then being convinced that what the fellow had said was true he struck an attitude of pensiveness.

"I am willing, sir, to resume the conversation which you have begun, sir," turning to the man with the bottle. Then to the stranger next to the man with the flask: "Would you be much put out, sir, if you would change seats with me? The gentleman next to you, sir, has made a proposition which very much interests me, and I

would have sweet converse with my friend."

"I would suffer a great inconvenience, were I to exchange seats with you," responded a chilly voice from the darkness, "since I was getting interested in the man myself."

"Ah," mused the man with the bottle, "finally I have found some friends who will take good care of me." Then turning to the strangers eager to make friendship with him, he said: "Let us then face each other and after drawing the bullet from this old soldier, we will drink the contents and resume our talk."

"Not so fast," growled a lost chord at the end, "your proposition interests me a great deal, more than you think, and—you know—this is a dry town—err-ahem—

"The more the merrier," interrupted the man with the rope.

"Salute the soldier as is customary before the operation," remarked one of the favored ones.

After an incantation, the gentleman with the crazy feet extracted the bullet and forth came the blood of old Kentucky. The operation successful, the old soldier was sent away and then one who had been smacking his lips for quite a while said:

"Tell us, sir, how it is that you are here."

"Yes, tell us," echoed the man with the rope.

"Oh, do!" from the other member of the quartet.

"It is a long story. About my boyhood I will mention nothing. But as

years passed and I became a man, I knew that I was framed for a detective. And subsequently I followed the Fata Morgana of fame. I applied to the government, and was assigned the position of sleuthing the agitator of a South American Republic. In other words became a rubber-heel specialist, a gumshoe man. My debut was made in the camp of the enemy. There it was that I met the esteemed Guerra, the genial Gomez, and the urbane Castro of Indian extraction, leaving out for the present the sprightly and even jocular Miliano, king of spaghetti eaters, then a soldier of fortune.

"Castro, the scholarly and philosophical Castro, was as elusive in his ways as a Black Hand member. To him the knife was a necessary article of wear, and many would disappear, who, if fortune had fated otherwise, would no doubt, be alive to-day. One day the esteemed Guerra, whose body later fell to my lot, as a corpse, which I planted with growing and admiring esteem, approached me, very friendly; threw his 'capa' over his shoulders and spoke:

"*'Mi querido Schulz,'* Schulz is my name, by the way, 'I think that you had better depart from our community, since I do not see the reason of your being here. Of course we have other methods; the knife is good sport; a gunshot wound is not favorably received.' With that he went off, not even mentioning the weather. That was one of the many peculiarities of Guerra. Whilst engaged in conversation with anyone he would be quietly

slipping the steel blade between that person's ribs."

"Ah, Guerra," soliloquized the man with the once loaded bottle, "how soon did you fall to my lot. And the urbane Castro, metaphysically inclined, not without a touch of the logical—but why philosophize," he broke out, "before you gentlemen wanting to hear my story?"

"The next visit was from the genial land-pirate, Gomez.

"Ha, ha," with a flourish of a Panama, but you look well, *mi amigo,* he declared in a friendly (sort of stage-villain-friendly) voice. 'But,' he added, 'You might look worse—and perhaps, *quien sabe?*' with a shrug of the shoulders, you will look worse.' Then he laughed. It was not pleasant to hear Gomez laugh. He would begin softly and end in a strange, shocking spasm. In fact you would have to resort to the old method of punching him in the back, lest in one of those spasms, he might give up his—I am afraid—rather dark-colored ghost. And now I rue the times I did not let him choke. But that is neither here nor there. His visits were not pleasant. The subtle humor was the humor of an instigator of crimes, an arch plotter, a traitor, a—a—a—

"It was not long before the urbane Castro paid me a visit. I remember it was a beautiful, sunshiny day. From afar I saw him riding through the fields of hemp, that bowed their heads in obedience to the gentle breeze. Before he had even reached me, I heard him shout from afar: "It rains, or it

doesn't rain, but it doesn't rain: therefore it rains.' Castro was ever a humorist, and as I mentioned before, the quizzical leader, was somewhat of a Spinoza, a Cartesius, a Plato or more so a Pluto.

"Do you know, my dear Schulz,' he argued with me, 'I think that the climate of Nicaragua is better than ours. I should think a trip there would not harm you in the least. Of course if you refuse to go, we do not compel you, but then we must resort to the corrosive inevitable.'

"The invective philippics of Castro passed me like the idle wind.

"Nunca,' I shouted, 'pump the town pump, but you can't find a handle on this duck.'

"But I was the individual, and Castro the trust. And as the individual must side-track for the trust, so did I do likewise. In fact the feeling of dagger points in your bed at night is by no manner of means a pleasant sensation, I assure you. And did you all ever hear of the negro preacher who said that there were two roads that ran through this world, one to eternal damnation, and the other to everlasting perdition? And an old fellow at the back of the church shouted as he went out: 'Den dis heah niggah takes to de woods.' That was exactly what I did. That very night I left. Rather they made me leave. I sought refuge in Nicaragua. But the sprightly Miliano tracked me. I came upon him unexpectedly. I had dropped into a restaurant to order some food. The man with the dark whiskers next door or-

dered spaghetti; I then knew that my neighbor was the jovial Miliano. Striking him a terrific crack between his sights, I left sandalless; not that I wore sandals, but that that is the phrase in Greek for a man in a hurry. Would you believe it, I took passage on a boat, and found that my traveling companion was the king of spaghetti eaters? Soon I laid out my campaign. I knew that Miliano was a heavy drinker. And the only place of refuge for me was a prohibition town. So here I came on a boat from Panama. The captain wanted me to stay as mate. 'Nix,' I shouted as I ran down the plank, 'no wedding bells for me.'

"And blast my beer, if the first man I met was not Miliano, the sprightly Miliano of spaghetti fame. He approached me as I was sitting in one of the parks contemplating my misfortunes.

"Ah, ha, have you not heard, my friend, that a dog can never shake a flea?"

"Miliano,' I said to him, in one of my gravest tones, 'your looks have soured the milk of human kindness in my breast. Have you ever beheld your countenance in a mirror? Yes? I wonder how it is, Miliano, that you are alive. But I warn you in this country we have plenty of rope—'

"Ah, yes,' came the retort from Miliano, with a sort of silvery (nitrate of silvery) tone, 'but we raise the hemp in Arroyos Grande.' Then followed a peal of laughter.

"Drop it,' I shouted exasperated at the man's ready wit. 'Aromatic

spirits of ammonia! but that man did laugh. 'Miliano,' I said confidentially to him, 'you are getting on my nerves.'

"'Ah, querido, why did you leave so suddenly from my country? My beautiful country? Was it your nerves? Ah, yes! I know, the knives got on your nerves. But it took you long to see the point. Yes? No?'

"'Miliano,' I counseled, 'you had better go back to spaghetti-land. This is no community for an idle dog. Speed away, and don't skid your tires on any of my roads. See? Now tell me what has been your purpose in following me around.'

"'Ah, it is important matter, very important,' whispered Miliano. And he produced a letter addressed to me. I opened it and read aloud:

"'Muy querido Schulz:

"'Charity has driven me to send you away. Really the people here were falling in love with your ways and I resorted to knives, as well you know. Knives are not a barbaric resort to strategem; these knives are the output of a very modern American firm of Pennsylvania. I only hope that

our next meeting will be more congenial. For the present I fear no intrusion on your part. Your common sense, what little there is left, should remind you that we have no scruples in Arroyos Grande. My Miliano will see that you get this letter. If you do not receive it, I will see that my servant obeys my orders. Again assuring you that in the future my actions will be more suited to your taste, I send the love of this community to you. 'CASTRO.'

"I did not mention that before I met you, gentlemen, I had two bottles of hair tonic, but I had. Thereupon, feeling sorrow for my sprightly, and even jocular Miliano, I opened the bottle and gave him the contents.

"No, gentlemen, I rely upon the mercy of each to send my friend Miliano back to spaghetti-land, and myself to my native state."

Each of the three produced a wallet, opened it and took out some bills which soon found their way into the pocket of the man with the crazy feet.

Verily, a bottle of liquor is modern magic.

WHEN BASEBALL COMES TO THIS

J. T. BECKER, '12.

Joe Mandot had been playing ball with the varsity for several years, and, during the summer months, some thrilling adventure in this line would always come Joe's way. Hence, it naturally followed, the story became

doubly thrilling, when Joe would let it out, in the cool of the evening, to a crowd of his friends on the campus. The old boy had told his yarns so often that he really believed them. The fellows usually swallowed the dope with-

out comment, just for pastime because we all knew that Joe meant no harm. So much had been added to one of Joe's adventures, by frequent recital, that it took on the following shape; more like a military skirmish than a ball game.

The game was played out in Sullivan's Hollow between two teams of ancient rivalry. It was the Fourth of July, and Joe said there was a keg of beer, a jug of whiskey and a brass band on every corner. The bets were enormous, ranging from a pair of goats to a house and lot. Our hero had been engaged to do the twirling for the home team, with a guarantee of fifty bones and a promise of one hundred for winning.

The game, played in an open lot, was called at three thirty sharp; the umpire went upon the field with a pair of Navy Sixes to back his decisions; the players wore breast plates; the fans came armed to the teeth, and every time Mr. Umps made a close decision he was forced to dodge a few pills of hot lead, but Joe said that his honor was perfect in this respect.

I may as well mention here that it is not my intention to give a full account of the affair, nor is it within the scope of my pen to pour forth the story with the same beauty and confidence of being believed as did our friend. That gift only comes to a blessed few.

Well, to resume, Joe said that everything went on fairly well without any serious accident to the players until the last inning. Joe's team was one run ahead and the visitors had a man

on third. The batter hit to short; the runner started home. It was an easy out by several feet, but just as the catcher was receiving the ball, a shot was fired from the bleachers. The backstop fell dead; the ball went by. More quickly than it takes to tell, another report was heard, and the runner bit the dust, just three yards from home. Then there was a general skirmish among the fans, and, when the smoke of battle cleared away, it was found that there were five dead ones, and some few wounded. Meanwhile the wounded runner was struggling to reach the plate; while Joe was running after the ball. Mr. Umps stood over the wounded man, and prevented anyone from helping him in his efforts. Joe recovered the ball and, by a hard sprint, got back just in time to touch the runner, now more like a crawler, as he was stretching forth a trembling hand to reach the plate. "You are out!" thundered the Umps. Then the blood was cleared away, and the game resumed. Two men were out, and the visitors' break-up-man toed the rubber. Excitement among the fans waxed wild. Joe sized his man up, and decided to walk the gent. "Three-ee-ee balls!" yelled his honor. Then Joe heard sweet music from the grandstand. A stout gentleman in a linen suit, saturated with excitement, was yelling frantically and waving a bunch of yellow currency. "Five hundred dollars if you strike him out!" Joe jumped at the chance. He shot a swift one over, the batter let it by. "Threeee and one!" Joe wound up and repeated the

dose. "Ping!" the horsehide sailed over the left field fence, into the tall timbers. The fans went mad. "Foul ball!" came the decision. Then there was another battle among the spectators, and some few shots came Mr. Ump's way; but no one was injured. The audience was too excited to shoot true. Joe steadied himself for a final effort; he wound up as never before. The pill sailed over the outside corner. The batsman made a mighty step, and drew back as if he were about to commit murder, but the bat slipped from his hands and landed, big end first, in the anatomy of one of his team mates; thereby adding another to the list of

the injured. "You-rrrr out!" came the stern command, and the game was over. It only remained to cash in and partake of refreshments. Joe said he remembered no more of what happened, nor did he see the man in the linen suit. When he came to, it was six a. m. and Joe was in the drawing room of a sleeping car with a roll of currency about his person that looked as if it were big enough to choke the subway. The old boy said he had a slight recollection of a battle having been fought that night, but remembered very little about it. As I said before, we do not believe everything Joe lets out.



TESTED BY FIRE

FRANK L. TARLTON, '13.

It was on my way home last summer that I chanced upon an old friend of mine whom I had not seen nor heard of for five years. He had up to the time of our meeting been attending Exton University, which is located about seventy-five miles from the beautiful little city of Wye.

After inquiring into each other's family and personal matters we fell to relating our most notable experiences. The following, he told me, happened at Exton, and was the most thrilling and exciting of the lot.

"About two summers ago, just a few days previous to the closing of school, Bill Bracey, my room mate, and most intimate chum, and I resolved upon a short visit to Wye before parting for our respective homes.

"Noon of a few days later found us mingling in the crowd at the union station and on account of our long and tedious trip, weariness and hunger drove us forth into the streets to seek a hotel. We gladly chose the first that we came to, a huge frame building, five stories high, situated upon the most beautiful street in the city. After filling ourselves up both internally and externally for a 'big blow in' we set out in high spirits.

"The greater part of the afternoon was spent in visiting old friends and doing a bit of shopping. At night we took in a theatre and immediately after it was over repaired to our room for a

good night's rest. We had only been in bed about fifteen minutes, when Bill complained of a severe head ache. He first got up and tried to relieve his head by applying a wet towel, but this proved of no avail. Then he said: 'Bob, I can't stand this pain any longer. I'm going down to the nearest drug store for some medicine and as I won't be gone very long I'll take the key so as not to trouble you when I return.'

"So he set out, but to his great discomfort he could find no store open within the first ten blocks of his search. At last he came upon a policeman, who, in response to his inquiry, harshly informed him that by walking two blocks further down, then three to his right he would find one. This he did, and to his great joy and relief found an 'open all night' establishment.

Now what do you think happened to me in the interim?

Presuming you will say, taking advantage of my loneliness by a good "snooze," but such, unfortunately, was not the case.

"When Bill's foot-steps ceased to resound, I lay on my back for some time thinking of the poor penned-up fellows at school, of the many happy hours that we had spent that day and planning pleasant pastimes for the morrow. Soon I fell into a light slumber, but suddenly was aroused by the

sounds of shrill fire whistles, bells and shouts of 'Fire! Fire!'

"I bounded out of bed and leaped to the window, but as yet the only apparent signs of a fire were the bright reflection on the sky overhead and crowds already swarming in the street below. I could hear people scurrying to and fro in the corridors, and running from room to room. It took me only a brief moment, I assure you, to realize that it was no other than our own building afire.

"But alas! How was I to escape! Bill was gone with the key; there was no transom above the door and it was useless, as I soon discovered, to try to force the huge oaken door.

"I had but two chances left, one was to jump from my window into the street and the other was to await Bill's return. The former I soon put out of my mind as I knew that it would mean sure death, for we occupied a room on the fifth floor, so I concluded to await Bill's return, assuring myself that he would be back soon and would surely risk a little danger for a friend. In my utter distress I kicked and pounded on the door, but never a budge did it make; then, leaning out of the window, I yelled: 'Bill! Bill! bring the key! Help! Help!' But all seemed in vain. At one time I thought that help was at hand; I heard heavy treading; it stopped, then there was a terrific banging followed by a tremendous crash. I made no noise for I felt certain that they were forcing all the doors and would surely come to mine, which was the last in the corridor over

the street; but I was terribly mistaken. The noise ceased, I ran to the door to listen, but all I could hear were the moans of a woman and soon that ceased, for it was she whom the men had come to rescue. Every sound seemed to cry out in my ears the one word—death! In my great despair I ran from window to door, from door to window, yelling and shouting for help, but no one seemed to heed my pleas. Soon the heat became almost unbearable and I could feel myself getting weaker every second. Imagine my hearing the crackling blazes devouring their helpless prey and seeing the furious red flames sweeping the rooms just across from me; this I saw through the keyhole in the door.

"With my last bit of strength I dragged myself to the window for a last look, and to my great joy, through the thick smoke I distinguished some one climbing upwards on the lightning rod wire, but this was too much of a strain for my already over-worked nerves. I fell back in a faint. I heard no more of the disaster until I awoke the next day in a ward at the city hospital. A nurse was sitting near my bed and I asked how I had been saved, and this is the story she told me:

"Just as the devouring flames were playing havoc across the corridor from your room, you were seen at the window beckoning to the crowd below, then with a big puff of smoke you disappeared.

"No one would dare to attempt your rescue, not even the firemen, until a tall, well-proportioned young man

brushed through the crowd, breathless and white, shouting to you: 'Keep up courage, Bob, old boy, and for God's sake don't jump, for I'll soon be with you!'

"He rushed to the side of the building, tore off his coat, tied a handkerchief across his nose and mouth and hand over hand, amid the great cheers and praises of the on-looking mob, clambered up the lightning rod wire to your window, but, as the wire was about three feet away, had to take a swing to reach the sill with his legs.

"The flames were already at work on your room and great volumes of smoke poured forth from the window. He was only lost from sight for a minute, but when he appeared again, to the delight of the amazed multitude he was well nigh over-burdened. He had tied you around his waist and had one arm holding you in place. After straddling the sill, he leaned forward to catch the wire, then, with a firm grip

he pulled himself out, still clinging on to you. The downward journey seemed to be exceedingly painful as the wire was very hot and the sharpened edges tore his hand with every move.

"Upon reaching the ground you were immediately placed in an ambulance and he was taken in charge of by one of his old college chums, who brought him to a doctor to have his hands treated. He is now in the guests' room begging the doctor to permit him to see you.'

"After this touching story of the nurse, I immediately summoned the doctor and with a bit of pleading finally persuaded him to allow Bill to come in. When he walked in with his hand bandaged up and his face white and drawn, I cried and sprang from my bed and embraced him as my own brother, for he had not only acted as my brother, but as my rescuer and a hero before the eyes of all."

OCTOBER

(E. I. F.)

O brown October! Blessed, happy days!

Lo! unto thee a gladsome note we raise;

As May in Spring, when flowers bud and bloom

Dispersing Winter's hoar-frost with its gloom.

So thou in Autumn when gold harvests pour

A fragrance rich and sweet the landscape o'er,

Art known as Mary's month, that tittle given

By lovers of the gentle Queen of Heaven.

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SPRING HILL COLLEGE

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR SINGLE COPIES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS
ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: THE SPRINGHILLIAN . . . Spring Hill, Alabama

STAFF

JOHN T. BECKER, '12, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LAWRENCE A. ANDREPONT, '12	M. HUMBERT DIAZ, '12
HOLLIDAY J. D'AQUIN, '12	JOSEPH P. NEWSHAM, '12
GEORGE L. MAYER, '12	FRANCIS L. PROHASKA, '13
J. FRANCIS GILLESPIE, '14	

BUSINESS MANAGERS

JOHN A. MURRAY, '12	JOHN J. DRUHAN, '13
---------------------	---------------------

EDITORIAL

"What is College without a paper?" The answer is easy. "College without a paper is without 'spirit.'" "But who keeps our paper going?" "The advertiser"—That's the point, fellows and friends! There are two kinds of advertisers. First, the one who, merely through generosity and good will towards Spring Hill, advertises as a compliment, expecting little or NO return. To this advertiser our appreciation is most sincere. But the other kind is the advertiser we want you to remember; he is generally a merchant, and while his advertisement is not complimentary, inasmuch as he figures on results, still all he asks is fair play. He simply says: "Boys, here's my advertisement, I am glad to boost those who boost me!" So BOOST our advertisers!—(Adapted.)

DEGREES.

At the Commencement Exercises at the Lyric Theatre on June 15 the degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred by the Faculty of Spring Hill on Dr. Rhett Goode, Hon. P. J. Hamilton and Hon. Thomas D. Flynn. In each case the honor bestowed was a well-merited recognition of distinction, achieved in the recipient's chosen line of work. Dr. Goode, a Spring Hill alumnus of the sixties, and ever since a staunch friend of the college, has been for several years Dean of the Medical Department of the University of Alabama. Under his guidance the Medical College has made marked progress. The buildings have recently been remodeled and enlarged, and, a still greater achievement, the course of studies has been fully brought up

to the required standard. The yearly increase in the number of students in attendance is a fitting tribute to the efficiency of Dr. Goode and his corps of assistants.

As the historian of colonial days in Alabama Mr. Peter J. Hamilton holds the first rank. His book, "Colonial Mobile," is the recognized authority on all that appertains to the history of the early French and Spanish settlement of Mobile. In arranging for the celebration of the bi-centennial of Mobile last April, Mr. Hamilton was universally recognized as the one man with certain knowledge of historic localities and old-time customs.

Mr. Thomas D. Flynn of New Orleans delivered the address to the graduates, which will be found in another part of this issue. Mr. Flynn is a successful member of the Louisiana bar, who finds time amid his numerous occupations to devote to the larger problems of municipal and state government.

FACULTY

Rev. Francis X. Twellmeyer, S. J., President; Rev. Charles D. Barland, S. J., Vice-President, Prefect of Studies and Discipline; Rev. William Salentine, S. J., Secretary; Rev. Nicholas Davis, S. J., Treasurer; Rev. Amadeus Guyol, S. J., Chaplain; Rev. Emmanuel C. De La Moriniere, S. J., Mental and Moral Philosophy and the Evidences of Religion in Senior; Rev. Cyril Ruhl-

mann, S. J., Physics and Chemistry; Rev. Edward I. Fazakerley, S. J., Latin, Greek, English and Philosophy in the Junior; Mr. Thomas I. Clarke, S. J., Mechanics, and of Mathematics; Rev. John H. Stritch, S. J., Latin, Greek and History in the Sophomore; Mr. Joseph B. Bassich, S. J., Freshman; Mr. Martin P. Burke, S. J., First Academic; Mr. William Reagan, S. J., Third Academic; Mr. James Ryan, S. J., Special Latin and Greek; Rev. George A. Rittmeyer, S. J., Mental and Moral Philosophy, Literature and the Evidences of Religion in Superior; Rev. Alexis C. McLaughlin, S. J., English, History, Philosophy and Christian Doctrine in Intermediate; Mr. Joseph B. Farrell, S. J., Professor of English, History and Christian Doctrine in First English; Mr. Joseph M. Walsh, S. J., Mathematics in First and Second English; Mr. Henry C. Donlan, S. J., Professor of English, History and Christian Doctrine in Second English; Mr. Francis A. Cavey, S. J., Third English; Mr. Felix J. Clarkson, S. J., Professor of Mathematics, History and Geography in the First Preparatory Class; Mr. Joseph M. Walsh, S. J., Professor of English in the First Preparatory Class; Mr. Thomas J. McGrath, S. J., Professor of Christian Doctrine and Instructor in Penmanship in the First Preparatory Class; Mr. Felix J. Clarkson, S. J., Mr. Thomas J. McGrath, S. J., and Mr. Jerome Higgins, S. J., Preparatory; August J. Staub, Mus. D., and Angelo J. Suffich, Mus. B., Music; Paul C. Boudousquie, Drawing.

FACULTY CHANGES.

Rev. John P. McDonnell is now at St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La., as chaplain. Rev. Joseph Winkelried is stationed at Shreveport, La.

Rev. Paul E. Elfer is professor of sciences at the Sacred Heart college, Tampa, Fla. Messrs Michael J. Cronin and Cornelius B. Leeuwe are pursuing their theological studies at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.

COLLEGE NOTES

M. DIAZ, '12—J. BECKER, '12.

September 6th, that fatal day which ended summer vacation by ushering in the new scholastic year, saw a small number of boys, some of them weary, plodding their way down the long college walk, and, as some one said—"to rest!" Everything was lovely, as usual, and restful indeed. The old boys took a good long breath of our life-giving ozone and were ready for work, or, we should say, for bed, as one of our friends expressed himself as wishing for nothing more than night to come. The new members were not long in laying aside their formalities, and even the pride-of-the-family lads swallowed the lumps, very visible under their chins, and went to sleep with the pleasant thought "nothing to do until tomorrow."

Changes about the place were not many, except the improvements made in the line of new equipment for the gym, library and billiard hall.

The faces of the boys who have gone we miss, especially those of ancient days, who for so many years have been, as it were, a pleasing part of the furniture. Our best wishes for success and glory are ever theirs.

The Spring Hill College Band that made for itself such an extensive reputation last year, is again rounding into shape under the able direction of Mr. Donlan, S. J., and Prof. Staub. The first meeting was held September 11th. Sixteen old members reported and elected the following officers: J. T. Becker, President; M. H. Diaz, Secretary and Treasurer; Geo. L. Mayer, Librarian. Since the meeting the officers have scouted for new talent with the result that the roll call now numbers forty-five. An entire new and complete line of concert traps has been purchased. Three extra slide trombones will help along the harmony. At the first rehearsal the entire organization was treated to a trial "blow," and we rather liked it. There is no reason why the music-makers should not go one better than those of last season; then we will have "some" band.

At the first meeting of the A. B. class September 12th, L. A. Andrepont was elected President, Geo. L. Mayer, Vice President, and J. T. Becker, Secretary and Treasurer. The colors are black and gold.

On September 9th the B. S. class elected J. J. Murray, President; C. L. Paty, Vice President, and H. Prevost, Secretary and Treasurer. The class colors are maroon and white.

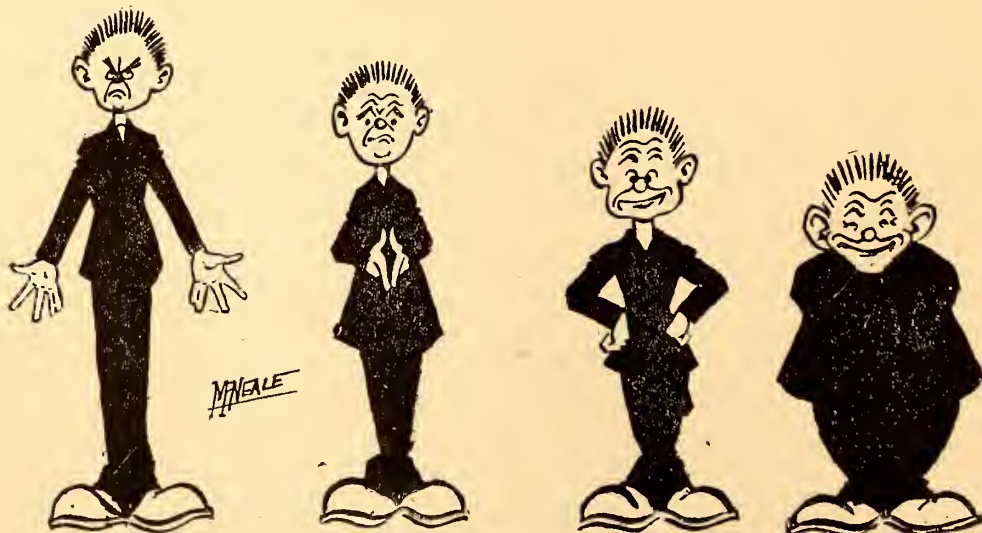
The Sophomore class officers are: J. Cassidy, President; H. Sheridan, Vice President; R. Needham, Secretary and Treasurer, and G. Dubuisson, Beadle.

Officials—The library is in charge of J. J. Druhan, P. J. Becker and F. L. Tarleton. C. L. Paty and H. Provost do the vigilant act in the pool and billiard hall. The guardians of the gym are Geo. Pertuit, H. Patterson and R. Miles Brooks. L. A. Andrepont and W. S. Ducote keep the study-hall. J. T. Becker and J. J. Murray, assisted by Geo. L. Mayer, have charge of the campus store. Chas. Holland rings that bell. M. H. Diaz is official postman. The Sodality is under the direc-

tion of Rev. Fr. Guyol. At the opening meeting J. T. Becker was elected Prefect with J. J. Druhan and Geo. L. Mayer assistants. M. H. Diaz was elected Chief Promoter of the League of the Sacred Heart.

Owing to a spell of summer sickness, which we deeply regret, Coach Maxon was not able to be with us at the opening. That does not mean to say that we are behind in training, for the preliminaries were started early under Assistant Coach Pharr, acting under the chief's instructions, and everything points to a good season. Our schedule this year promises some good games.

The new tennis courts add grace and beauty to the campus, affording an opportunity for the little lovers of the gentle game to become worthy followers of the net and racket.



"TEDDY BEARS"

FOOTBALL

M. H. DIAZ, '12.

Every year, the sporting editor sharpens a new pencil and as if inspired, writes: "Never have the prospects been better." My task, it seems, is to do the same. But shall I? I remember that once, when I never dreamt of being in any way associated with this paper, I vowed I would never write those words were I to become Sporting Editor; but I must, since it is too true.

With the old varsity men that are left, and a score of diamonds in the rough, that stand in the shadow of the magic lantern, the opinion of all is that this year's team will be the "best ever." Upon Mr. Maxon, the coach, has devolved the task of polishing these diamonds; most of these new men have been at that work before, so the whole trouble will consist in limbering up. Mr. Maxon's success in former years as a coach has earned for him a reputation here in Spring Hill which is indeed flattering; and with him it has proved true that the coach is the mainstay of the team. Assistant Coach Pharr, who did so much to aid Mr. Maxon in the past year, is to be with us again this season. The old men are confident of many victories with such men as Maxon and Pharr at their head.

Despite the hot weather things are "looking up" in footballdom and all indications point to an enthusiastic and successful season. Not less than thirty candidates for the team have reported, and the preliminary practices of punting, tackling and falling on the ball have been indulged in considerably.

Although the favored eleven who are to fight on the gridiron this season for the glory of the Purple and White have not yet been picked by Coach Maxon, no doubt is entertained but that the team will be a strong and a fast one. They will probably fall below last year's eleven in weight, but not in speed. Seven of last year's never-beaten squad will again make the team. These are: J. Becker, captain; J. Cassidy and Needham, last year's ends; Ducote, Andrepont, Druhan and Munoz. With such new material as Franklin, P. Becker, Neale, Pertuit, D'Aquin and Dowe trying for positions on the team the prospects look bright.

The schedule is not yet completed, although it includes games with Southern University and Loyola University. The complete schedule will be announced later.



KIDLETS

J. FRANCIS GILLESPIE, '14.

As usual the "little yard" began the year with a loud noise and like the fellow in a game of tennis we have been raising a racket ever since.

* * * *

An informal glee club was organized from the very beginning. No quartette work was attempted but a simple arrangement for two voices was tried out, the new boys singing in B flat, "Take me Home," while the old fellows carolled sweetly in B jolly the catching refrain of "College Life."

* * * *

Yes homesickness is a terrible thing. Like Caesar it comes, it sees and sometimes it conquers, but woe to the solitary, woe to the heir apparent who gets off in a corner and tries or does not try to fight it out by himself.

* * * *

A great deal has been said and written about the "hoi polloi" and the "madding crowd," but take it from one who knows, that joining in with the other fellows, though it might not suit the poet's fancy or the critic's taste, still it's the best cure for homesickness.

* * * *

Word has just reached us from Master Richard Ducote, the leader of the glee club, that the last vestige of homesickness has disappeared and all are now singing in unison, if not in harmony, the latest Daffydil hit, "If

Provosty turns around will Moon Face?" A hundred lines, sonny, you're trying to beat time.

* * * *

Rhymo, the Monk, got busy on a little incident that affected a few of us some time ago and we publish his efforts below.

McHardy ate a little shrimp,
Its feet were long and slick;
But when it crawled around that night,
It made McHardy sick.

Oh! hi diddle diddle!
I've a pain in me middle!
If mother could see me now;
For the oysters I ate
Must be playing roulette
They're raising a terrible row.

* * * *

Apropos of the late friendly meeting between Gotch and Hackenschmidt, we might remark that the art of wrestling is quite a favorite among the small boys. The popular hold seems to be what is known as the toe-hold. Each combatant grasps his opponent by the toe and whichever one happens to be wearing tennis shoes at the time hits the mat first.

Lately a friend of ours explained to us a new hold which he called the "thumb hold." It has not been used in the gymnasium this year for the simple reason that it has never been explained in any of the books of the Spalding Athletic Library. As far as

we can judge it consists of putting your thumb between the other fellow's teeth and then bullying him until he is afraid to open his mouth. Our friend says that this is quite effective.

* * * *

So far we have been talking at random and, as it were, in the abstract. We shall now speak of something in the concrete. Of course our readers will accuse us of joking if we begin by speaking of the new hand ball alleys, because, forsooth, they happen to be made of concrete. Very well! We will stop right here and not say another word.

* * * *

Like the rest of the human world the "little yard" has gone daft on the Daffydils. Here are a few that were written on scraps of paper and raked up by Uncle Pleasant.

"If a storm sweeps the sea will the ocean be tidy?"

Cheer up, boys, even the waves go broke.

"If a boy is giving trouble, should not a mother Patterson?"

Here are a few more that have a sort of poetic jingle.

If Little Boy Blue
Should lose his shoe
Would Thomas Hunt for it?
Does an actor get bald
When he misses his part?
Will a Taylor take a fit?
If Price goes up,
Will Scudday Roussel?
Oh tell me is Englehardt
Is Berthelot
For I'd like to know.

Will a whipping make you smart?
Another quiz
And I'll close my phiz
And put an end to my song.
If the pigeons flew
Would Clarence Ricou?
Is little Nicholas Long?

* * * *

The Junior Band, as Benson O'Brien correctly puts it, is now running on low gear. The following young gentlemen constitute the board of directors: President, Y. Potter; Vice President, Ernest Herbert; Secretary and Treasurer, John Van Heuvel. May the time soon come, as we are certain it will, when they shall be able to speed up a bit and hit only the high spots along the road to musical fame. The only advice we can offer is by keeping up the comparison and saying, "Don't cut out the muffler."

* * * *

The Junior Library has been amply augmented by new books and it is patronized extensively. We wish to express our admiration for the taste shown by the members of the Junior Division in their choice of books.

The courteous vigilance of the President and Vice President, Messrs. Berthelot and Lange, and the Treasurer, Le D. Provosty, also deserves a word of praise, while the self sacrifice of the Librarians, Messrs. Gillespie, Schowalter, Meyer and Siguere, cannot be too highly spoken of.

* * * *

The Yenni Literary Circle held its first meeting for the year on September 27, at which the following officers

were elected: President, Y. Potter; Secretary and Treasurer, F. Gillespie; Censor, John Van Heuvel.

* * * *

There is an old legend that tells of a knight who, taking the Mother of God as his queen, vowed to defend her honor against all comers. We are reminded of this legend whenever we see the members of the Sodality wending their way towards our Lady's Chapel on Saturday mornings to salute the Queen of Heaven even as the Angel Gabriel did years ago. Y. Potter has been chosen to act as Prefect, with E. Herbert as First Assistant and J. Berthelot as Second. The duties of the Sacristan have fallen to R. Ducote and E. Schowalter. F. Gillespie is secretary.

* * * *

The billiard room has been refitted and is now under the care of J. Moses as President; F. Schimpf as Vice President, and L. Roussel as Treasurer. The censors are John Van Heuvel and Paul Scheussler.

* * * *

Allow us to introduce you the store keepers, Dutch, Peg and Mister Herbert, commonly known as the "Big Three."

* * * *

The gymnasium is still in running order, thanks to the untiring efforts of our master mechanic, James Van

Heuvel (Uncle Feet). Owing to the hot weather the gymnastic class has not been opened as yet.

A. Regil is president of the gymnasium. E. Newsham and H. Pertuit hold the offices of vice president and treasurer. Messrs. Herbert, Frederick, Potter and Ducote act as censors.

* * * *

Somewhere over in the "big yard" there is an aggregation of athletes who call themselves the "Zandewies." Late-ly they sent us a challenge for a football game. We accepted, we played, and we were beaten. The score was 10-0, but it was our first game and the Junior Varsity expected and were expected to do great things. In the excitement of the play we did not notice who our opponents were, but that evening when Mr. Maxon, the College Varsity coach, got busy we observed that we had played against one varsity man, a couple of scrubs and a few others whom we cannot place. This makes our defeat taste like apple pie.

Mr. Reagan, our coach, has whipped the team into shape and even the big boys admit that we have a husky squad. Of course, experience will soon teach us to take advantage of those opportunities that spring up in a game and which even the best of coaching will fail to instil. Here's hoping that we may record a few victims in the next issue.

ALUMNI NOTES

Many of our younger alumni and '54 present students may not be aware that Spring Hill was the Alma Mater of the world's most distinguished chess player, **Paul Morphy**, who graduated with the degree of A. B. in 1854, and took his A. M. in 1855. We find interesting recollections of Paul Morphy and his life-long friend, **Charles A. de Maurian, A. B., '55**, in an article by John G. Galbreath in the American Chess Bulletin of Septémber, 1911. Mr. de Maurian, as will be seen, learned the game of chess from the great master in the Spring Hill infirmary. We reprint Mr. Galbreath's story:

To paint a lily, or gild refined gold, is to do a vain thing; and very much in the same category may justly be reckoned the attempt to write in adequate words the biography of a really good man.

The subject of this sketch is one of those rare men who can truly be summed up in a sentence as "a gentleman and a scholar," because he is a man who morally and intellectually stands out from, and above, the ordinary run of men, as Pike's Peak stands out from the foothills.

Charles Amedee de Maurian was born in the city of New Orleans on May 21, 1838, and is of distinguished French ancestry. His father was Judge Charles A. de Maurian, for many years judge of the Parish and City Civil Court. His mother before her marriage was Miss Lasthenie Peychaud, a native of France, and she had a most romantic history. Her parents went from France to reside in San Domingo in her early childhood. Soon after arriving in that island, the blood-revolution of 1799 broke out, and all the white people were either killed or driven from the island. Among the fortunate ones who made their escape were her parents and herself. They made their way safely back to France, but in the confusion and hurried departure to save their lives her brother, Amedee, then a very small child, became separated from

the rest of the family and was left behind. He was cared for by a faithful slave, and was eventually brought to New Orleans, where he grew to manhood. His fate was unknown to his family for many years. The captain of a French vessel plying between New Orleans and French ports, who had become acquainted with Amedee Peychaud, met Miss Lasthenie Peychaud in France, and, struck with the similarity of names, made inquiry with the result that the long-separated brother and sister were brought into communication and Miss Peychaud came to New Orleans to visit her brother. Among the party of Amedee Peychaud's friends who went to the ship to receive the young lady on her arrival in New Orleans was Judge de Maurian. It proved a case of love at first sight, and a happy marriage soon followed. It is sad to relate that the death of Mrs. de Maurian, immediately after the birth of her son, Charles, at once terminated her romantic life and forever deprived him of a mother's tender care.

From early childhood Charles was a playmate of the famous Paul Morphy. The boys were nearly the same age, Paul being only eleven months the elder. Whilst they were not actually related, their families were connected by marriage and the boys were constantly together, attending the same school and indulging in the same pastimes.

Mr. de Maurian relates with much amusement that, when he was about eleven years of age, he would frequently find Paul playing chess with his grandfather, Mr. Lacarontier. Paul was of diminutive stature, and in order to bring him up to the level of the table it was necessary to place a couple of large books in the chair. In this position, Mr. de Maurian said, Paul would sit for hours poring over the games with his grandfather. At that time, Mr. de Maurian says, it was a matter of wonder to him how the pair could take such great interest in a game which to him presented no feature of apparent amusement. He ascertained from Paul some time after this period that the latter gave his grandfather odds of a rook, and it was seldom the old gentleman won a game.

In 1853 the boys were attending Spring Hill College, near Mobile, Ala., and Charles was taken sick. Whilst recovering in the infirmary of the college time hung very heavily, and in order to relieve the tedium Paul offered to teach him the game of chess, which

Charles could not see any interest in a few years before when he saw Paul almost daily playing with his grandfather. He accepted Paul's offer, and thus learned the rudiments of the game from the future great player. It is very probable that he is the only person to whom Paul Morphy taught the moves, and it is certainly a unique distinction to be the only living being who learned the game from its greatest exponent.

Charles at the very outset developed a keen interest in the game, and under the tutelage of his friend Paul made rapid progress. Their first match was at the odds of the queen, which contest Paul won by one game. The next match was at the odds of rook and four moves!—won by Paul. Then followed a match at the odds of a rook, pawn and two moves, won by Paul. After this, as Charles developed and the odds became too formidable for even the great wizard of the board, they played at the odds of rook, pawn and move. They played a match in the next progression at the odds of rook and knight, which was also won by Paul, but by a narrow majority; and then, by gradual, easy stages, as Charles became more and more proficient, they arrived at the odds of knight, which odds the invincible Paul continued to yield his friend to the very last. Their last match at the odds of knight terminated in favor of Mr. de Maurian, and Paul told him then that he was too strong for the knight odds. It was their intention to play at the odds of pawn and two moves, but fate, that stern, arbiter who knows no distinctions, willed it otherwise. It is very probable, although not absolutely sure, that the last game of chess Paul Morphy ever played was with his lifelong friend and if it could be surely established as a fact it would be a most beautiful conclusion of the chess career of the world's greatest chess player.

The first chess book Mr. de Maurian read was "Chess for Winter Evenings," by Prof. H. R. Aënel, a book which has instructed and amused thousands of Caissa's votaries all over the world. His next book was "The Chess Player's Companion," by Howard Staunton. An opinion of Mr. de Maurian concerning this book may be appropriately mentioned here. He considers it one of the finest collections of games in existence, and the instruction contained in it as not surpassed by any similar publication whatever. The book, however, is not well known, strange to say, and is not, therefore, properly appreciated.

Mr. de Maurian's first participation in a tournament was in 1858, when he won first prize in the tourney of the New Orleans Chess Club. Since that time he has participated in

various local contests, but has never engaged in a public contest outside of his native city. His standing as an amateur player of the highest class has been established and maintained for half a century but during the past twenty years he has gradually retired as an active player. His interest in the game, however, continues unabated. It is the opinion of the writer of this sketch, formed many years ago after meeting with many of the strongest Southern players, that Mr. de Maurian is, Paul Morphy alone excepted, the very finest and best chess player the South has ever produced. In courtesy and all the little refined amenities he is the ne plus ultra of a gentleman. Pity it is there are so few like him.

Many examples of his play may be found in Geza Maroczy's book, "Paul Morphy: Sammlung der von ihm gespielten Partien," published by Velt & Co., Leipzig, 1909. This book contains the last games he played with Paul Morphy, and the reader may gain a fair idea of his strength by playing over these games. Mr. de Maurian has met on even terms such masters as Steinitz, Zukertort, Capt. Mackenzie, Tchigorin and others who have visited New Orleans, and he has acquitted himself in these contests with great credit, but he has always modestly refrained from blowing his trumpet, although he had ample cause to do so if inclined. Let it be remembered that these successes against masters of world-wide fame were on even terms, and then recall the fact that Mr. de Maurian never played with Paul Morphy at less than a knight odds, and it will be better understood why Mr. de Maurian is of the unalterable opinion that Morphy was head and shoulders above them all, like Saul of Tarsus was among his fellows.

In 1869, Mr. de Maurian and Paul Morphy played their last series of games all at the odds of knight. Thirty-nine games were played, and it is almost certain that the last of these games is the "swan song" of Paul Morphy, as he was never known to play another; and in the circumstances which then surrounded him, Morphy could not have been induced to play with anyone but his boyhood friend.

These games were played in four series, and their successive results were as follows:

First Series—Morphy 6, de Maurian 3, drawn 2.

Second Series—Morphy 3, de Maurian 3, drawn 0.

Third Series—Morphy 7, de Maurian 10, drawn 0.

Fourth Series—Morphy 0, de Maurian 4, drawn 1.

Mr. de Maurian has long been known as a chess student of vast erudition, and his contributions to the literature of the game in the ways of essays and notes have been so numerous and valuable that they would make a large volume, but he has never written a book. His work has been one of pastime and pure love of the game. He first edited a chess column in the New Orleans Delta, a newspaper of this city during 1857-58, and has from time to time made contributions concerning the game to various city publications. He was a co-editor and one of the originators of the chess column in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, begun in February, 1883, and for many years contributed regularly to that still current column. He was also one of the founders, and was the first president of the New Orleans Chess, Checkers and Whist Club.

He was the owner of an extensive chess library, and, as may be readily inferred, it contained many rare and valuable volumes. This library he presented to the Howard library of New Orleans several years ago. Among the books is an autograph copy of Morphy's games, which Herr J. Lowenthal presented to Paul Morphy, and which was presented by the latter to Mr. de Maurian.

Mr. de Maurian was married on February 26, 1862, to Miss Marie Meffre-Rouzan, and, as his wife is still living, the pair will celebrate their golden wedding a few months hence. May God long spare them!

Since 1890 Mr. de Maurian has resided in Paris, coming to the Crescent City every two years, and spending the winter there.

In conclusion, the reader may be told that Mr. de Maurian has all his life avoided ostentation of any kind, and it was only with the greatest reluctance that he consented to allow the writer, as an old friend, to write something about him, strongly admonishing against "laving it on too thick." This itself is a pointed indication of the modest character of the man.

He intrusted his old friend with a very delicate undertaking, and, in coming to the end, the writer realizes that, as stated in his exordium, he has but essayed the impossible task of painting a lily.

The following interesting letter '76 has been received from Henry W. Rives, A. B., '76, A. M. '77, formerly of Macon, Miss., but for many years an attorney in Lebanon, Ky.:

Very Rev. Dear Father:

It has been so long since my college days at old Spring Hill that I doubt if any of my old friends of 1870-75 are there now. Some years ago I had the unexpected pleasure, on the occasion of a short stop-over in New Orleans, of meeting Fathers O'Connor, Miles and McDonnell; the first two my old professors and the latter a former classmate. Alas, Fathers O'Connor and Miles have both been called to their reward, and I do not know if Father McDonnell is yet in the land of the living.

Among the recollections of my college days, more and more recalled as the years advance and the evening of life approaches, is that of the many futile efforts I made to solve that old chestnut of a problem, for the solution of which none of the professors could or would offer a suggestion, viz: to trisect an angle geometrically.

In my hours of leisure, of which I have too few, I sometimes vary the monotony of reading by imitating far abler men in solving geometrical problems. On one such occasion, while working at another problem, I conceived the idea that my work on that puzzle had developed the groundwork, or basis, for the old trisecting problem. I then renewed my old task, but with far different results, for I really believe I have formulated a rule and a practical demonstration for trisecting any angle by ordinary geometrical processes. At any rate I have been unable to find a flaw in the process, and other mathematicians to whom I have submitted it have been unable to point out any flaw. It may be that you or some of the professors at old Spring Hill may have better success; at any rate I would prefer to learn from my Alma Mater than from other sources, and would be glad if my work should receive your scrutiny, and the hidden error, if any, pointed out to me. If there be no error, then my successors among the students need not feel that they are trying to solve a problem that has no solution, and they may be encouraged to greater efforts in pursuing the fascinating study of geometry, until they realize its beauties. I send you a copy of the solution and rule, as I have developed it, and would appreciate the verdict of Spring Hill upon it, whether favorable or unfavorable.

I have been for the last thirty years living in this center of the early Catholic settlement of the West, not of the greater West now part of our country, but of the original colonies. We have a strong Catholic community here, and near us the mother house in the United States of the Dominicans, also

of the Trappists, and of the first American order of Loretines, or Friends of Mary, at the foot of the Cross, founded by the saintly missionary, Father Nerinx. My family of seven children have begun to scatter, only two being now at home, but one only has married. I would rejoice if I could occasionally spend a few days at Spring Hill, and recall the old surroundings in comparison with the new, but the distance is too great, and my time too much occupied by duties.

If any of the old students or professors of my time are there, please give them a warm greeting for me; if not, then accept on behalf of the new generation my best wishes, and the hope that Spring Hill may grow in influence as it has in size and material prosperity. Say a prayer for one who has need of all the help he can get from the prayers of others, and who will appreciate the alms thus given, and remember those who have taken the place of his old preceptors now nearly all gone to their reward.

Thomas Duggan, ex-'96, paid a '96 visit to his Alma Mater on September 17. He is at present traveling for the Cudahy Packing Co.

Rene F. Sere, A. B., was married '99 at a nuptial mass in St. Augustin's Church, New Orleans, to Miss Claré Cazenavette. The ceremony was performed by Fr. Wagner, S. J., an old professor of Mr. Sere.

Dr. Walter S. Scott, ex-'99, paid us a visit on September 25. He was on his way home to Birmingham from Johns Hopkins University, where he had taken a special course. Dr. Scott has built up a large practice in Birmingham.

Dr. P. Leo Kearns and Miss Elsie '03 Gast were married at the Passionist Retreat, Louisville, at the end of October.

Timothy P. Toland, B. S., has re-'06 recently been appointed commercial agent for the Seaboard Air Line at Tampa, Fla.

Dixon L. Austin, A. B., has re-'08 signed his position with the Tampa Fertilizer Co., and left for New York to take up the study of medicine.

J. Lawrence Lavretta, A. B., has '10 just returned from a fourteen months' tour of Europe with his mother. He reports a very pleasant time. During a prolonged stay in Berlin he took a course in vocal culture under a distinguished master. Mr. Lavretta has entered the real estate office of Jas. K. Glennon & Co.

Bernardino A. Alvarez, ex-'10, was married August 1st, to Miss Izetta McDonnell at St. Vincent's Church, Mobile.

We have had word, directly or in-'11 directly, from all the graduates of 1911. Most of them have already embarked on their chosen careers, while some few are still in a state of indecision as to the future.

John T. Bauer, A. B., who carried off the highest honors of his class, is taking a course in electrical engineering in the Boston School of Technology.

W. Henry Kelly, A. B., has joined the clerical force of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at Montgomery, Ala.

Karl P. Leche, A. B., is reading law in the office of Pugh and Leman at Donaldsonville, La. It is his intention to enter a law school next year.

The medical department of St. Louis University claims **James J. McHardy**, as a student.

Down in the Canal Zone **Sherman P. Pardue, A. B.**, holds a position with the Panama Railroad.

Philip P. Patout, A. B., is managing a sugar plantation near Baldwin, La.

Charles H. Plauche, A. B., is assistant cashier of the Avoyelles Bank and Trust Co., at Marksville, La.

Stephen V. Riffel, A. B., has entered the Georgetown University Law School at Washington, D. C.

Bonaventure Rios, A. B., has taken up the study of law in Mexico.

Ulysses H. Berthier, B. S., is studying mining engineering at the Colorado School of Mines in Denver.

Thomas P. Hale, B. S., is engaged in the chemical department of the naval stores concern at Gulfport, Miss.

We had a brief visit from **E. Leo Ball, B. S.**, while on his way to Washington, D. C., where he has taken up the study of electrical engineering. He writes that he is housed in the new Gibbons Memorial Hall.

Clarence L. Black, B. S., is pursuing a special course at a business college in New Orleans to fit himself for

a lucrative position which he has in view. He will manage to fill in an odd hour starring at his old position behind the bat.

Paul E. Byrne, B. S., is acting as his father's private secretary in Chicago.

Flurence A. Dowe, B. S., is connected with the office of the freight department of the L. and N. at Montgomery.

R. Lee Drago, B. S., is in the employ of a large wholesale house in Mobile.

Herbert C. Gremillion, B. S., has a position with the Alexandria Hardware Co. in his home town.

The study of law is occupying the energies of **Alcide A. Martel, B. S.** in Franklin, La.

James D. McIntyre, B. S., now completely recovered from his severe spell of illness, is a student of electrical engineering at the Boston School of Technology.

Dennis S. Moran, B. S., is engaged in his uncle's cloak establishment in Indianapolis.

John J. Trolie, B. S., has taken over the management of the Trolie Hotel at Canton, Miss.

Tillman K. Schimpf, B. S., is working with his father in the restaurant business in Mobile.

Clarence K. Wohner, B. S., is in the exchange department of the Mississippi State Bank at Canton, Miss.

OBITUARY

Very Rev. C. T. O'Callaghan,
D. D., V. G.

In the death of Very Rev. Cornelius T. O'Callaghan, D. D., V. G., Spring Hill has lost an old and true friend and one of her most distinguished alumni. The sad event occurred on the night of October 5th, at the parochial residence of St. Vincent's Church, Mobile. On the previous evening Father O'Callaghan had returned from a prolonged stay in the Sacred Heart Sanitarium, Milwaukee, apparently much improved in health. But on the morning of the 5th he was stricken with paralysis and remained unconscious until the end. His last moments were attended by his devoted sister, Miss Kate O'Callaghan, Very Rev. D. Savage, D. D., a lifelong friend, Very Rev. F. X. Twellmeyer, S. J., president of Spring Hill College, and Rev. George Callaghan, assistant pastor of St. Vincent's. The news of Fr. O'Callaghan's death came as a distinct shock to the people of Mobile and St. Vincent's parish, which he had faithfully administered for more than forty-four years.

A well-deserved tribute was paid to the memory of Fr. O'Callaghan in an editorial in the Mobile Register:

"The tolling of bells in the Catholic churches of Mobile last night announced the sad fact to this community that life had passed from one who had long toiled in the service of God and humanity, to which his life had

been unreservedly consecrated. The bells rang a note of sorrow that will find echo in the hearts of very many people in this city to-day, without thought of religious affiliation, when they learn that Father O'Callaghan is dead. Nearly half a century in the priesthood and forty-four years ministering to one congregation, the deceased had endeared himself to more than one generation, and no minister of God has been more greatly revered by citizens generally. Back in the time when yellow fever was a scourge in the South, he gave a wonderful vitality with which he was endowed, knowing no fatigue, to self-imposed duties which recognized no creed but humanity. It was in time of disease and distress in the seventies that Mobile took the estimate of Father O'Callaghan and established him in a niche of popular admiration which was increased as the years went on. Irrespective of creed, he was the personal friend of the generation that has almost passed, and of which he was a type.

"Deceased was a man of mentality far above the ordinary and a citizen whose opinion was found valuable in public matters and frequently sought. His aims were high, his purpose single; and he loved Mobile and its people with all the force of a nature that would make personal sacrifice without thought of heroics or subsequent laudation.



VERY REV. C. T. O'CALLAGHAN, D. D., V. G.

"The loss to the Catholic diocese in the death of this good man is, therefore, a loss to the city and state. To the people of the southern part of Mobile, into whose daily lives he entered as counselor and friend, his place can never be filled."

Cornelius T. O'Callaghan was born in Kanturk, County Cork, Ireland, on March 4th, 1839, and received his elementary and classical education in the schools of his native town. He came to the United States in 1852, and entered St. Vincent's College, Cape Girardeau, Mo., and in July, 1860, became a student in the Diocesan Seminary, then connected with Spring Hill. He stood the examination for graduation in the presence of Rt. Rev. Bishop Quinlan and received the degree of A. B. on December 12th, 1860. He was ordained to the priesthood in the Cathedral of Mobile on October 24th, 1862, and on the same day made pastor of Apalachicola, Fla. For four years he labored there and in October, 1866, he was called to the Cathedral of Mobile. After a few months he was appointed to St. Vincent's parish, then the largest and most important in the diocese. Fr. O'Callaghan took charge of the parish on January 25th, 1867. He built the present church and pastoral residence. He was twice administrator of the diocese, pending the appointment of successors to Bishops Quinlan and O'Sullivan, and Vicar General under Bishops Quinlan, Manucy and Allen.

In June, 1897, Father O'Callaghan had conferred on him the degree of

Doctor of Divinity by his Alma Mater. Spring Hill was empowered by Pope Gregory XVI in 1840 to grant degrees in philosophy and theology and Fr. O'Callaghan was the recipient of the first doctorate in theology, "an honor," as the Mobile Register stated, "worthily as well as gracefully placed."

The funeral services were attended by the President and several members of the faculty of Spring Hill. Rev. John A. Downey, a friend for more than half a century, delivered the funeral oration.

To the deceased priest's sister, Miss Kate O'Callaghan, The Springhillian extends prayerful sympathy in the hour of her unspeakable loss.

Joseph E. Burguières.

Joseph E. Burguières, B. S., '92, died in New Orleans on August 23. The Picayune of August 25 gives the following details of his death and career:

Mr. Burguières' death was a profound surprise to the business and social world, in which he moved a striking figure. The gentleman, up to a week ago, was apparently in the best of health, and spent his time between his local office and the Burguières' summer home at Pass Christian. He was only 35 years of age, and active, forceful and full of that strong personality that is always a valuable asset to a man at the head of any great enterprise.

Last Sunday he was taken sick, but Monday felt better, and in the afternoon left his city residence in Prytania Street, corner of Third, and went to Pass Christian, intending to rest up for a few days and recuperate in the fresh salt breeze that sweeps in from the gulf.

Wednesday Mr. Burguières suffered a second attack and his condition seemed so serious that he was hurried to the city and removed to the Touro Infirmary. A prompt though careful diagnosis revealed that the gentleman's ailment was appendicitis, and an op-

eration was considered necessary. The attack had been so severe that Mr. Burguières' strong constitution had given way under it, and the patient never rallied after being placed in his bed.

Mr. Burguières was known through his large plantation interests all over the country. He was a power in the business world, and had a talent for managing great affairs that easily placed him as a genius in the ranks of men who accomplish things. His business interests were very large, and as an officer in the J. M. Burguières Company, Limited, he devoted his wonderful energies to advancing the sugar industry and making New Orleans one of the great markets of the world.

While his business methods were pursued along the most modern and advanced lines, Mr. Burguières was eminently fair and thoughtful and considerate of others. He broadened the scope of his own great business activities and made the name of his company known in all the financial centers, but there was never a time that his competitors in the business world did not speak well of him and appreciate him for a man of integrity and worth.

Mr. Burguières, in his private as well as business life, was a man of frank and charming manner. He was altogether the optimist, and would rather help a fellow man than do him a hurt. He had the faculty of never getting tired and being naturally qualified for the work he started out to do, he became in time a finished master in the technical as well as practical side of the planting, manufacturing and marketing of sugar. Only a few weeks ago Mr. Burguières was in Washington, where he gave testimony before a congressional committee investigating the sugar trade. His testimony was carried very fully in the press of the country, and while it deeply impressed the committee, it was generally looked upon as a really brilliant presentation of the case of the Louisiana sugar planters.

He was uncommonly gifted and had an amazing capacity for picking up the details of a business and uniting them all into one successful whole. The most vexatious and intricate business problems were simple to his rare insight, and his judgment was unusually sound and was exercised by singular quickness. Mr. Burguières' business associates found him always a ready drop and he was always willing to share anybody else's burdens. The largest of ventures he handled with a clear coolness, and a splendid future of wide influence and power loomed brightly before him when death ended his useful career.

Mr. Burguières was the champion of the Louisiana sugar market, and launched and led the aggressive campaign that raised the market to a plane which enabled the Southern planters to come nearer receiving the full New York price for their sugar and molasses than ever before. Mr. Burguières considered that an injustice was being done the South in systematically depressing the price below the price in London and New York, and he entered the campaign with a patriotism that showed he had the interest of his section before him.

Mr. Burguières was a magnetic man, of handsome presence and manner that seemed to draw others to him. He was popular with all who knew him and won a place in the hearts of his friends and acquaintances by his kindness and sterling qualities.

Church and an old Confederate soldier. He

Mr. Burguières was born March 16, 1876, on the Cypremont plantation, in St. Mary Parish, near Franklin. His father was Jules M. Burguières, who with his brother, Ernest, was one of the first to develop sugar culture on a very extensive scale in one of the most fertile districts of the state. Mr. Burguières' mother, before her marriage, was Miss Corinne Marie Patout, daughter of an old and distinguished French family, which, like the Burguières, had prominent connections in France. Joseph Burguières was the second child, and the other children were Denis, Jules, Louise, Florence, Ernest, Henry and Patout. The deceased had a half-sister, Miss Inez Burguières, born of his father's union with his second wife, who was a Miss Ida Broussard. Miss Inez and her mother are at present in Europe traveling.

Mr. Burguières was educated in Spring Hill College, Mobile, and was a graduate of the class of 1892. In 1907 he married Miss Larra Fauntleroy and the young wife lived only a year, dying in 1908. No child was born to the union.

Mr. Burguières was a member of several of the leading clubs and carnival organizations, and took a prominent part in the city's social life.

The deceased was an officer in the J. M. Burguières Company, Ltd., the Louisiana Sugar Company, the Oak Lawn Sugar Company, the Segura Sugar Company, the Kenilworth Sugar Company, the Dulac Cypress and Shingle Company, the Burguières Land and Investment Company, The Sugar Planters' Storage and Distributing Company of Louisiana, the Augusta Sugar Company, the Delta Land and Development Company, the Vida Sugar Company, the New Orleans Land Company.

the Stafolife Feed Company and the Louisiana Sugar Planters' Association. He was also a director of the Louisiana Sugar and Rice Exchange, the New Orleans Board of Trade, the German-American National Bank and the New Orleans, Texas and Mexico Railroad.

The funeral services were held at the church at Cyremort, La. Very Rev. F. X. Twellmeyer, S. I., president of Spring Hill, and a teacher of Mr. Burguieres, made an eloquent address, recalling the many noble traits of character that from boyhood had characterized the life of Joseph Burguieres, followed him in his every-day life with his fellow-men and gained for him the highest position among the great financiers of the state. His untimely demise was a loss not only to his family and those who loved him intimately, but was a loss to the entire country.

At the grave, just before the vault was closed, Rev. Father Girault, of Patoutville, made an address in French, eulogizing the memory of the deceased, and asking that the prayers of his friends be united with those of the prayers of his church, so that God may have mercy upon his soul and grant him eternal happiness.

Major Patrick C. Hannan.

Though not an alumnus of Spring Hill or any other college, Major Hannan was a true friend of education. His death in the Providence Infirmary, Mobile, August 28th, recalls his many benefactions to Spring Hill. Major Hannan was born in Ireland some eighty-nine years ago and came to the United States in 1849. When the Civil War broke out he joined Company B, of the Twenty-first Alabama, as first lieutenant. After the war he engaged in various mercantile enterprises in Mobile and amassed a comfortable fortune. When he retired from business he made his home in the Providence Infirmary and donated the present beautiful chapel. The Hannan Home, conducted by the Little Sisters of the Poor, owes its existence to Major Hannan's generosity.

At Spring Hill we have constant reminders of his kindness in the Grotto of Lourdes at the terminus of Hannan Way, and in the beautiful marble statues that ornament our grounds.

The funeral services, at which a Requiem Mass was said by Rev. C. D. Barland, S. J., Vice President of Spring Hill, were attended by several members of the faculty.

Rev. Thomas S. Major.

Father Major was a theological student and professor at Spring Hill from '73-'76. He is well remembered by professors and students of those days. His death at Frankfort, Ky., was the occasion of recalling many incidents of his career. We take these clippings from various papers:

Rev. Thomas S. Major, pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Frankfort, Ky., died August 22. Father Major was born in Paris, Ky., July 13, 1844, and was the son of Dr. F. W. Major, a well-known physician. When but a youth the war between the states broke out, and with hundreds of others of the sons of the best families of Kentucky, he joined General John Morgan's famous command and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of that great leader, until the tragic termination of their association following Morgan's dauntless raid into Ohio. Morgan, on being captured, was sent to the Columbus penitentiary, and young Major, with other comrades-in-arms, was dispatched to Camp Douglas. From this place he made escape and, returning to Kentucky, resumed his duties as a soldier. He was wounded in battle and was sent to the Good Samaritan Hospital in Cincinnati, where he was nursed by the Sisters of Charity.

This was Father Major's first introduction to the Catholic Church and the result was that he became a Catholic, and abandoning the study of medicine, which he had intended to take up when the cessation of hostilities permitted a return to civilian life, he began instead his studies for the ministry of the altar.

He entered the Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala., and was ordained November 1, 1875, by the late Bishop Toebbe, of Covington. He was assigned to Cynthiana, Paris and Lexington successively, after which he did service in the Diocese of Cleveland, Peoria and Dallas. In 1892 he returned to Covington and was appointed pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Winchester, where he remained until August, 1894, when he became pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Frankfort, which office he held until his death.

Death removed last month an old friend, Father Major of Kentucky, a convert to the Church and an old Confederate soldier. He was born in the famous Blue Grass region of Kentucky, and when about 18 years of age his enthusiasm for the Confederacy led him to enlist under the famous General John Morgan. In Morgan's famous raid through Ohio young Major accompanied him and was severely wounded and captured near Lisbon, Ohio. He was sent to Camp Chase near Columbus, and from there to Camp Douglas, from which he escaped, finally reaching Chicago, suffering intensely and completely broken. He was succored by an Irishman, Charles Donnelly, and it was through this good Samaritan that young Major was led into the Catholic Church.

He went then to Canada and finally into Mexico, eventually returning to Kentucky. He began his studies for the priesthood at once and having obtained a dispensation from Rome on account of his having been a soldier, there being a law that no one who had shed human blood can be ordained without a special dispensation, he was ordained and said his first Mass at Hamilton, Ohio, where his people lived at the time. He served in the diocese of San Antonio, Texas, Chicago, Peoria and Cleveland, finally being appointed pastor of Frankfort, Kentucky, where he spent the last years of his life.

He was an unique character in many ways and a walking encyclopedia of war stories and a fine authority on all the many disputed events of the Civil War.

Bishop Maes in the funeral sermon as reported in the Louisville Courier-Journal, made this important statement:

"Father Major had told one of his brother priests only a short time ago of an interesting incident that happened just at the close of the Civil War that came to his knowledge when he (Father Major) was in Canada. This incident was as follows, and throws some light on the assassination of President Lincoln by Wilkes Booth. While

in Canada, Father Major said, five Confederates, who had taken refuge in that country, decided to continue the fight by attempting to kidnap President Lincoln; that these five men went to Washington in disguise, but before they did anything one of them was captured as a suspected spy and sentenced to be hanged or shot. The man was a friend of Wilkes Booth, and the latter went to see President Lincoln in an effort to have the life of his friend saved; that Booth stated afterwards that the President granted his request for the reprieve or pardon. For some reason, however, the President's reprieve order was never delivered to the proper officer, and the man was executed on Good Friday. According to what one of the other four men afterwards told Father Major, the fact that his friend was executed incensed Booth intensely and that night at the Ford Theatre he shot and killed the President.

Father Major always believed that the assassination of Mr. Lincoln was solely due to Booth's anger over the idea that the President had not kept faith with him and allowed his friend to be executed. Some minor officials had probably held up the reprieve, but neither Booth nor Lincoln knew this.

This is an exceedingly interesting item of historical note and ought to be added to DeWitt's book, "The Judicial Murder of Mrs. Surratt," in which book much of inside and hitherto unknown facts of this period of our history is related.

New Orleans, Aug. 26, 1911.

To the Editor of the Times-Democrat:

The telegraphic notice in the paper this morning of the death of Rev. Father Thomas Major, the pastor of the Catholic Church in Frankfort, Ky., reminds me that the Catholic Church is indebted to me for this priest whose late death is lamented.

Tom Major was, at the breaking out of the war, a very delicate boy, with the complexion of a girl and a girl's modesty, shrinking from the rough, boyish pranks of the soldier, but always on the line of battle when there was any fighting to be done. In cold weather Tom Major always slept with his horse, sitting by the fire until the horse was through eating and had laid down for the night. He would then lay himself down against the horse's back, covering them both with the same blanket.

On the 26th of July, 1863, we were ordered to charge a regiment of Federal cavalry which was stationed behind a stone wall, armed with Spencer rifles, a magazine gun able to throw about six or seven bullets to

our one. My horse was shot, but not seriously; just enough to make him extremely restive, and Tom Major had an artery in his arm severed by a bullet. The blood was coming out in spurts, and he was about falling from his horse to the ground, in which case he would have died from loss of blood in about five minutes. I dismounted and made him do the same, when with a silk handkerchief I made a tourniquet, stopped the flow of blood from his arm and told him to ride off the field, which he did.

That afternoon, Gen. Morgan surrendered (we were then within seven or eight miles of the Pennsylvania line, nearly one hundred miles north of Gettysburg) himself and us as prisoners of war, and we were put in a military prison on the shores of Lake Michigan, a place which is now a part of Chicago. One night Tom and I found a ladder which we carried across the garrison yard to place it against a fourteen foot wall in order to climb over it and escape, but an alarm was given and a squad of soldiers, under the command of a captain, came along in our direction, and in order to escape detection we laid the ladder down and threw ourselves prone on the ground. I then said to Tom: "You stay here and I will go by the officers' quarters and see what has caused this excitement, and if it quiets down I will come back to you and we will get the ladder and make the attempt later in the night." I found the officers in a great state of excitement, went back towards the place where I had left Tom, and found that

the guard whom we had escaped a few moments before, had discovered Tom and placed him under arrest. I had given him a fine shawl, which I needed then very much, and he had it around his shoulders. They put him in a dungeon, where he was fed on bread and water and kept in close confinement. I escaped being seen by the guard and got in my barracks. I could not lift the ladder by myself, nor put it up against the wall without assistance.

When Tom was put in the dungeon he found that the men already there had taken up a plank from the floor and had dug a tunnel under the outer wall, and on the second night after he was put in the dungeon he escaped, with the others, and got over into Canada. From the severity of the Canadian winter, for which he was illy prepared, the enemy having taken my shawl from him, and he having no wrap or overcoat, he became violently ill with pneumonia and was taken to a hospital, where he was nursed by the Sisters of Charity. They converted him to the Catholic faith, turned his thoughts and aspirations to the priesthood; in fact made a priest of him, and he did not return to the military service.

Several times since the war Father Major has visited New Orleans and always took dinner with us. He recognized the fact that I had saved his life by means of the tourniquet on that 26th of July, and led to his being put in the dungeon and was, therefore, the indirect means of his entering the priesthood.

BENJAMIN RICE FORMAN.

TO A DISTANT ENGINE

M. H. DIAZ, '12.

Oft as I hear from the lowlands away
The train's distant cry and the clang
 of its gong,
I fain would recall to my mem'ry a day
When I saw that wild engine thun-
 d'ring along,
Racing with time in the strife of the
 strong.

And now whilst I picture it out in the
 night,
Whistling, wild whistling as it lights
 up the way,
I know it is foaming and hast'ning in
 flight,

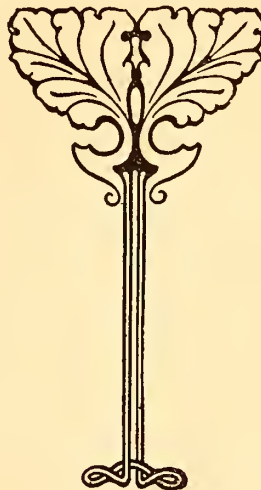
To end up the run at the dawn of the
 day;
Still racing with time in an unequal
 fray.

Whilst the glow that I see at a distance
 on high,
Grows faint and more faint with the
 wheels as they roll;
Out flashes a moment, next instant to
 die,
And lives as the fireman shovels the
 coal,
To race wild with time and arrive at
 the goal.

A. M. D. G.

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

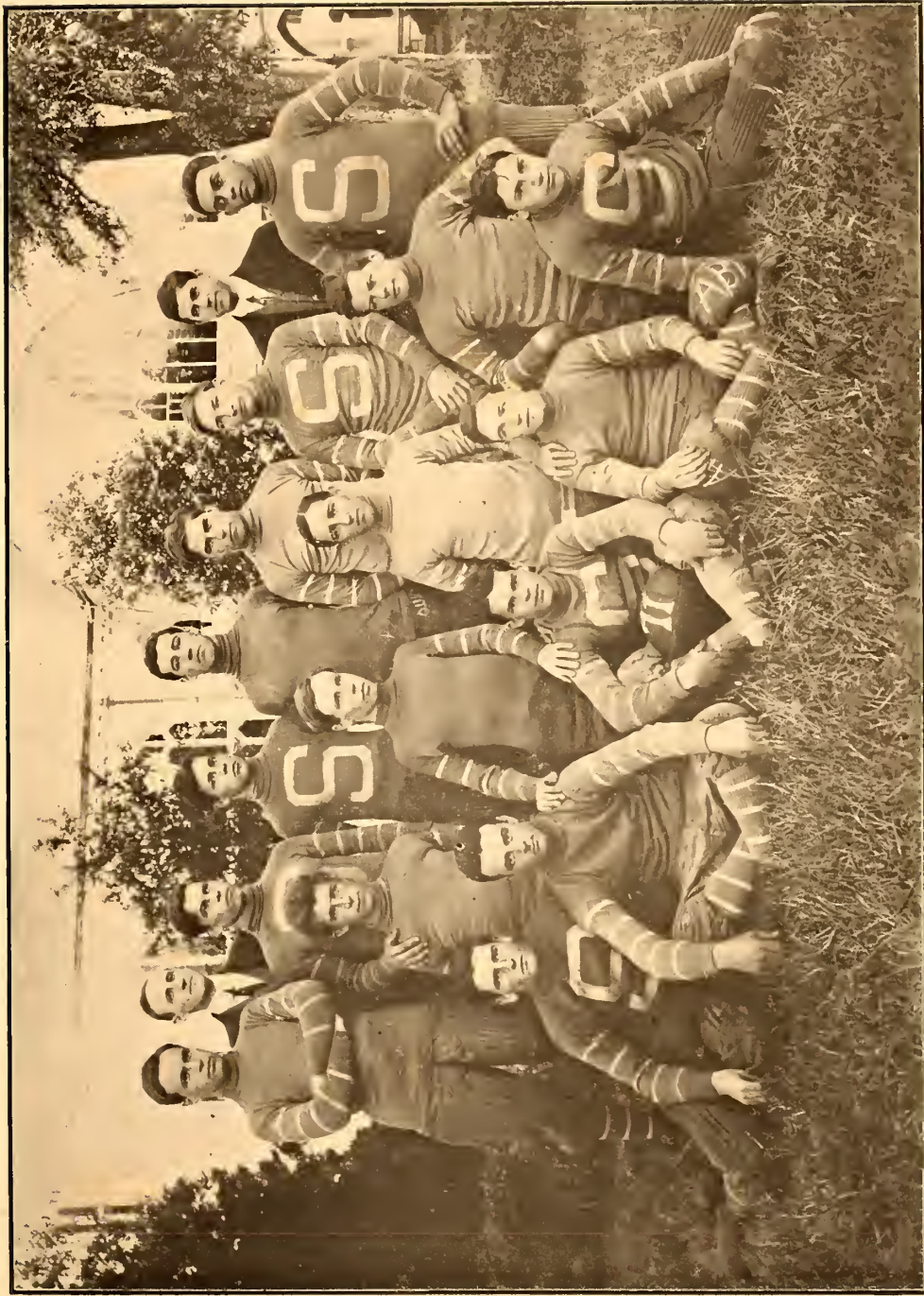
SPRING HILL COLLEGE
MOBILE, ALABAMA



The object of THE SPRINGHILLIAN is to record College events, to stimulate literary endeavor among the students, and to form a closer bond between the boys of the Present and the Past

CONTENTS

	Page
Christmas Musings—J. P. Newsham, Jr., '12	59
To a Winter Garden—T. S. K.	60
Bethlehem—A Prospect—E. I. F.	61
How It All Came About—Howard Kelly, '14	62
My Christmas Eve—John J. Gilmore, '13	64
Home for Christmas—John J. Gilmore, '13	66
Grandfather Mountain—J. Andrew Douglas, '14	67
A Christmas Prayer—T. S. K.	68
Too Much Raw Material—M. Diaz Beck, '12	69
A Child's Sacrifice—Clarence N. Touart, '12	74
His Last Hope—J. P. Newsham, Jr., '12	75
Christmas Happiness	78
Anomalous Customs	79
College Notes—John T. Becker, '12	82
Football	91
Alumni	103
Kidlets	105
Obituary	109



FOOTBALL TEAM, 1911.

Standing—D'Aquin, Maxon (Coach), Ducote, Andrepont, Franklin, Slattery, Druhan, Pharr (Asst. Coach)

Munoz.

Kneeling—Neale, Dowe, Simon, Barker.

Sitting—Jos. Cassidy, Tarleton, Becker (Captain), Jas. Cassidy, Needham.

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

OLD SERIES—VOL. XVI., NO. 2

JANUARY, 1912

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV., NO. 2

Entered as second-class matter, October 29, 1910, at the post office at Spring Hill, Alabama, under the Act of March 23, 1879

Christmas Musings

J. P. NEWSHAM, JR., '12.

Christmas! What joy that word brings to the hearts of children! How many visions of Santa Claus, and Christmas trees, and full stockings does it conjure up.

And we ourselves, older heads who have lost forever the glamour of the "night before Christmas," with its line of stockings waiting expectantly in front of the open fireplace, we, who no longer strive to keep our eyes open long enough to get a peep at Santy, when

"All through the house,

Not a creature is stirring,

Not even a mouse,"

it cannot be that we have lost all love for the dear old Yuletide, its precious memories, and the great event it commemorates. To the worst of us Christmas comes like some good angel, some messenger from our long lost childhood.

It is only meet, then, that the day which witnessed the sublimest happening of all the ages should be observed with rejoicing. Still, to my mind Christmas is distinctively a home festival. It is a time for the gentler emotions of the heart to hold sway, and not for wild passions to be unleashed. The Saviour was kindness and gentleness itself, and yet many men use His name as an excuse for villany and debauchery of the worst nature. It is a blot on the escutcheon of modern civilization that at Christmas time riotous living is found at its height. What can be more beautiful, more touching than a happy family gathered about the Yule-log, while outside the were wolf wails, and the flames leap brighter and brighter, casting fantastic shadows on the walls? How much better, how much nobler, how much more in accord with the holiness of the season is all this, when compared to the noisy welcome at some brilliantly lighted saloon, the smile of the wanton, the rattle of the dice box!

And Christmas morning! Who among us does not recall with many a sigh for the dear long ago, the eager search through stockings crammed to overflowing! The shout of joy as many an object dear to the heart of youth is brought to light, is still ringing in my ears, down the long vista of time.

My recollections of Christmas day, when I was a child, are clear cut as a cameo. A hasty breakfast, and then, boy-like, a rush for the earliest possible mass. Oh that mass! How interminable it used to seem to me! How glad I was when free to join the other boys in shooting firecrackers, and making such a noise as would wake the sleepy old town to the realization that it was Christmas.

And those Christmas dinners! The vision of huge turkeys, as they used to look, is still before me. Oh! for the time when such small things could bring such perfect joy.

Dinner over, the next thing to look forward to was the family Christmas tree, and the annual visit of old Kris Kringle in the flesh. How carefully mother dear, used to guard that office door, the sacred sanctum of the wonderful tree. And about three o'clock in the evening, what a rush there was for the honor of getting the first peep. Perhaps papa would act as Santy, and distribute the presents, then throw off his mask and gather all his little darlings into his arms, while mamma stood smiling near.

After the tree came supper, and then it was bed-time. Don't you remember how four or five or perchance six tousled heads lay peacefully on downy pillows? Isn't the blissful sensation of the blankets still upon you? And then, how sleep crept over your eyelids after a mumbled prayer at mother's knee, and you slipped off into Dreamland, there to enact the scenes of the great day all over again.

* * * * *

Christmas is past! The children return to school, the college boy to his studies, the laborer to his work, the business man to the humdrum existence of every day life. But all return better and stronger, to take up anew the battle of life. For the spirit of the Christmas Angel still broods over them, and the gracious influence of the season still warms their hearts.

To a Winter Garden

T. S. K.

When verdant thy raiment with jewels all gleaming
And winsome thou queened it in June's leafy time;
Then Winter's ice-caverns knew foes gleeful dreaming
Of woe to thy pageant, of reign to thy rime.

But, desolate garden, arrayed in drear ashes,
'Tis thine, too, to dream in thy death-seeming trance,
When nurturing Phoebus thro' April tears flashes,
Thy loveliness living again in his glance.

Bethlehem — a Prospect

E. I. F.

To that Infant meekly lying
On that bed of prickly straw,
What does Beth'lem mean, O Christian?
Listen! Let thy cold heart thaw.

Not a life replete with pleasure;
Not a life all free from ill;
But a prelude of keen anguish,
From that crib to Calvary's hill.

Lo! athwart the gleaming brightness
Of that radiant midnight scene,
Dark and lowering, blood-red flashes
Of a cross's form are seen.

See those tiny hands now folded
Gently on that baby breast;
See those tiny feet that tremble,
Vainly seeking warmth and rest.

Callous men shall roughly seize them,
Pierce them through and through with prongs,
While around Him rise the curses
Of that vile blaspheming throng.

See that face upon which angels
Love to gaze for evermore;
Brutal men shall mar and stain it
With their mingled spit and gore.

See that noble brow now resting
In the manger, all forlorn;
Soldiers shall with blows encrown it
With a coronet of thorn.

See that mother's bliss ecstatic
For the Infant at her side;
Time shall see her bowed with sorrow,
Standing by Him crucified.

Christian, then, behold the meaning
Of that birth in Beth'lem's cave.
Love it was for thee that brought Him
Down from Heaven, thy soul to save.

How It All Came About

HOWARD KELLY, '14.

"On the top of a cab on old Broadway, with a cabman's beaver on my head, and I a college-bred man!" What a train of thoughts followed in the wake of this one! Memory, but, alas, not "Fond Memory," brought "The light of other days around me."—those old college days at M——, and for a few bitter moments I lived over again those misspent years of youth and budding manhood.

Yes, there they were—all the "old boys"—Jim Spencer and Bob Lackey and "Longy" McManus and all the rest—a rollicking set in their day, my boon companions for three years. And what a time we had together! Not a spree nor a lark nor aught else that was jolly or foolish or both but we had a hand in.

Studies! What cared we for studies? Life was too short to be spent poring over Homer and Virgil or even "Livy's pictured page." We were in the heyday of life; fun and frolic for us; serious affairs for to-morrow! Manana! Manana! That to-morrow never came; but another came and came with a vengeance.

School days were over and the work-a-day world was staring me in the face. My father had in the meanwhile paid the debt of nature, but his partner, Mr. Waltham, kindly consented to accept me as his junior partner if I would get down to the study of law at a night school and work in the office during the day. But alas for those wasted college days and the spirit of recklessness and indifference they engendered in me—"Dear, dead days beyond recall!" Dear days, forsooth! Ah, dear days, indeed, they were—inexpressibly dear, for they cost me a ruined career, a blasted life. "Dead?" Far from it. Would to God they were dead and not writ large in letters of fire on the tablets of my memory!

A short trial proved my utter incompetency for the position and without waiting for notice to quit I tendered my resignation and betook myself to work for which I was better suited—on top of a cab on old Broadway.

Up there in the corner rooms on the fifteenth floor of that big steel office building, Eddy Wheeler, an old class-mate of mine, is rapidly forging to the front as the junior partner of the law firm, Waltham & Wheeler. Look, there he is now with Mary Waltham on his arm, entering that splendid auto. And to think that all this, and Mary into the bargain, might have been mine. Truly

"The saddest words of tongue or pen
Are these: it might have been."

And who's that fashionably dressed young man driving his car into Duane Street? Well, if it isn't old "Duck" Powell, another class-mate. How we of the rollicking frat, the "K. U. P.—Ketch Us Plug," used to laugh at old "Duck" as he plugged away at Horace and Homer and Cicero and Burke! Well, indeed, could he afford to laugh at us now, for he is dean of the X—— Medical and one of Gotham's foremost doctors.

But where are THE "old boys"—my friends of the "K. U. P.?" Down there in the corner grocery on Hudson Street Jim Spencer weighs out coffee and tea for his boss; Bob is motorman on a wrecking car; "Longy" is out in "Frisco on the bum," while two others of that once care-free gang are "practicing at the bar" down on the Bowery. "The boy's the father of the man,"—verily I believe that now.

"For heaven's sake, man, what's come over you? Wake up, I say," and Jim Spencer emphasized this latter remark with a sound slap on my shoulder. I started up as if from a night-mare and looked about the room dazed and bewildered. My feet were resting comfortably on the fender, a green-shaded student's lamp stood at my elbow and Jim was opposite me fairly splitting his sides laughing at my confused appearance.

"Have you been dreaming?" said Jim.

"Dreaming? Well, I reckon I have. Look here, Jim"—and I told him the whole of my vivid revery.

When I had done Jim looked at me seriously. It was evident my eloquent narration of the day-dream made a deep impression on him.

"What are you going to do about it?" was his next query.

"Do about it?" I cried. "Why, I'm going to do everything about it! I'm going to do so much about it that you'll never catch me driving a cab, or clerking in a grocery, or tending bar, or bumming out in Frisco."

That very night I began in good earnest to work, and from that time till the last day of my college course no more diligent student could be found at M——. God had given me more than ordinary talent and now I used it to its fullest capacity. From the foot of the class I went by leaps and bounds to the head and I led every class of which I was a member during the remaining three years at college. "Maxima cum laude" was read out after my name as I received my diploma on Commencement Day. I was the orator of the occasion and delivered the Valedictory. Four years later I carried off highest honors at Extown Law and signed my name henceforth Harold Prescott, A. M., LL. D.

Well, to make a short story still shorter, I became the junior partner of the law firm Waltham & Prescott. To-day I am the senior partner—Mr. Waltham has gone to a better world—with my quondam college chum, Jim

Spencer, for a junior partner. I am chief counsel for one of the great trunk line railroads with a salary of \$25,000 per year. And all this as the result of a lucky day-dream twenty-five years ago. But yet more: "Ah, Mary, come in—I have just finished jotting down for the Springhillian some reminiscences of the old days before you were Mrs. Harold Prescott."

My Christmas Eve

JOHN J. GILMORE, '13.

The incident which has made this season memorable for me happened long years ago, so I will not be able to recall it fully. I was a little chap about six years of age. My home was the big brick building on the hill. My mother I never knew or saw. The good Sisters were my only mothers. I can remember those cold and stormy nights and those hard spent days in the fields and class. Yet I was happy.

It was one of those cold mornings that I strayed away. My only witness was the sun, which had just peeped over the horizon, in time to catch me and lead the way. Only a few hours had passed and I was walking down a country road. The snow was wedging its way through my soleless boots and the cold wind was passing freely through my ragged apparel. My only companions were the little birds. Their weak little chirps seemed to call to me for help, but I could not do something which they would not allow me to do.

I had journeyed all day and was nearly exhausted from climbing a high and steep hill, but I forgot my troubles at beholding, on the other side of this hill, a beautiful city, a sight that had never occurred to my imagination before. I painfully limped into the town. My surprise was still greater at seeing such magnificent and tall buildings. These huge monsters of architecture frightened me very much, because I was afraid that they would fall down on me, but I soon became accustomed to them. The great planet had just sunk below the horizon and my weary limbs could not stand the excitement. I lay down on a porch, but my rest did not last very long. A great black man shoved me off rather harshly. Leaving that place I sauntered into an old barn. This hospitality was interrupted by the watch dog and I narrowly escaped with my torn attire. I turned my steps toward a side path and there spent the balance of the night in a series of broken slumbers.

You can imagine my surprise at awakening next morning. I was all covered with dirt and felt very cold; I could find no place to wash and you can guess my thoughts. I was half frozen and my limbs were stiff and

sore. My brain, numb from cold, was unable to do much thinking, so I wandered on not knowing where I was going or what I was doing. I received a few pennies from begging, and with these purchased a scanty meal, which did not succeed in satisfying my hunger.

I was just passing a beautiful church with a great gold cross on it, which seemed to be a second sun. By some, unknown providence I painfully began to climb up those large stone steps. My imagination was taken from me on entering this heavenly palace. In all my life I had never beheld such a wonder. When I realized I was in the house of God I became more attentive and my distraction left me.

I was in this magnificent palace long after the other people were gone and I would have remained longer, but a gentle touch on my arm roused my consciousness and upon turning I beheld a little boy about my own size standing beside me. He beckoned for me to follow and I did so. We went into the garden adjoining the church and played, but in a short time a lady, beautifully clothed, came to take my little friend from me.

This Fairy Queen inquired into my family, but could not elicit much information from me. She asked my name and I told her it was "Shorty." At this she smiled and showed those sweet dimples, which I will never forget. I felt somewhat insulted, but my anger left me when she took me gently by the hand and led me to her automobile.

I was taken to a beautiful house with a great green lawn surrounding it. I learned afterwards that this house was to be my future home. I was taken into the house and dressed in a costly suit, something that I could not appreciate at the time as I should have; and the dinner—it would take me a day to describe it. I had never before thought of such refinement. The day passed very fast and when night came I slept on a most glorious bed beside my little friend, whom I began to know as Jack and to love as a brother.

This kindness towards me went on increasing from day to day, and years passed without many incidents, until one day our long cherished wish—Jack's and mine—was fulfilled. Our mother—she is known to me as that now—told us we could pack for college. This we did hurriedly and were off the next morning.

We stayed a few hours in the city and then caught the street railway for the college. The college was a short distance from the city. It was a beautiful white structure, with snake-like paths and on the sides of these walks were pretty green shrubs and flowers. Beautiful fountains were found in many parts of the grounds, surrounding these were ponds, in which little goldfish swam and played merrily between the rocks.

We arrived at the college in the best of spirits. After the usual confusion of getting acquainted, we settled down to study. Jack and myself

were both in the same class and when one missed a question the other would correct him; one would lead in one study, the other in another. In play it was the same way. We played side by side on the "Eleven," faced each other on the "Nine," and in basket-ball we always played together. Business did not change our dispositions; we pulled together as we did in school. At night we would labor over the same book or work in the stock-room. These days I will never forget.

You doubtless see that the romance of this little story has been left out. Well, the reason for it is this: Just as the romance was beginning a voice resounded through the room, the words I caught were: "Merry Christmas to you, "Shorty;" rouse yourself, get some life into you, you have missed your breakfast." These were the words I caught, and it was a very nice Christmas gift, indeed.

You now see why this holiday will never be forgotten by me. But each one has a story of his own to remind him of the grandeur of this day. It has been celebrated for two thousand years, and is the only day in which everyone rejoices; the one day on which there is a password, a phrase used by all, and will be as long as there is a person who can repeat the words "A merry Christmas to you!"

Home for Christmas

JOHN J. GILMORE, '13.

"We're going home for Christmas Day,"
Are words that cheer and thrill
The schoolboy's heart with boundless joy,
Destroying every ill.

Fond memories at their bidding rise,
Of that sweet place called home;
For this he loves beyond all else,
No matter where he roam.

A father's smile, a mother's love,
What precious gems are they!
But precious more they seem to be,
When felt on Christmas Day.

So dear ones soon we'll see again,
And heart's fond tribute pay;
But may God grant we meet above,
Where e'er 'tis Christmas Day.

Grandfather Mountain

J. ANDREW DOUGLAS, '14.

There are many delightful drives and places of interest among the mountains of North Carolina; but if one wishes to take a really beautiful drive, let him but go from Blowing Rock to Grandfather Mountain.

The Grandfather is a mountain which, when viewed from the vicinity of Blowing Rock, resembles the profile of an old man lying prone at his ease. It belongs to the great Appalachian chain, and is one of the peaks of the Black Mountains.

The road leading to the summit of the Grandfather, uninteresting at first, soon shows itself as a marvel of engineering. It turns and twists, now skirting the base of some beetling crag, now cut into the solid rock, again seeming to hang on the very edge of a yawning abyss. But there is "a method in its madness," so to speak, for it is ever mounting upwards.

Many are the sights beautiful or grand to be seen from this winding road. Here the overhanging mountains tower above us, seeming to defy the elements; in another place where the road makes a sharp angle upon a rocky shelf, a pretty green valley with its stretches of balsam and pine, its winding streams and cozy farms can be seen.

One of the most beautiful cataracts I have ever seen is along this road. The water comes from a lonely spring and, after winding through groves of trees, at length falls gracefully from a height of about twenty feet. It starts from the ledge in a solid sheet but meeting many obstructions in its downward course breaks into small streams. Spray flies all about, and the light sifting through the interlaced branches of the trees, and striking the spray, makes a perfect rainbow. In the middle a stream about three feet wide shoots down from the top and dashes itself into white foam on the rocks below.

As we mount higher and higher the time-scarred and weather-beaten appearance of the mountain is more than ever apparent. Great furrows have been plowed in its rugged sides by the elements; huge boulders many tons in weight, falling from their ancient eminences, have torn great gashes in the earth till the whole mountain side seems to be one series of great fissures and ravines. The very trees seem to be in doubt whether to hold on by their precarious supports or go crashing down the precipitous slopes.

We now come to the part of the road that leads through a pass in the mountains. We turn from the main road, and the real climb begins. For

many hundreds of feet the road zig-zags its way upwards till a broad, flat plain is reached. Here, if one is on horseback or in a rig, he can leave his conveyance while he makes his way on foot to the summit. Leaving the little table-land we follow a rugged foot-path around great shoulders of the mountain, and through groves of sweet-smelling balsam. At one place we pass between the split sections of a great rock. After passing an immense stone face we emerge upon the top of a high cliff. This is the summit of the Grandfather.

On all sides a scene is spread which no pen may portray. Here and there stand the great mountains like silent sentinels of the fertile valleys at their base; white roads, like silver ribbons in the dim distance, wind in and out among the fields of the foot-hills; peaceful little hamlets with their neat white-washed cottages are dotted here and there through the verdant valleys; little rivers flashing in the sunlight like streams of molten silver twist and turn about in their tortuous course seaward; seemingly endless groves of pine and balsam stretch up and down the mountains and here and there across the vales, clothing all in a mantle of emerald hue.

But so awed and impressed are we by this exhibition of the power of God and the grandeur He imparts to even this little world of ours that it is only by careful after-thought we begin to realize and appreciate the real beauty and loveliness of the scene.

A Christmas Prayer

T. S. K.

Sweet Jesus, our Light, on this Christmas and all,
For souls in the darkness of Doubt ranging far,
Let skies singing, chant again, angel lips call,
And silver Faith's pathway the light of Thy star.

Too Much Raw Material

M. DIAZ-BECK, '12.

It was a card game in the smoker; the man with the Bermuda tuft and the red face was losing heavily and had been doing so ever since he had boarded the boat at New Orleans. The sharks had nabbed him, his luck had fled, and what's more he knew it, and couldn't help it.

The winner called for drinks:

"'Arf and 'arf' all around, steward!"

When the 'arf and 'arfs came, the man with the bad cigar, who had lost the last pot with a big dog, sat up and suddenly remembered a funny story; he told it between sips, and his fervor grew with the repetition of the sips, whilst he underwent some contortions in an effort to explain the meaning of the joke; of course everybody laughed, but then 'arf and 'arf has the peculiar property of making even the most solemn person crack a smile.

The fellow with the face told inimitable stories; but finally the man with the Bermuda tuft put down the glass, and said whilst lighting a fresh cigar:

"Have you gentlemen ever heard of the baker's story?"

No one dared to answer, they were all trying to remember the taste of the last drink.

"Steward," he bellowed, "make it vermouth for the bunch."

"Ah—er—, what did you say?" asked a now interested individual.

"I was about to launch a story on shallow water, but I see the tide has risen."

"Pray proceed," begged the honest poker player who did not feel like joining the game.

"Thank you, sir, I will."

The glasses were filled and the now eager audience leaned across the table sipping the delightful beverage; the honest poker player settled himself comfortably in his easy chair; the smile that covered his grizzly face was so broad that he looked as if he were about to whisper a love story into his own ear; the stout gentleman with the ingrown face and the persistent wink, threw up the sponge and gave himself up for lost. The steward had folded his arms in sign of resignation, and taken an all night stand close by the table. The man with the Bermuda tuft felt that he was master of the situation, as long as the drinks lasted anyway, so he resolve d to put in good time. Again clearing his throat and carefully wetting his lips (with vermouth) he opened up along these lines, as if he had an all night license.

"My friends, before I begin this little incident, I want you all to understand that what I am about to say really happened."

The speaker paused for reassurance. The individuals took their glasses from their faces long enough to give a nod which said, "You're right in anything you say, old fel—proceed."

"Many years ago when I was a young man, I noticed that in my home town there was an awful racket being raised by the citizens, on account of the monopoly which a certain man had in the bakery business; his loaves were becoming smaller and smaller every day; his prices, however, went up; the service was poor, and his bank account grew to be enormous. The good people knew that his cash on hand was stacking up, because the town was small and contained no secrets. Well, to come to the point; I resolved to do a good turn to mankind by putting the trust out of business. When all was ready I ordered off after a baker from a night school of culinary art, and the gentleman, a big, brawny Swede, came by return mail. I called my house the 'Square Deal Bakery.' My imported dough-slinger made a big hit about the town with all the whiskey heads, as every one of his clan is likely to do, but his work was satisfactory so I did not find any room to kick. For three days I gave away bread and cakes as fast as they could come from the oven; during which time, my competitor closed his shop, and went on a little fishing trip. It was a noble occupation, giving out the life-giving substance to hungry mouths, receiving in turn the profuse thanks of the multitude. On the fourth day after the opening, sales were to begin. I thought that my fortune would be made in a week. The evening before that great event, everything was in readiness, except the baker; he never showed up that evening to mix the dough. I afterwards learned that the Trust knew the weakness of bread makers, and had turned that knowledge to his advantage and to my ruin by forcing a few quarts of hundred-proof down the Swede's open-all-night.

"Well, at all events, I resolved to do the best I could by mixing my own dough. I didn't know anything about the job except that flour and water and yeast are some of the things that go in to make the mixture. I emptied about ten barrels of flour in the trough, covered it with water, and threw in all the yeast I could find, thinking that perhaps it would be enough. Then I put on the baker's clothes and wrestled with the mixture until it was pretty well all in a lump. It looked good. I took off my fighting clothes and sneaked out of the room to give the stuff a chance to rise. About two hours later I returned to the room of slaughter—and—"

The speaker stopped short and looked around. The steward was rocking to and fro on his heels and toes in a mad effort to keep awake. The honest poker player was sound asleep in his chair, the broad smile still

clinging to his face, as the ivy clings to the fallen oak; evidently a dream of more vermouth. The group around the table were nodding in unison in the manner of daisies in a hailstorm.

"Steward!" commanded the man with the Bermuda tuft. "fill 'em up again!" in a tone that said "I am going to finish this story if I have to drain the saloon to do it."

Immediately every head straightened, all eyes were wide open; then thinking that the point of the story had been reached, the entire party burst into uproarious laughter, flinging out such expressions as, "That's pretty good!—Well I declare!—one on you!" and so on.

"But," continued the man with the Bermuda tuft, "my story is not yet finished."

"Oh sure, sure not!" they all agreed, "come on with the rest of it!" but whether they meant the drinks or the story, it is pretty hard to say. All obstacles being now vermouthed away the story-teller, swallowing his drink in one mighty gulp, continued:

"Ah, yes! I was saying I went away to let the dough rise; when I returned it had indeed risen and it was still going up. The pile of peaceful dough that I left in the trough but a short while ago had grown to enormous dimensions, almost filling the entire room, and was now behaving in a most queer manner. To me the whole thing looked like a nest of young ghosts. 'Aromatic spirits of ammonia!' I exclaimed, slamming the door in fright. At once I called for the police force and the volunteer fire-fighters; they all came quickly, because I explained that there was neither a fight nor a fire. I led the entire party to the bakery where we made an attack upon the door; it would not yield. The mixture had filled the room and was expanding every minute; overhead we could hear the crackling of timbers; the roof was going up. At last by battering and pushing, the door was forced; but the result was amazing. Being confined for such a length of time seemed only to increase the anger and power of the mixture. No sooner was the door forced than the foaming substance hurled itself against us, knocked every man off his pins and sent us sprawling across the shop into the street. The chief of police was the only one who kept his wits about him. That worthy seemed to be in the habit of keeping trouble locked up, for he gained his feet at once and slammed the door."

The man next to the speaker looked longingly at the few drops in his glass, with something like a mist in his eyes, for he knew this would be the last. Then heaving a sigh of mingled joy, anticipation and sorrow he sipped each drop and sneaked hurriedly from the room.

"We decided to wait until the morning to settle the affair, and I went home but could not sleep, from thinking of my ruin. It was clearly a case

of too much raw material on hand."

Two victims dropped their heads upon the table. The honest poker player began to snore gently. The steward was nodding wearily. It looked like another story of the Locust and the Corn.

"Well, gentlemen, when I started down town next morning to look after my locked up dough, I saw something which made me use a few of my reserve phrases. There was a large delivery wagon, new and brightly painted, drawn by two large horses, going from house to house leaving a neatly wrapped package at each front door. On the side of the wagon, I read the name of my competitor. Then it was that I saw my vision of wealth and fame vanish. There rose in me that feeling which one has when he fights for the right and loses. I realized what it meant to buck up against a trust. True, I had made the trust sit up and take notice but the feat had caused my ruin. The people might thank me but they would never think of coming to my aid with something more substantial than congratulations and regrets.

"Down-cast and weary, for I was a broken man with nothing on hand but a houseful of raw dough, I proceeded to the shop."

The man with the bad cigar slid from his chair like a cake of ice from a hot stove, and crawled from the room.

"One block from the little building, I saw that my place of business was surrounded by a crowd of men, women and children. I thought that they had come to buy bread, and wondered what I would say to hold their confidence. This mental agony, however, was unnecessary, for the crowd had gathered simply to review the remains of my bakery. I saw that the roof had been forced from the building and had slipped off into the back lot, whilst the foaming dough was still streaming over the walls and covering the sidewalk and alley."

Here the man with the face broke in with a feeble, "Ha! Ha! I see it all—you set the building on fire and cooked the dough in time to make deliveries—that's rich! Ha! ha! ha!" and he edged away to the door in the manner of a man trying to evade the confidences of his father-in-law.

"No such good luck," continued the man with the Bermuda tuft, whilst the man with the soda-water complexion, with a sigh of the conquered, settled himself for the finish.

"But I had to get rid of that dough in some manner; when I put it in barrels, the barrels would emit puffs at first, like Mt. Etna in action, and then collapse like Russian bombs. My presence of mind came in at this juncture. I put it in wagons, but the stuff refused to stay on the bottom. Finally I saw my way out; it was possible to get away with a little of the stuff at a time, provided the containing vessel was large enough. I hired all the teams and deep wagons in the town; they would back up to the sidewalk, I would throw

a handful of dough into them, and then the drivers would be off in a mad race for the creek. Sometimes when a horse was slow, the dough would rise up and knock the driver from his seat.

"Well, by working hard all day, I finished the job. All along the road between the shop and the creek there were a few ascensions of poultry and hogs; when a chicken would swallow a particle of the substance that had fallen from the flying wagons, it would do a few contortions, let out an over-loud cackle, which by no means expressed the laying of an egg, then swell up and be rent in twain, its feathers scattered all over creation. Whenever a stray pig stuck his nose in the dough it would run back and forth grunting and squealing as if possessed by a fiend, rise into the air and suddenly burst like a ten-cent balloon when it hits the ceiling; truly a case of pork going up. I think I paid for all the pigs and chickens that will be raised in that part of the country for the next ten years. But hardly had this calamity passed, when I was charged with dynamiting the creek. People gathered along the banks to watch the fun; every now and then a fish would dart out of the water, make a noise like a fire-cracker in a snowstorm and I'd wager you'd find parts of him on both sides of the stream. Other members of the finny tribe would pop out of the water, like corks out of champagne bottles at Delmonico's after twelve. Everybody partook of the joke except myself; I groaned in my despair, I could do no more."

The long-winded speaker paused for applause, but none was forthcoming; the two individuals whose heads rested on the table, were wrapped in sweet slumber, and the snores still came from the direction of the honest poker player; the steward's head hung on his breast. The man with the Bermuda tuft surveyed the company in disgust, then letting out a healthy explosive from between his clenched teeth, he hit his fist heavily on the table and stalked from the room. This noise awoke the steward who gave a sigh of relief; he tip-toed over to the side of the honest poker player, gently shook his arm, and whispered, "Would you prefer to sleep here, sir, or in your cabin, sir? It's lights out time, sir."

A Child's Sacrifice

CLARENCE N. TOUART, '12.

A pall of gloomy grey hung along the wintry sky and the snow drifted high in the sharp wind which sung a mournful song through the trees. No star peeped through the clouds, no moon was visible and the cold, frosty wind of Christmas Eve assailed the passers-by. But Virginia did not worry about the cold; she knew that to-night Santa Claus would come down the Chimney and bring her all sorts of toys and candies. Virginia's home, a neat cottage, painted white, seemed to be a snow house with diamond windows, through which could be seen a huge fire and on the floor before it sat Virginia, petting a pretty white cat, which lay purring in her lap. A little back from the fire sat the child's mother looking lovingly at the two on the rug. Virginia's blue eyes sparkled with delight as she imagined all sorts of presents to be received on the morrow, and of the pleasant surprises she had for her father and mother. Her golden locks reflected the glittering fire. Suddenly the door opens and in steps Virginia's father. In a moment she is in his arms. She leads him to a comfortable chair and nestles comfortably on his lap. His wife is sitting on the edge of the chair with her arm around his neck. What a picture the three make! What man is poor with such treasures! After her father had read the well-known rhyme "Twas the night before Christmas," Virginia wrote a letter to Santa Claus asking him for all kinds of impossible things for the morrow. After this had been carefully sent up the chimney, the blue-eyed and golden-haired girl turned to her mother saying: "Mother, please, may I go to five o'clock Mass to-morrow?" Now, her mother, although a good and kind lady, was what we call an indifferent Catholic. Her indifference was a source of continual worry to Virginia, who prayed daily for her. The permission was refused. Thereupon Virginia turned to her father and he gladly consented, for he recognized the true angelic nature in the child. With happiness in her heart, Virginia knelt at her father's feet and said her prayers. Then kissing father and mother, she went to bed with a heart that knew but one sorrow, which was the indifference of her mother. Christmas came and with it snow. It was still dark when Virginia was awakened by the melodious chime of the church bell, breaking the still silence of the chill morning. In the east gray lines, the heralds of day, fretted the clouds, as Virginia walked hurriedly to the church. Here, owing to the snow, there were but few flowers, yet the church was artistically decorated with cedar. Over in one corner, in a cave half hidden by drooping cedars was the crib. There on the straw lay the Infant surrounded by His

mother and foster-father, together with some shepherds. Above it hung a cloud, half hiding in its mist some beautiful angels. After Mass Virginia knelt at the crib and prayed long and fervently in her childish simplicity for her mother. The little church was empty as she rose to go. On opening the door she beheld a sight which surprised her; a blinding snowstorm was raging and the biting wind drove the flakes into her face. Through this the child struggled and reached home. But alas! the exposure was too much for her and she contracted a lingering illness. As death slowly but surely approached, the winter brightened into spring. At last the end came. Outside the birds were singing their joyful matins and the flowers seemed to be creeping forth at the sound of such sweet music. Inside all was dreary and mournful. On the bed lay the thin, wasted form of the noble child, while on either side knelt the sorrowing father and mother. The child turned to her mother and with a trembling voice told her of her prayers and begged her to go back to the fold and pray for her little Virginia.

She calmly met death with the names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph on her lips. At last the mother recognized God's chastisement and returned to the fold.

Bright and early on Easter morn the couple after Mass and Holy Communion, wended their way to the cemetery and with careful tenderness put flowers on a small grave over which stood an angel and on the slab was written:

"VIRGINIA."

"Whose prayers for her mother were heard."

His Last Hope

J. P. NEWSHAM, JR., '12.

It was a wild night. The Firth of Forth was lashed to fury by the storm-demons of the air. Gigantic swells from the mighty Atlantic, rushing up the Irish Sea, swept relentlessly the rugged shores of Scotland. A ragged lee shore loomed ominously white where the breakers showed their teeth, laughing aloud as they chanted in devilish glee: "One ship more!" It was a night to sit securely by the glowing hearth-stone with a prayer on one's lip, as the moaning blast rushed by, for those at the mercy of the deep.

On this night, some two score years ago, the gallant ship "Victoria" fought her way up the Irish Sea. Contrary winds had put her far off her course; her mainmast had gone by the board, and she was slowly but surely drifting towards the rocks. Captain Walt, lashed to the mizzenmast gazed

anxiously out across the wild expanse of waters and breathed a prayer to the Almighty to watch over the helpless crowd in the cabin below.

His prayer was interrupted by a voice calmly questioning him: "Do you think we will make port safely?"

The captain shrugged his shoulders and gravely replied: "That's in the hands of God, sir."

A cynical smile crept over the stranger's face. His was a striking face, one that impelled a second glance, not likely to prove favorable. A noble brow bespoke a high intelligence, once the noblest work of God's creation, but now wasted away in the old, old story of dissipation.

While the smile still lingered on his lips, he spoke in a deep, resonant voice: "God! Why, man, He's only a myth!"

There was something so awful in this man's denial of the divinity in the very presence of death, that the honest captain was taken aback, and for some time remained in shocked silence. Then, with homely philosophy he tried to bring back the lost sheep.

He spoke in glowing terms of the Messiah become man to atone for our sins. He traced His life from the days at Nazareth to the hours of anguish in the garden of Gethsemane. "The cross that rose on the hill of Calvary," he concluded, "bore the sacred form of the Saviour, crucified to save you, and me, and the whole human race, and yet you deny Him."

For an instant the hard lines softened about the listener's mouth, and then, as falls the sombre night, the curtain of unbelief was drawn once more.

"To the devil with your fine doctrines! Do you think that I will listen to such Sunday school cant? Do you think that I am a child to hearken to such nonsense? Here in the very presence of Death I defy your God. Let Him do His worst."

As if in answer to his defiance there was a sickening grinding shock. A cry of despair rose from the crowded cabin. "Oh God! we've struck the rocks!"

And now Captain Walt seemed everywhere at once. His commands rose clear above the war of the waves: "Don't crowd the boats, boys! Let the women go first! We still have a fighting chance!" Even as he spoke, though, he knew full well what little hope there was for an open boat on that wind-lashed sea, fully three-quarters of a mile from the mainland.

At length the last boat was launched, and only Captain Walt and the atheist remained on board.

"Why didn't you leave in one of the boats!" exclaimed the captain.

"I had meant to go in the last boat," replied the atheist simply, "and, in fact, was already on board when a poor, frail woman with a wee little babe in her arms, looked at me so pathetically that I gave her my seat. You see I

have a heart even if I don't believe in God, and at that sight the memory of my own dead wife and child came back to me so vividly that I would have been a brute indeed to refuse the mute appeal in her eyes."

A tear glistened in the honest captain's eye as he extended his horny hand to the stranger. "By George!" that was a noble act, one for which you deserve conversion even at this, the eleventh hour of your life. For mate, you and I shall not see the sun rise to-morrow. See how the breakers sweep our decks. It would be suicide to try to swim in a sea like that."

"I am ready to die", was the quiet answer. And to Captain Walt there was something sublime in his utter disregard of death, though for him there was no hereafter.

As the words still lingered on his lips, faintly, as from a great distance, came the sound of singing across the waters. One of the boats was foundering, and those on board, putting their last trust in the Almighty, were raising a simple hymn to His throne.

More distinctly the chorus swelled:

"Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through."

Slowly a new light crept over the atheist's face. He was a boy once more, amid the green fields and dusty lanes of an English country shire. No cloud, no stain of sin as yet obscured his life. Happy, care free, innocent, with no dark presage of the future. Oh! those boyhood days of long ago. How the heart beats at their recollection. 'Tis naught but a memory, but it has all the bitterness, all the sweetness of long buried hopes.

And now, a woman's voice, the same the atheist had saved, came floating across that waste of mad waters, in full, rich contralto:

"Mother, dear, oh pray for me,
Whilst far from heaven and thee,
I wander in a fragile bark,
O'er life's tempestuous sea."

She sank with the hymn on her lips, and the babe in her arms. But she had not died in vain. The words that his own mother had rocked him to sleep with had overcome the sinner and Donald Ross, atheist, unbeliever, and man of the world, was converted.

"Oh God!" he breathed, "Thou art my last hope—my last hope." ,

And then the waves swept over the decks, and carried him into the sea.

* * * * *

The next morning some fishermen picked up two horribly mangled, disfigured, and bloated bodies on the rocks, near the beach. On their faces shone so peaceful an expression, even through the filth and slime, that the fishermen breathed a prayer to God that they, too, might die as happy a death.

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SPRING HILL COLLEGE

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

SINGLE COPIES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: THE SPRINGHILLIAN . . . Spring Hill, Alabama

STAFF

JOHN T. BECKER, '12, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LAWRENCE A. ANDREPONT, '12 M. HUMBERT DIAZ, '12

HOLLIDAY J. D'AQUIN, '12 JOSEPH P. NEWSHAM, '12

GEORGE L. MAYER, '12 FRANCIS L. PROHASKA, '13

J. FRANCIS GILLESPIE, '15

BUSINESS MANAGERS

JOHN A. MURRAY, '12 JOHN J. DRUHAN, '13

Christmas Happiness

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." Such was the burden of the angelic song that floated down from the cold, star-lit sky and fell upon the wondering ears of that little band of shepherds as they watched their flocks by night in the fields near Bethlehem, and the echo of that song rings clear and true at Christmas in the heart of hearts of every devout Christian in the world.

Glory to God and peace to men! This is the dominant note that must reign supreme in the harmony of our lives if we would attune our hearts with the glorious chords of that sublime hymn of joy that was chanted by the choir of angels nineteen hundred years ago at Bethlehem.

Peace and good will are the thoughts that hold universal sway at Christmas time. We greet one another with the wish: "A merry Christmas," or "A happy Christmas!" There is no time of all the year when we really seem and act like true Christians and brethren as on Christmas Day; when we seem to obey to the letter the command given by the Master to His followers as His last will and testament: "Little children, love one another as I have loved you."

But we must not rest satisfied with the mere wishing of a happy Christmas. That would be to do very little indeed, for there is nothing easier than to throw out in an off-hand way the words: "A happy Christmas," while in the bottom of our hearts we do not care the least bit in the world whether our neighbor is happy or unhappy on Christmas Day. Men who might al-

must see to it that everyone over whom we have the least control or on whom to enter into the true spirit of Christmas-tide, if we desire to measure up with the standards set up for our imitation in the cave at Bethlehem, we must go a little further than wishes, we must turn our wishes into deeds, we must see to it that everyone over whom we have the least control or on whom we have the least control or on whom we can exert the slightest influence, enjoys all the happiness of this holy season.

No man can dispense himself from the duty of diffusing happiness by the reflection that if his neighbor chooses to be cross and glum, so much the worse for his neighbor. This is very wrong. It is wonderful how much we are dependent on one another for our happiness, and how sometimes we can make others happy almost in spite of themselves. Happiness, like charity, begins at home, but, like charity, too, it must not stay there for ever, lest it fade away and die for want of fresh air and exercise.

If each one looks to it that he himself is truly happy on Christmas Day, if each one brings it about that he enjoys that peace of mind that comes to us from knowing that we are doing what is right, or striving at the top bent of our will to do what is right, then it will follow without fail that it will be a really happy Christmas all around. For there is no fire more catching than happiness, no flame that spreads so rapidly and shines so brightly in this darksome world.

Anomalous Customs—and One in Particular

It is truly surprising how many customs creep in almost imperceptibly, take their place quietly, yet firmly, and finally acquire all the force of established laws. Few if any inquire into the origin of such customs, fewer still ask why they have taken this or that form, and yet, nearly every one is prejudiced in their favor; so much so, indeed, that if, peradventure, any luckless wight raise his voice in protest against the prevailing fad or fashion, he is looked at askance as one imbued with revolutionary tendencies or some less complimentary ailment. The Prince of Wales arrives late at the opera, his vest accidentally unbuttoned at the top, forthwith the startling news is flashed across the sea, the smart set take it up and lo! we have a fad from whose imperial dictates no man of fashion dare depart by even a hair's breadth. Such, to be a little more up-to-date, are the absurd merry-widow hats which grace (?) the fair sex; or the equally ridiculous, if not so glaring, peg-top pants of the would-be sport.

All this is, of course, trite and commonplace enough; but it will serve as a good major premise to which we will subjoin the minor; but there is one absurd custom prevailing in our Southland to which we desire to call par-

ticular attention, viz., the fashion of opening the foot ball season in early October and closing the same on Thanksgiving Day.

Doubtless the reason, or rather cause, for this lies in the fact that the foot ball season in the northern states is embraced within these limits. Now, in the universities and colleges beyond Mason and Dixon's line this is perfectly reasonable, and as it should be; for within these dates the weather is most propitious for foot ball, being neither too warm nor too cold. Later than this, however, they cannot well continue the sport as the ground is either frozen or covered with snow.

But in Dixie the conditions are altogether different. If we want to have our squads in prime condition for the opening game we must start strenuous practice not later than the middle of September. Now, any one at all conversant with thermometrical ascents and descents in the South, knows that practice on the gridiron at this time of the year is, in plain English, beastly work. Fifteen minutes of practice in such weather as then prevails puts a team in a perfect muck of grime and sweat and thoroughly exhausts both wind and energy. And even when the day for the opening game arrives not infrequently the sun's torrid rays fairly broil the grim warriors of the rival elevens.

And yet these are the conditions under which our greatest college sport has been played time out of mind in the South. We do not wish to characterize the custom as a species of toadyism, for it has, as we are persuaded, unconsciously grown upon us. Still it is sufficiently humiliating for us to realize that we are sacrificing both reason and convenience to a mere exotic—fine where it belongs, but altogether unfit for us.

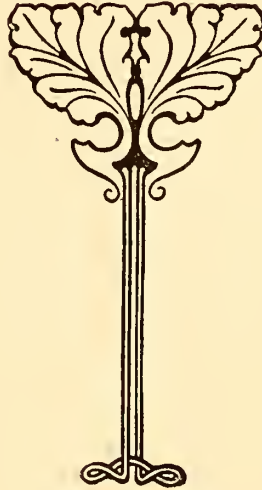
The remedy for this anomalous state of affairs is so obvious that we scarcely think it necessary to mention it. For what could be easier, and more agreeable to devotees of foot ball, whether players or spectators, than for the various Southern colleges and universities to come together and establish a foot ball season in foot ball weather—say from the middle of November to Christmas or even a little later.

Such an arrangement would give our own Southern institutions the fullest benefits of the game (and, after all, the vast majority of games played by Southern elevens are between rival Southern teams); and would at the same time, give to those institutions whose schedules include games with our Northern neighbors ample opportunity to meet their opponents towards the end of the latter's season.

Those who know us best will hardly charge us with any "hands-across-the-sea" sentimentality; but in the matter in hand we submit that our "English cousins" can give us some pointers. Their rugby season opens in the early days of December and runs on till April. Of course this would be too

late for us, as it would interfere with spring baseball practice ; but a "via media et aurea" which would satisfy all could surely be struck.

With this our immediate end is accomplished. We have started the ball rolling and trust that a sufficiently large squad will follow it up to brush aside all interference and go for a touchdown.



College Notes

JOHN T. BECKER, '12.

Some wonderful things have been piling up on the records during the past few months; in fact, some of these events are so wonderful that the fear of drawing down upon our heads a shower of "I-don't-believe-yous" makes us hesitate to register them.

* * * * *

Could you ever imagine Maxon Field adorned with a grand stand, band stand and rooters' box, the first full of excited spectators, the second graced by the presence of Spring Hill Band and the third trembling under the weight of Prevost's battle shouters? Well this is no dream. Thanks to the good management and untiring efforts of our prefect all these things have come to pass, and Old Spring Hill marks down the beginning of a new era in athletics that bids fair to make our Varsity of future years a term to be known and reckoned with in Southern sporting circles.

* * * * *

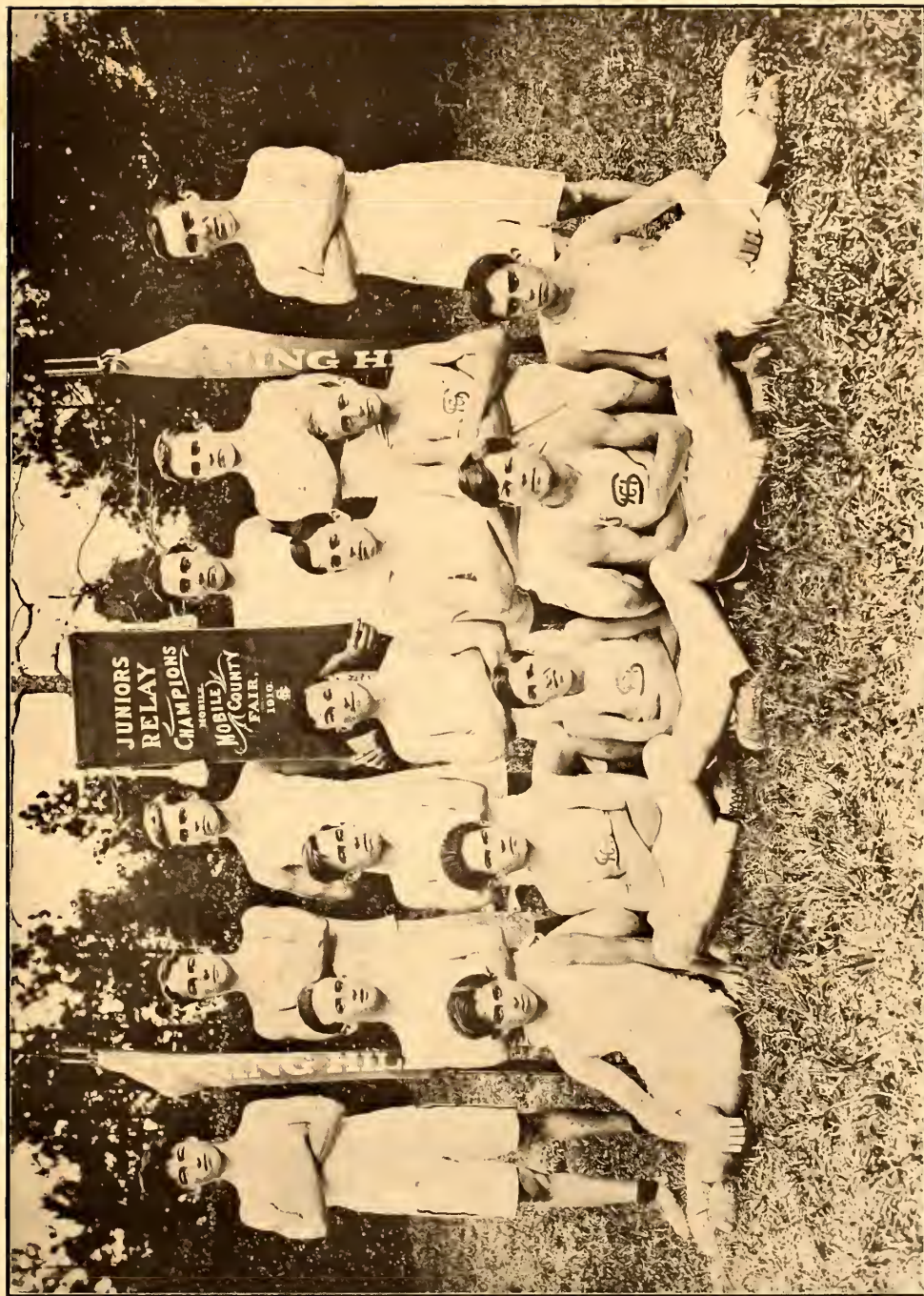
The next phenomenon does not sound well by itself, so we shall mix it in with something else; on a certain day in November the mercury fell twenty-three degrees in fifteen minutes, and during the same month our old enemies, Marion and Southern, came down and grabbed a couple of our scalps and went away rejoicing. These things seem too extraordinary and lamentable to be talked about above a whisper, but we must do our duty when we see it, and we cannot see it until it is in print; after all, "facts is facts," so here goes.

* * * * *

In the Marion game we were due a drubbing, for the up-state aggregation out-weighed us ten pounds, and several of their squad were old-time stars with a little speed attached. Strange to say, however, when the whistle blew for play, and the folks along the side-lines saw a couple of crashes, betting was about even. Our boys had them beaten when it came to fighting, but this could not out-balance the surplus beef of the others; two of their fleet-footed heroes slipped by and won the game for Marion. In the meanwhile our veteran end, Needham, crossed their chalk-line. Twelve to six is not a bad score, under the circumstances.

* * * * *

The Rooters Club is about the best organized body we have had for some years; they keep up a lively noise during the whole of every game, and then almost raise the roof off of the mess hall at supper.



JUNIOR TRACK TEAM.

Standing—Niland, Van Heuvel, Potter, Phillips, Timothy, Herbert.
 Kneeling—M. McPhillips, Hebert, Nelson, Byrne, J. McPhillips.
 Sitting—Lange, Fredericks, Oliveira, Barker, Gomez.

There is no reason why Southern should have slipped a defeat to us, but they did, and it was a bitter one. Our boys were too confident; they slept through three quarters, and did not seem to know they were in a game until the tally showed twelve to nothing against them. Then the good old fight came back; the whole team braced and scored a couple of touchdowns in quick order; but the pep came too late. Time was called and the final markings showed twelve to eleven against Spring Hill. Plainly a case of self-defeat.

* * * * *

We met the Soldier Boys from Fort Morgan on Thanksgiving day, and they also took one from us by a close shave.

* * * * *

All of these defeats could be attributed to hard-luck, but what's the use? The Varsity in every game did honor to our Coach and College; each score was close and no team had the pleasure of "mopping up" with S. H. C. Maxon's men are taught to sustain honorable defeat without a murmur.

* * * * *

The College Band has been most loyal to their promise of furnishing good music at all games. They were right there on the stand, and let out the latest popular music, which brought applause from the side-lines.

* * * * *

The Mobile County Fair Track Meet, held at Monroe Park Nov. 25th proved to be a dual affair between the local Y. M. C. A. and Spring Hill. Our track team, composed of Ducote, Orsi, Joe Cassidy, Adoue, Prevost (Capt.), Andrepont, Siguere, Nixon, Martin, Eastin, Simon, Munoz, Holland, Henderson, Dowe, Lawless and Braud, made every event look interesting, but the old heads of the Y. M. C. A. were too strong for us; they easily won the meet. The entire student body, in chartered cars, accompanied the team to the park. After the meet the boys took possession of the show grounds, and livened things up to such an extent that the Fair for a moment took on the aspect of a small slice of Coney Island.

* * * * *

Mr. L. A. Pottinger of Chicago, our new athletic director, took up his duties at the College early in November. Mr. Pottinger came to us well recommended, and has already proved that he was not over-rated; he is well versed in all indoor and out-door sports and exercises, and while he demands strict discipline at his instructions, still he introduces many novel features, which keep the boys interested and help them to make the task of building up physical strength a pleasant pastime rather than a mere tiresome exercise. It is compulsory for every student to attend these instructions. So far, however, no force has been needed to drag a quitter to the

gym for a lesson. All the heavy-weights are in to reduce, the slim brothers are in to take on, and everybody between goes in to keep from becoming long or thick; so all are happy and the good work continues.

* * * * *

The good spirit of the boys on all occasions but especially after games, lost or won, is worthy of admiration. They are loyal and feel the sting of defeat as keenly as the most sensitive, but not once did they try to hide their grief behind a volley of "ifs" and "buts." It is an honor for Spring Hill to have such a student body, because ability to make the best of every misfortune and to know how to take a victory are the two great features that are the makings of the true American citizen.

* * * * *

The A. B. Class Banquet was served at Schimpf's Cafe on Saturday, December 2nd. The B. S. Class celebrated at the same Cafe Saturday, December 9th.

* * * * *

The Athletic Association feels deeply indebted to Father de la Moriniere for his lecture on Macbeth delivered at the Battle House Auditorium on November 29. The Varsity and scrubs had the very great pleasure of being among the large audience, while the orchestra furnished appropriate music.

* * * * *

Maxon Night December 21! You know what that means.

These We Have With Us Now

On all occasions, Jointless Chase with his little derby on his bean, will do stunts for the boys in the gym or elsewhere. His specialties are: Showing the Germans How We Live; Teaching Bob Trig; How to Spend Money for Smoking Material, and several others, too numerous to mention.

Mr. Hair, the Human Needle, with the big voice, eats macaroni in seven different languages, and also leads the Rooters Club; he is the author of "Laugh and Grow Fat"—Zipp! He's In. Dixie Mules, The Guy What Can Do It, sings solos in the choir to the astonishment of everyone, plays foot ball on rare occasions, and has many little movements all his own; he composed that touching little ballad—"Dem Was De Days."

To this clan also belong the two twenty-six inch giants—Political Bill and Congo Kid. Last but not least come Lulu and Alex, the originators of the Turkey Trot.

Lecture

We take the following from the Picayune of November 1:

"When Southern Knighthood was in Flower, Fifty Years Ago" was the theme of Rev. Father E. C. De La Moriniere, S. J., in a lecture in the auditorium of Marquette Hall, Loyola University, last night, and while the distinguished Jesuit orator is known as one of the ablest lecturers of the South, and is a man whose fame on platform and in pulpit is nation-wide, the large and cultured audience was forced to marvel at his splendid power, and sit as though spellbound under the magic of his words and his force of expression.

The Civil War is no new subject, but Father De La Moriniere gave it such a touch of deep human feeling, constructed the character of the hero in gray with such a master hand; showed the splendor, the grandeur, the majesty of Lee's personality; the indomitable strength and military genius of Jackson, and described with such burning eloquence the Southern woman of the dark period, that the whole theme was as though it had come fresh and untold from the pages of some never-before-opened book.

Father De La Moriniere is a speaker who exerts a peculiar power over his auditors. He takes them with his strong magnetism and holds them by the clear tones of a wonderful voice—a voice that is soft and soothing, with the touch of a silvery bell to it one minute, and the next may rise and roll in a thunderous burst of stupendous eloquence. He is famous as a Shakespearean scholar and lecturer, his presentations of the great poet's characters being considered altogether faultless, and in the lecture on the Southern soldier last night he showed that he possessed a versatility, far-reaching in its scope.

Father De La Moriniere said the story he was to tell was an oft-told tale, an especially welcome tale in Dixie. "It is the story of our own," he cried, "of our Southern glories, of Southland constancy, the chronicle of Southern valor, deemed the highest even by the enemy."

He mentioned that it was timely now to commemorate the greatest event in the history of the country, as from 1861 to 1911 marked just fifty years. "Loyola celebrated that half-century to-night," he remarked.

Father De La Moriniere went on that he did not intend to stir from their slumber the embers of the old fire and fan them into a spirit of retaliation and revenge. "We of the South, keep alive no enmity," he said. "We have no feud, and forgetting the bitterness of defeat we have come back into the Union our forbears helped to build. We have forgotten the four years of dark night, and we stand with our brothers of the North. We face the same dangers, share the same hardships and enjoy the same liberties."

In this connection the speaker referred to the patriotism the South had shown during the Spanish-American war and described Fitzhugh Lee and Joe Wheeler riding at the head of the Federal lines. But for all the filial love the South now has for the Union, from Southern hearts and Southern minds can never be erased the memory of the Southern blood shed in the Civil War. The memory of the heroes will live forever.

"No gallanter knight ever went forth to battle than the soldier of the South who went out in 1861," Father De La Moriniere said. "So resistless was the charge that Irish valor, Teutonic courage—for the Northern armies were recruited from all nations—went down before the assault of the men who were struggling for liberty. The whole South responded nobly to the call, and Southern women rose up like the maids of Saragossa and the mothers of Sparta.

"If they were wrong," and the speaker's voice was mellow and earnest, "I tell you the Declaration of Independence was an unredeemable mistake; that the Liberty bell sounded only a death knell; that Washington was a traitor and Benedict Arnold a canonized patriot."

Father De La Moriniere continued that deep down in humanity is the sentiment of patriotism, the love of country, a love as gentle as a mother's for her babe, a love as strong as the pillars of death. It seeks only the country's triumph, and is a talisman in that law that makes all the world kin. The speaker referred to Wolsey's patriotism, even when he had fallen from greatness, and recited Shakespeare's immortal lines, Wolsey's advice to Cromwell. He recited Shelly's lullaby, sung by a Grecian mother to her babe, which also has to do with patriotism, and said that Oliver Wendell Holmes, in one of his poems, had branded as idle the victory without patriotism. The pagan's error of making deities out of heroes was only an excess of patriotism. Next to God is country, the speaker maintained, and next to religion is patriotism. First on the list of those honored in heaven and earth are the martyrs, and next to those who fell for God are those who fell for country. A country which ceases to produce heroes is like a religion which ceases to produce martyrs. In the language of the poet priest—Father Ryan—the South found herself a very nursery of heroes. She had a work to do, and although fifty years have passed, since the war, the world has yet hardly realized the fullness of its great issues. God alone keeps full record of the unparalleled deeds of Southern knighthood fifty years ago.

Father De La Moriniere said that the young men who were listening to him then are sons and descendants of the noblest heroes who ever went forth to battle—they were men whose hearts never fluttered, whose spirit never quailed, men without parallel in the annals of any land. They were greater in defeat, a million times greater than they might have been in victory—

they taught a conquering foe that a field could never be lost while the word honor has a place in the lexicon of human speech.

Father De La Moriniere described the character of General Lee with all the eloquent fervor of one who saw in the Confederate leader a man among men, one touched with all the finer and nobler attributes that the race can possess. Lee was every inch a soldier; he was never outgeneralled, and his courage was sublime, said the lecturer. He was a foe without hate, a friend without treachery, a soldier without cruelty. He was a man whose example was worth more to the world than the example of a thousand Caesars; he was a man whom God gave to the South, and the South gave to the Confederacy. He was the true Christian knight, whose white plume never went down; one of the greatest captains history has produced. He was a man whose memory is graven in all Southern hearts. "No higher type of true knight has the chivalry of any country produced."

Father De La Moriniere gave a short history of Lee, and described his feelings when a lieutenant colonel in the United States and his state (Virginia) had seceded. The speaker recited the immortal poem of Father Ryan. "The Sword of Lee," and told of the friendship of Father Hubert, the patriot priest, for the great general. Father De La Moriniere faithfully sketched Stonewall Jackson and other heroes, and in conclusion dwelt on the influence of the Southern woman in the war.

Anent this lecture the following interesting communication has been received:

Headquarters Association Army of Tennessee, La. Div.

At the meeting of the Association held on the 14th of November, 1911, the following was read by the President, Dr. Y. R. LeMonnier, on the lecture of Rev. Father E. C. De La Moriniere, on the Southern Confederacy, entitled

When Southern Knighthood was in Flower Fifty Years Ago.

Comrades! On the first inst., All Saints' Day, some of us had the pleasure to listen to the lecture of that silver tongued orator, the Rev. Father E. C. De La Moriniere, S. J., at the Loyola College, opposite Audubon Park, on the subject of "When Southern Knighthood was in Flower Fifty Years Ago," or The Southern Confederacy.

The veterans occupied seats on the platform. The good fathers had sent a tallyho for such of our crippled comrades of the Soldiers' Home who desired to be present. Their kindness is highly appreciated.

It was a grand lecture and such of us who heard it will never forget it. His ringing words as he spoke of the divine conduct of our women, the sublimity of Lee, the great achievements of our leaders, the magnificent

patriotism of the South, the sacredness of our cause, have left a soft tingle in my ear never to disappear.

All Saints' Day! could there be a more appropriate day on which to talk of our comrades who, on the fields of battle, offered their lives for all that is dearest to men, to Christians on earth, to eulogize our mothers who, in silence, suffered such terrible agonies for that only child in the front line of battle, or that mother who of eight sons in the army, lived to see none of them return. Oh! the Niobes of the Confederacy! Their only relief after such terrible blows, is their faith in religion which teaches of that hereafter, of God's august presence in every place and his clemency at all times, of death the relief of worldly sufferings followed, "credo quia absurdum," by a union of eternal happiness and bliss. Ah! the Rev. Father was right when he said, "Without religion there is no patriotism."

In choosing All Saints' Day for his address Father De La Moriniere showed tact and judgment on this commemorative occasion. Too young to have been with us in the army, the spirit of the old war horse is in him which, in these days of profound peace, is shown by his respect for that sacred past. "A land without ruins is a land without memories—a land without memories is a land without history." How true these beautiful words of our departed comrade, Father Ryan, the poet priest of the Confederacy.

When all powerful Rome became so effeminate as to forget what she owed to the defenders of the country, her decadence commenced, soon followed by her disintegration until, to-day, there is left of her nothing but the memory of the past. The South, per contra, finds herself, to-day, half a century after our terrible struggle, stronger and more resplendent than ever and will so continue as long as its heroic women and the devout De La Morinieres live to eulogize her past. I imagine myself, a hundred years hence, peeping over the golden walls of a better world, contemplating our people going to the cemeteries, on memorial days, eulogizing the dead heroes of the country and depositing flowers on their graves in commemoration of their noble deeds, keeping up thereby that saintly habit inaugurated by the patriotic Mrs. Williams of Columbus, Georgia. As long as the South will thus continue she will progress and command the respect of the world.

Father De La Moriniere could not have chosen a more propitious time for his lecture than to-day, when we, the Association of the Army of Tennessee, are struggling, through our actions and our writings, to counteract the mendacious writings of Northern so-called historians, on the War between the States. All honor then to the gentleman who has endeared himself to all Confederates, in whose hearts will ever be found a soft place for the eulogist of our cause.

Therefore, be it resolved, that the Association of the Army of Tennessee, La. Div., appreciates highly the lecture of the Rev. Father De La Moriniere on the Confederacy, delivered at Loyola College, on November 1, 1911, and while returning thanks hopes this will not be his last address on the subject.

Y. R. LeMONNIER, M. D., President.

Resolution carried unanimously.

Entertainments

Junior Class Exhibition.

Subject—The Oratory of Edmund Burke.

October 31, 1911.

Burke as an Orator	F. Tarleton
Characteristics of Burke	W. Slattery
Burke on Conciliation with America	D. Braud
The Vision of America	J. Druhan
Tout Paris—Valse	Valdtenfel

College Orchestra

Silver Bells	Air. by A. J. Staub
College Orchestra	

Daisy Violet	Mackie-Beyer
Second Division Band	

Myrella	Beriuauux
First Division Band	

Piano Accompaniments

Tout Paris	F. Prohaska
Silver Bells	W. Barker, R. Touart

MOTTO

"Nitor in Adversum."

OFFICERS

J. DRUHAN, President
P. BECKER, Vice-President
D. BRAUD, Secretary

Sophomore Exhibition, St. John Chrysostom, November 29, 1911.

PART I—LITERARY

A Sketch	T. Yeend Potter
Greek Declamation	Richard J. Ducote
Chrysostom and Eutropius	M. Joseph Cassidy

Translation into Latin	D. Richard Needham
The Homily	R. Howard Sheridan
English Recitation	R. Le Doux Provosty

PART II—MUSICAL

Overture—Martha	Floton
College Orchestra	

Intermezzo from Seckinger's Trumpeter	Nessler
College Orchestra	

Waltz—In a Rose Garden	Mackie-Beyer
Second Division Band	

La Sorella	Gallini
First Division Band	

M. JOSEPH CASSIDY, President
 R. HOWARD SHERIDAN, Vice-President
 D. RICHARD NEEDHAM, Secretary
 GEORGE W. DUBUISSON, Beadle

MOTTO

“Vanitas vanitatum et omnia vanitas.”

A Sea of Troubles (a farce)

Presented by The Portier Literary Society, College Hall, December 4th, 1911.

Silver Bells	Weyts
College Orchestra	

Morgenlied	Henschel
Mr. H. A. Donlan, S. J.	

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Godolphus Gout (An invalid worthy of his name).....	Lawrence A. Andrepont
Hiram Orcutt (An inventive Yankee).....	George L. Mayer
What's-His-Name Thingamy (a man of memory and of names)	

Charles J. Holland

Bryon Bobolink (a Sighing Poet).....	Holliday J. d'Aquin
Mike McShane (Not a German).....	John J. Druhan
Stammering Steve (Professor of Elocution at the School for Scandal)	

John T. Becker

Robertus Mount (Gout's Nephew).....	Pierre J. Becker
Sam Washington (He am dere).....	Maurice R. Woulfe

Max H. Diaz (In an Original Act).....	Fun in Jungle Town
Opening Chorus.....	Robin Hood, Act II

Glee Club

Festmarsch	Schmid
String Quartette	



SECOND DIVISION FOOTBALL TEAM.

Standing—Morere, Berthelot, Provosty, Herbert, Braud.
 Kneeling—Regil, Ducote, Gibbons, J. McPhillips, Fredericks, Moses.
 Sitting—Potter, M. McPhillips, Hunt, Van Heuvel, (Captain), Ricou, Hebert, Timothy.

Football

Spring Hill 19—Loyola 0.

Coach Maxon's Spring Hill eleven opened the football season in Mobile yesterday afternoon when they trounced the Loyola College squad from New Orleans by a score of 19 to 0 before a large crowd. It was a game which brought into play the characteristic features of Coach Maxon's tactics, employed by the Spring Hill eleven; their speedy broken-field running, their terrific line smashes and their hard, clean tackling. The Loyola ends were almost powerless in the face of such interference as the Spring Hill scoring machine exhibited. Time after time they drove forward to intercept the S. H. C. backs, only to be met by what seemed to be a moving wall of men. Several times only the quarterback of Loyola, grimly crouched on his lowly position by hurling himself at the onrushing player, prevented an easy touch-down. At no time was the collegians' goal in danger. The game was an excellent one from start to finish and every yard was hotly contested for by both squads. The interference of the visitors was at times very efficient. The bright particular stars for Spring Hill were Andrepont, Ducote, Cassidy, Druhan and Needham.

The Game in Detail.

First quarter: Loyola kicked to S. H. C. on the 25-yard line and Barker advanced within ten yards. Eastin on a buck through centre gained five yards.

Ducote gained four yards on a tackle-over-tackle, but failed to make the required yards and the ball went over. Hinderman on a buck through centre gained five yards. White failed on a buck through the same place. Vaccaro fumbled an attempted forward pass and Spring Hill got the ball. Eastin on a buck through centre gained ten yards. Andrepont fumbled the ball and it goes to Loyola. Vaccaro on a buck through centre gained two yards. Hinderman gained one yard on another buck, but failed to make the required distance and the ball went to Spring Hill. Needham failed to gain on an end run. The Loyola line held and Cassidy was forced to kick. D'Aquin got the ball on Loyola's 10-yard line. A fumble on an attempted forward pass resulted in the ball being brought back seven yards. Cassidy punts to Loyola's 20-yard line. Loyola kicked and Barker brought the ball up ten yards. Spring Hill fumbled a forward pass and the ball was returned five yards. Cassidy forced to kick, punted to Loyola's 20-yard line. Needham recovered the ball, but failed to gain. Ducote, in a tackle-over-tackle, gained five yards. Cassidy gained ten yards by a buck through centre. Eastin bucked for two yards. A fumble on a forward pass resulted in the ball being brought back. Cassidy kicked an on-side kick which carried it out of bounds and the ball was recovered by Loyola.

The First Score.

On a block kick Franklin ran ten yards for a touchdown. Cassidy kicked goal. Loyola kicked S. H. C., Eastin received on 35-yard line and advanced ball ten yards. Barker makes a centre buck and gained five yards.

Second quarter: Spring Hill got the ball on their 25-yard line and Ducote on a tackle gained two yards. Andrepont took the ball through line for thirty-five yards. Eastin on a centre buck took another three. A forward pass was fumbled and the ball came back. Loyola was penalized five yards for off-side play. Loyola's line held and Cassidy was forced to kick. Vaccaro returned with a 40-yard punt. Cassidy got the ball and was tackled. Cassidy on a buck through centre gained two yards. Andrepont gained fifteen yards on another buck through centre. Ducote gained five yards on a tackle-over-tackle. Cassidy advanced three yards on a buck through centre.

Cassidy Drop-Kicks Goal.

Cassidy drop-kicks goal from 20-yard line. Loyola kicked to Spring Hill Andrepont receiving on the 25-yard line and advancing twenty yards. Druhan on an overtackle play gained ten yards, Cassidy bucked line for five yards. Barker gained two on a line buck. Then followed a succession of line bucks and end runs which resulted in no scoring for either side. Score at end of first half 8 to 0.

Second half: Loyola kicks and Andrepont got the ball on 40-yard line and gained 15 yards. Druhan on an overtackle play gained 2 yards; a fumbled forward pass resulted in ball 10 yards on a line buck. White took another 10, but was brought back five. White went 3 yards through centre. Gately gained 3 around end. Killeen gained 2 through centre; a fumbled forward pass gave the ball to Spring Hill. Eastin gained 5 through centre. Cassidy kicked on side, Vaccaro took the ball and was tackled. Spring Hill's ball. Andrepont gained 2 through centre. Barker went 7 through line. Eastin covered 7 more and bucked again for 5. Andrepont bucked for 10—Barker was thrown back for 3 yards. Cassidy kicked to Loyola's 25-yard line. Killeen advanced the ball 10 yards. Perrier failed on end run. Perrier went through line. Hinderman gained 5. Spring Hill's line held and Loyola kicked to 35-yard line. Andrepont advanced 20 yards. Druhan on a tackle over tackle gained 5 yards. Cassidy forward passed to Dowe, who gained 10 yards. After several more line bucks, the whistle blew for end of third quarter.

Last quarter: Spring Hill's ball on 35-yard line. Andrepont gains 5 yards through centre—Druhan on a tackle over tackle scores. Cassidy failed to kick goal. Loyola kicked to Andrepont on 35-yard line, who advanced 10 yards. Cassidy bucked for 5—then kicked to Loyola's 15-yard line—a forward pass by Loyola was caught by Andrepont. Druhan went 25

yards on a forward pass. Barker bucked for 3—Eastin bucked line for 5—Druhan failed to make 4 yards, and Loyola got the ball. Vaccaro kicks on-side—Dowe advanced ball 10 yards—Andrepoint bucked for 5—Eastin gained 3—Cassidy failed on drop-kick. Loyola's ball. Vaccaro's kick was blocked. Loyola recovers ball and went 5 yards. Vaccaro kicked to Spring Hill's 15-yard line. Andrepoint took ball 5 yards. A forward pass is fumbled. Cassidy kicked to Loyola's 25-yard line. Needham recovered ball and advanced 2 yards. Barker fails to gain on buck through line. Cassidy gained 15 through line. Andrepoint gained 5—Ducote took the ball 15 yards and placed ball behind goal, but play was declared illegal on account of pushing. The ball was brought back, and Druhan scored on a line buck. Cassidy kicked goal. Loyola kicked to Spring Hill's 35-yard line—Ducote advanced ball 20 yards—Cassidy kicked to Loyola's 25-yard line—Spring Hill recovered ball—Cassidy advanced 15 yards and on a line buck was thrown for 2. The whistle blows for end of game, with a score standing 19 to 0.

Line-ups—Loyola: Perriere, re; Miller, rt; Robin, rg; Guidry, c; Gaudin, lg; Fennell, lt; Gately, le; Vaccaro, fb; White, rhb; Hinderman, lhb; Killen, q.

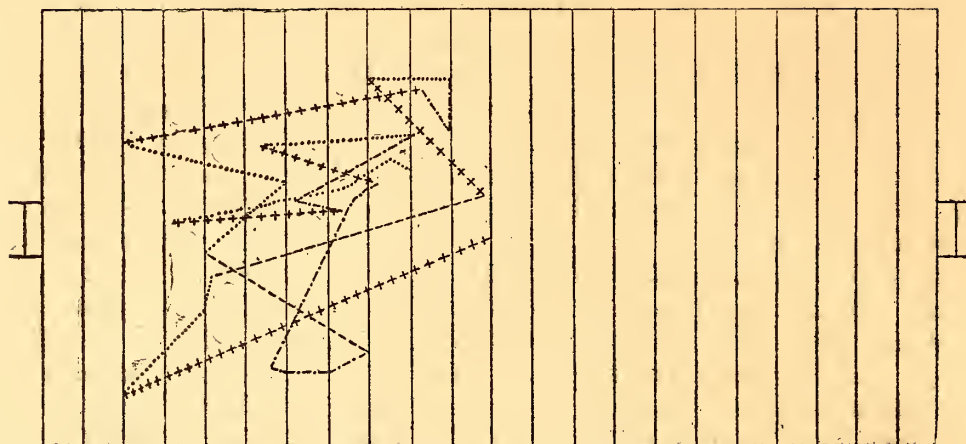
Spring Hill—Dowe, re; Ducote, rt; D'Aquin, rg; Franklin, c; Munoz, lg; Druhan, lt; Needham, le; Andrepoint, fb; Eastin, rhb; Cassidy, lhb; Barker, q.

Time of quarters: 12 min., 10 min., 12 min., 10 min.

Referee, Paul Wilson; Umpire, Maddox; field judge, Overton; time-keepers, Becker and Fielding; head linesman, Nelson.—(Mobile Register.)

Spring Hill vs. Marion.

In one of the fastest, cleanest and most strenuous games ever seen on Maxon Field the Spring Hill eleven went down in defeat Saturday afternoon before the strong Marion team, score 12 to 6. From the first kick off until the final whistle blew every inch of ground was contested like grim death by both squads. Le Gore for the visitors was easily the star, tearing through the smaller Spring Hill players again and again with his almost 200 pounds bulk for large gains. The visitors outweighed the Spring Hill boys ten or more pounds to the man, but despite this fact the fast and resolute defenders of the Purple and White held them again and again for downs, and tore through their line for long gains. The game was lost for the Hill boys on a fluke made by the Marionites and the almost one-man game played by the gigantic Le Gore. The fluke came in the first of the second quarter when Becker on-side kicked and the Marion quarter ran for goal. The second touchdown for Marion came after a thrilling race between Dowe and Hairston in which Dowe in vain hurled himself at the speedy Marionite, who with great effort reached the goal line, this bringing victory to the Black and Gold.

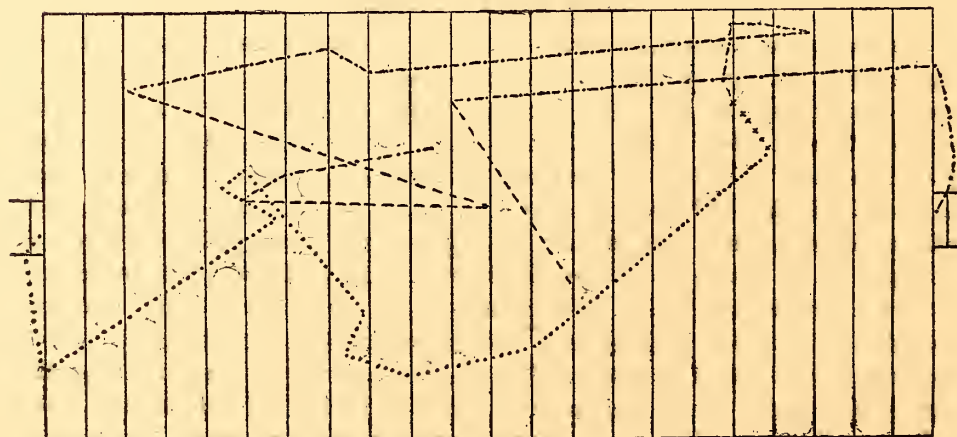


T.C. Lewis, del.

SPRING HILL VS. MARION

RESULTS = 0 0
1st quarter

Remark.
Spring Hill Kick indicated by -----
1st 1st Play 1st 1st 1st 1st 1st
Marion Kick 1st 1st 1st 1st 1st
1st 1st Play 1st 1st 1st 1st

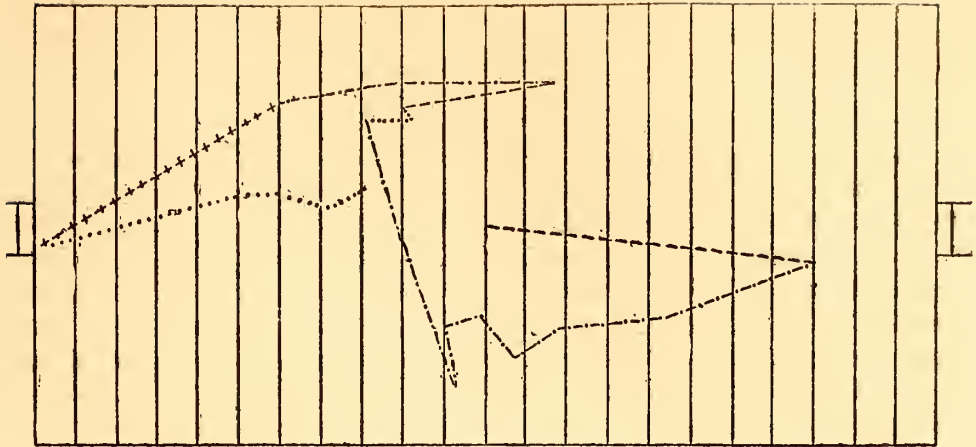


T.C. Lewis, del.

SPRING HILL VS. MARION

RESULTS = 6 6
2nd quarter

Remark.
Spring Hill Kick indicated by -----
1st 1st Play 1st 1st 1st 1st 1st
Marion Kick 1st 1st 1st 1st 1st
1st 1st Play 1st 1st 1st 1st

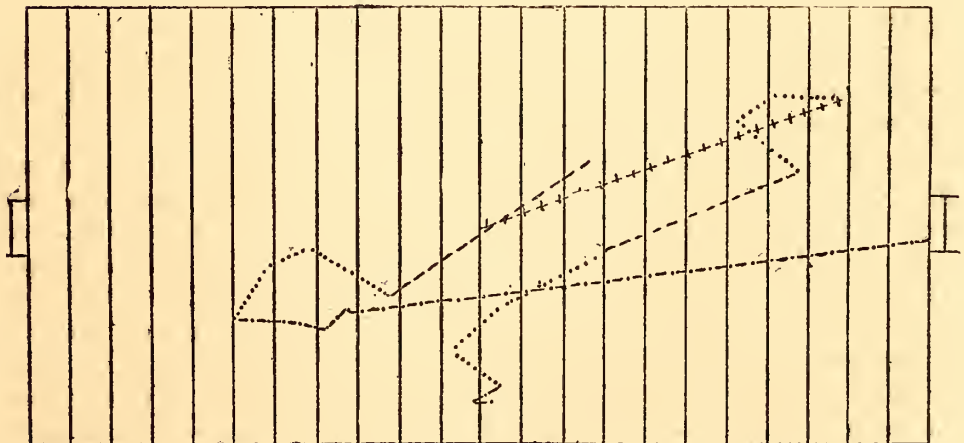


T.C. Le-wiss, det.

SPRING HILL VS. MARION

RESULTS = ○ ○
3rd. quarter.

Remark.
Spring Hill Kick Indicated by -----
Marion Kick Indicated by
Marion Play Indicated by +-----
Spring Hill Play Indicated by -----



T.C. Le-wiss, det.

SPRING HILL VS. MARION

RESULTS = 6 12
Last Quarter.

Remark.
Spring Hill Kick Indicated by -----
Marion Kick Indicated by
Marion Play Indicated by +-----
Spring Hill Play Indicated by -----

For Spring Hill, Needham, Dowe, Cassidy, Andrepont, Ducote and the star quarter, Captain Becker, especially distinguished themselves, and barring the sensational line plunges of LeGore might have defeated the visitors.

The Game in Detail.

The game was called at 3:35, Spring Hill won the toss and received.

First quarter: LeGore kicked to Marion and Needham carried the ball 10 yards. Andrepont went right end for 1 yard, Spring Hill kicked on-side 35 yards. Marion kicked on first down and Becker was downed in his tracks. Andrepont bucked 5 yards, then Eastin 5. Druhan fumbled and Marion recovered ball. LeGore went round left end—no gain. Millner went round right and for 3 yards. Marion kicked on third down—Becker received and took ball 20 yards. Spring Hill lost 10 on a double pass. Becker kicked on third down for 20 yards and Marion recovered ball. LeGore failed to gain on buck. Right end gained 5 yards—left half bucked tackle for 6 yards. Both sides off side—no penalty. Quarter bucked for 2 yards. Millner tried end run, but was thrown for 10 yards. Marion kicked on third down—Dowe received and advanced 5 yards. Spring Hill's first down—Andrepont bucked for 3 on double pass. Needham went 5—Eastin failed to gain 2 yards—ball goes to Marion—Marion's ball—first down—Milner makes an end run of 17 yards—Marion's first down—Marion penalized 5 yards for off-side—Marion failed on forward pass—Marion kicked on third down—Dowe received on 20-yard line and advanced 25—Spring Hill's ball—first down. Eastin carried ball around end for 5 yards. Ducote on tackle over tackle gains 3. End of first quarter, Spring Hill's ball on 45 yard line, third down and two to go.

Second quarter: Slattery relieved D'Aquin at right guard. Becker kicked on-side to quarter, who carried ball for 60 yards for a touchdown—LeGore kicked goal. Score: Marion 6; Spring Hill, 0.

Spring Hill kicks to Marion—Left tackle takes ball 10 yards. Marion's first down. LeGore went 17 yards. First down. Milner went 6 around right end. Harrison bucked 5 yards. First down. Milner bucked 1; LeGore went around left end for 35 yards. Marion penalized 10 yards for holding—Milner lost 1 yard—Marion's kick was blocked—Spring Hill's ball. On double pass Dowe went 30 yards. First down. Andrepont bucked 1; on double Andrepont goes 15. First down. Becker bucks 6. Druhan bucks 3. First down. On triple pass Needham loses 2 yards. Marion blocks forward pass to Dowe. Third down. Spring Hill kicks and Dowe recovers ball on 25-yard line. Becker bucks 3. Cassidy loses 8 on a fumbled pass. With 30 yards to go Becker passes to Needham, who runs for a touchdown. Cassidy kicks goal. Score—Marion 6; Spring Hill 6.

Spring Hill kicks. Quarter gets ball—Right half goes 7—LeGore takes

10—First down. Left half goes 2—Milner takes 4 more—Time called. Score, 6 to 6. First half over.

Second half: First quarter—Spring Hill kicks—Quarter receives, advances 10 yards—Left end hurts ankle and is replaced by Hill. LeGore goes for 8. Milner for 2 yards. Nesmith bucks for 3. First down. LeGore bucks 2. Milner bucks 6. LeGore goes 4. First down. Milner bucks 5. Milner takes another on end run. LeGore takes 6 on end run. First down. Hill loses 2 on fumble. Milner gains 4. Marion loses ball on forward pass. First down for Spring Hill. Andrepont bucks 6. Ducote loses 1. Spring Hill kicks—Marion advances ball 5 yards. LeGore makes first down on 10 yard run. Milner takes 2. LeGore 6. Quarterback 2. First down. LeGore bucks 6. LeGore 2. On 30-yard line LeGore attempts drop-kick and fails. On 25-yard line Spring Hill's first down. Becker bucks 1. Cassidy 4. Last down. End of third quarter.

Last quarter: Becker on side kicks. Spring Hill recovers on 45 yard line. First down. Druhan bucks 3. Cassidy fumbles and recovers ball. Becker bucks 1 yard. First down. Becker bucks 5. Ducote 4. On fumble Spring Hill loses ball. Marion's ball first down. LeGore goes 6. Full back 5. In the scrimmage Madden hurts knee and is replaced by Perdue. LeGore goes 4. Hairston on a buck through centre went 75 yards for a touchdown. Marion kicks goal.

Score: Marion 12, Spring Hill 6.

Spring Hill receives from Marion, Eastin getting ball. Spring Hill's first down. Eastin goes 8. Ducote 3. First down. Cassidy bucks 3. Spring Hill loses 8 yards on a triple pass. Spring Hill kicks and recovers ball. First down. Becker bucks 3. Andrepont 6. Ducote 2. First down. Ducote on fake forward pass gains 6. Andrepont loses 5. Marion's ball. LeGore bucks 4. Game is called.

Score: Marion 12, Spring Hill 6.

The line-ups: Marion—Campbell, c; Ogletree, rg; Moore, lg; Wynne, rt; Garden, lt; scott, re; Madden-Perdue, le; LeGore, rh; Milner, lh; Hairston, fb; Nesmith, q.

Spring Hill—J. Franklin, c; D'Aquin, rg; Munoz, lg; Ducote rt; Druhan, lt; Dowe, re; Needham, le; Eastin, rh; Cassidy, lh; Andrepont, fb; Becker, q. —(Mobile Register.)

Spring Hill vs. Southern University.

It was a battle royal which Spring Hill College engaged in yesterday afternoon when they went down in defeat before the fleet-footed university boys from Greensboro. In the first half of the game Greensboro out-classed the collegians and exhibited a number of forward passes with such effect that

the Spring Hill boys were so surprised that they lost all the ginger of the game. Southern University scored their two touchdowns in the first half, or the second quarter, and kicked both goals.

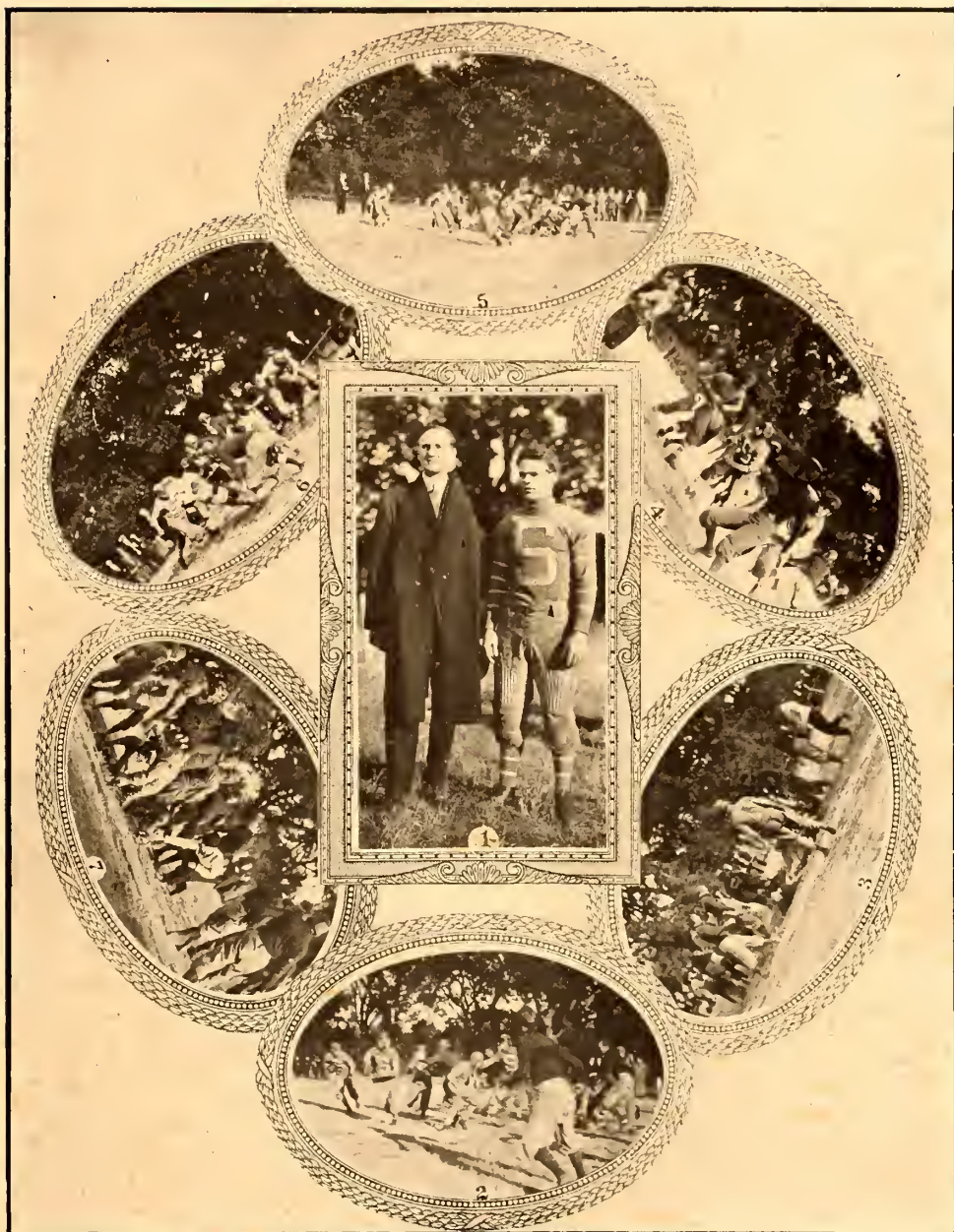
In the last half of the game, with the score 12 to 0, in favor of Southern University, the Spring Hillians sprang a big surprise when they woke up and got into the game and scored two touchdowns on forward passes, both being received by Needham. Cassidy kicked only one of the goals. That was all the scoring done in the game, and the final score being 12 to 11 in favor of the visitors.

The game was played in a drizzling rain, and many of the spectators hunted for dry spots to witness the play, while those more interested in the game were too much excited to realize that it was raining.

Captain Becker of S. H. C., won the toss up and chose the south goal, and Greensboro to receive the kick-off.

Game in Detail.

Cassidy of Spring Hill kicked off to the Greensboro boys, the fullback receiving the ball on the 10-yard line and advanced it ten yards toward Spring Hill goal. On the first play Southern University worked a beautiful forward pass for forty yards. First down. After making only four yards on two line bucks Greensboro worked another forward pass which netted them eleven yards. First down. Ducote, the fearless tackle for the Hill boys, broke through the lines of Greensboro and threw Rush for a loss of six yards, and then after another fruitless attempt Southern University was forced to punt. Andrepont received the ball and was downed in his tracks. S. H. C. ball and first down. Cassidy and Eastin went for eight, and S. H. kicked on side kick which Rush received. Southern University ball, first down. E. C. Allen bucked for eleven, first down. After Williams advanced the ball only one yard, the Greensboro team attempted to forward pass which S. H. C. captain received. S. H. C. ball, and first down. Druhan and Eastin went for seven, and S. H. kicked, Rush receiving the punt. First down Greensboro. After gaining eight yards on two plays, Southern University lost the ball on a forward pass which failed. S. H. C. ball. Andrepont and Eastin went for eight. Cassidy kicked on side kick which Rush received and dropped, Munoz getting the ball. S. H. C. ball. First down. Needham went around end for twenty yards. Ducote, Andrepont and Druhan made first down again. After two bucks which only brought two yards, S. H. C. tried a forward pass, which failed, the ball going to the visitors. E. C. Allen bucked the line for twenty-nine yards. First down. On tackle over tackle, Greensboro lost one yard. End first quarter. Score 0-0.



1—Coach Maxon and Captain Becker.
 4, 5, 6—Loyola Game.
 2, 3, 7—Fort Morgan Game.

Second quarter: In this quarter the Greensboro boys played S. H. C. off their feet and scored two touchdowns on beautifully executed forward passes. Southern was forced to punt on three downs, after failure to make the required ten yards on the second play. Ducote received the ball and advanced it ten yards. Cassidy and Andrepont made 6 yards, and S. H. C. kicked on three down. Marks receiving the ball and downed in tracks. Southern kicked on second down. On attempted forward pass S. H. C. loses the ball, when Rush received it. Southern's ball. Rush went for twenty. On a buck and two passes Greensboro netted forty yards, Locke going the last twenty-five for a touchdown. Rush kicked goal. Score 6-0.

Greensboro kicked to S. H. C. Becker received on twenty-yard line and advanced fifteen yards. S. H. C. held for downs and punted. Southern made downs twice, and was then held for downs. S. H. C. ball. Druhan and Ducote made seven. First half. Score, Southern 6, S. H. C. 0.

Third quarter: Southern kicked off to S. H. C. Druhan received and advanced ten yards. S. H. C. made downs. Then after two bucks, S. H. C. punted. Southern's ball. Southern held for down and ball goes to S. H. C. S. H. C. was forced to kick on third down, but was blocked and received by Southern University. On an unique shift play the Southern fullback went for thirty-five yards for a touchdown. Rush kicked goal. Score, 12 to 0.

S. H. C. kicked to Southern. Allen received ball advanced ten yards, and Greensboro held for downs. S. H. C. ball. Needham and Cassidy fail to make gain, and Cassidy went for twenty-five yards. Eastin and Ducote made next ten yards. S. H. C. ball and goal to gain. S. H. C. fumbled ball on one-yard line, and Greensboro recovered ball. After no gain on two bucks Southern fumbled, and S. H. C. recovered ball. Neale was thrown for a big loss. On next play by a double pass Franklin made a dash for a touchdown, which he gained. Cassidy failed to kick goal. Score, 12 to 5.

During the few minutes of the remaining quarter the ball was kept in the centre of the field. End of third quarter, with ball in Southern's possession on thirty-five-yard line.

Fourth quarter: With third down Southern punted. Andrepont brings ball back ten yards. On a forward pass Andrepont went eighteen yards and two more S. H. C. netted thirty yards more. After an attempt to buck Eastin forward passed to Needham, who went twenty yards for a touchdown. Cassidy kicked goal. Score 12 to 11.

During the rest of the game Spring Hill kept the ball in Southern territory.

Lineup: Southern—E. C. Allen, fb; Williams, rh; Rush (captain), lh; Marks, p; E. A. Allen, c; Roberts, lg; Maxwell, rg; Beall, lt; Steed, rt; Chapman, le; Locks, re.

Spring Hill—Andrepoint, fb; Cassidy, lh; Eastin, rh; Neale, re; Needham, lt; Ducote, rt; Druhan, lt; Becker, (captain), p; Munoz, lg; D'Aquin, rg;

Officials—Wilson, referee; Maddox, umpire; Bixler, field judge; Simon, head lineman.

Time of quarters, fifteen minutes.—(Mobile Item.)

Spring Hill vs. Fort Morgan.

Spring Hill again went down in defeat before the strong Fort Morgan eleven, in the presence of the largest crowd that ever witnessed a football game at Spring Hill College, on the famous Maxon Field, by a score of 12 to 5. It was a game that was fought hard from beginning to end and was a continuous series of wrangling with the officials during the whole game. Fort Morgan made their scores in the early part of the game and was always kept in the game by their plucky little captain, Quarterback Kirby. The college rooters were out in full bloom and their feature ceremony of the evening was a funeral service, which was supposed to represent the burial of the Fort Morgan squad in the last half. The procession was headed by the senior brass band, and then came the coffin with the pall-bearers, followed by the whole student body, all having formed a single line and walked with heads uncovered. As they came to the grave a large crowd of the visitors crowded to see the ceremony. "Moon" Ducote presided over the funeral and gave the oration in Greek. The proceedings were interrupted when the referee's whistle called time for the teams to resume the battle.

Captain Kirby, Peters and Roberson were stars for Fort Morgan, Kirby coming to the front by a small margin, and for the college Ducote, Needham, Cassidy and Tarleton were the stars. The punting of Becker was also a shining light. And Quarter Willie Barker played a jam up game after he had replaced Captain Becker.

Referee, Paul Wilson; umpires, Carter and Pharr; field judge, Bixler; head linesman, Henry Kelly; time keepers, Worth and Pottinger. Time of quarters, 10 minutes each.

The line-up: Spring Hill—Franklin, c; Munoz, rg; D'Aquin, and Slatery, lg; Druhan, rt; Ducote, lt; Dowe and Neale, le; Needham, re; Cassidy, rh; Eastin, lh; Andrepoint and Tarleton, fb; Becker, and Barker, q.

Fort Morgan—Cofer, c; Roth, rg; Schnider, lg; Gilker, rt; Sharpe, lt; Sheet, le; Semmers, re; Robertson, rh; Peters, lh; Irish, Remsen and Cooper, fb; Kirby, q.—(Mobile Item.)

Loyola Seconds vs. Spring Hill Little Yard.

First quarter: Spring Hill kicks to Loyola. Harrison receives ball and is downed on 45-yard line. Durell bucks 5—Fennel's end run fails—Harrison kicks to Van Heuvel—Forward pass to Hebert gains 15—Timothy bucks 5—

Potter hits line for 4—Van Heuvel's buck fails—Hebert's end run fails—Ball on 10 yard line—Timothy runs 1—Drop-kick by Timothy fails—Loyola's ball on 25-yard line—Fredericks loses 4 on attempted buck—Fredericks' end run for 2—Harrison kicks outside—Moses gains 1 in tackle over tackle—Potter bucks—no gain. Van Heuvel kicks to Fredericks—Durell bucks 6—Harrison end runs 20—McKinney thrown 5 on run—Loyola's forward pass dropped by Bassich—Harrison kicks to Ducote—Hebert end runs 1—Forward pass to Ducote gains 25—McPhillips takes 25 on end run—Timothy bucks and after spectacular run of 30 yards makes touchdown. Van Heuvel misses goal—Score 5-0.

Loyola kicks to Van Heuvel on Spring Hill's 38-yard line—Van Heuvel bucks 4. Forward pass to McPhillips gains 18—Timothy kicks to Harrison on Loyola's 4-yard line—Ball fumbled but recovered by Loyola—Spring Hill penalized 5 yards for off-side—Harrison kicks to Ducote who is downed on Loyola's 30-yard line—Hunt gains 4 on end run—Van Heuvel takes 20 more around end. End of first quarter. Score 5-0.

Second quarter: Ducote gains 2 on tackle over tackle—Hebert takes 11 around end for a touchdown—Van Heuvel misses goal—score 10-0. Spring Hill kicks to Marks on 45-yard line—Fennel takes 3 around end—Massich goes in at left end—Durell bucks 10—Durell through left tackle takes 4—Forward pass to Massich gains 25—Massich's end run fails—Spring Hill penalized 5 yards for off-side—Ball goes to Spring Hill—Van Heuvel gains 1—Timothy bucks 6—Timothy kicks to Fredericks on 50-yard line—Fredericks bucks 5—Loyola fumbles and Hunt falls on ball—McPhillips on trick play takes 8—Hebert end runs 1—Van Heuvel bucks 5—Hebert bucks 4—Forward pass fails—Timothy kicks to Massich on 13-yard line—Massich bucks 6—Durell bucks 4 more—McKinney end runs 5—Harrison takes 1 more—Loyola kicks to Timothy on Spring Hill's 50-yard line—Hunt end runs—Van Heuvel bucks center for 6—Ducote takes 2 on tackle over tackle—Forward pass fails—End of first half. Score 10-0.

Third quarter: Burgoyne takes Massich's place at left guard—Loyola kicks to Hunt on Spring Hill's 40-yard line—Timothy bucks 7—Van Heuvel end runs 15—McPhillips thrown for 4 on end run—Van Heuvel kicks to Harrison—Fennel bucks 5—Fredericks bucks 5 more—Forward pass to McKinney takes 40—Durell bucks 7—Fennel bucks 10—Harrison runs for 11—Durell bucks 4—Durell bucks 3—Fennel bucks 2 and ball goes over to S. H. C. Forward pass to Hebert gains 10—Loyola penalized 5 yards for off-side—Van Heuvel bucks center for 3—Ducote takes 2 on tackle over tackle—Van Heuvel to Hebert forward pass caught by Durell—Fennel bucks 3—Forward pass fails—Spring Hill penalized 5 yards for off-side—Durell bucks—no gain—Fennel bucks 1—Forward pass to Durell gets 15—McKinney thrown for 6

on end run—Forward pass fails—Loyola kicks and recovers ball—Forward pass intercepted—Ball goes to Spring Hill—Spring Hill kicks to Harrison on 25-yard line—Durell bucks 2—Fennel bucks 11—End of third quarter. Score 10-0.

Fourth quarter: Bassich replaces Massich—Loyola's ball on 12-yard line—Durell bucks 6—Fennel bucks 2—Durell bucks 1 and ball goes to Spring Hill—Provosty replaces Fredericks for Spring Hill—Van Heuvel bucks 4—McPhillips end runs 5—Spring Hill kicks to Harrison on Spring Hill's 50-yard line—Loyola's ball—Forward pass to Bassich gains 10—Fennel bucks 7—Durell bucks 4—Fennel bucks 2—Forward pass to McKinney gains 18—Fennel bucks 5—Fennel bucks 1—Goal to gain—Fennel goes for touchdown—Fredericks misses goal. Score 10-5.

Loyola kicks to Ducote on Spring Hill's 40-yard line—Fumble results in ball going to Loyola—McKinney end runs for 9—Loyola fumbles and Spring Hill gets ball—Van Heuvel gets 15 on end run—Forward pass fails—Timothy end runs 1—Timothy kicks to Harrison on Loyola's 15-yard line—Loyola kicks to Van Heuvel on 20-yard line—Hebert end runs and is thrown for 1 yard—Van Heuvel kicks, and Timothy recovers ball—Ball on 8-yard line—Timothy bucks for touchdown—Van Heuvel misses goal—Score 15-5.

Spring Hill kicks to Bassich on 9-yard line—Durell bucks 5—Fredericks bucks 1—Spring Hill penalized 5 yards for off-side—Fennel bucks 1—Forward pass to Fennel gains 15—Fielding bucks—no gain—Loyola kicks to Van Heuvel on 45-yard line—Forward pass fails—Game called. Score 15-5.

Alumni

By the death of **Hon. R. B. Owen** at the age of eighty-three, Spring Hill '47 has lost her oldest alumnus. Judge Owen entered college here in the earliest days and graduated from the University of Alabama in 1847. During his time he held many posts of honor and trust, being clerk of the Supreme Court, member of the State Legislature and Mayor of Mobile for three successive terms.

Dr. Rhett Goode, LL. D., '11, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of '68 his wedding on October 28. Hundreds of the friends of Dr. and Mrs.

Goode attended the evening reception and extended their congratulations and good wishes for continued prosperity to Dr. Goode, one of the most distinguished physicians in the South, and to his charming wife, one of the most prominent women in club life and social circles in the state. Among the beautiful presents was one from Father Twellmeyer and the faculty of Spring Hill.

Dr. Goode, who is already dean of the Medical College of the University of Alabama, and chief surgeon of the M. & O. Railroad Company, has been further honored by being elected president of the American Association of Railway Surgeons at its eighth annual meeting in Chicago on October 20.

Dr. Marion Souchon of New Orleans was recently elected medical director of the Pan-American Insurance Co. Dr. Souchon is instructor '86 in clinical surgery in Tulane University, a member of the board of administrators of the Charity Hospital and house surgeon of the Hotel Dieu.

Frank H. Mortimer, who for several years has held the position of clerk '88 of the U. S. District Court at New Orleans, has been appointed clerk of the U. S. Court of Appeals.

Dr. Louis D. Archinard, ex-'88, one of the leading dentists of New Orleans, and professor of operative dentistry, Dental Pathology and '88 Therapeutics in Tulane University, died on October 13. He was injured August 23 by being struck by a street car almost in front of his home. **The Springhillian** offers sincere condolences to his bereaved wife and children.

Supreme Director **Matthias Mahorner, Jr.**, of this city, while attending '94 the meeting of the directors of the Knights of Columbus in Boston, was delegated by the supreme knight to represent the national body at a celebration of Columbus Day in Lowell, Mass. The Sun of that city says of Mr. Mahorner: "Owing to the fact that he was obliged to return to Boston he was forced to curtail his remarks, but after the assemblage had heard him for a moment they would have been content to listen to him for

hours. Mr. Mahorner is a typical Southern gentleman, both in dialect and manners, and his dialect made a great hit with the audience. He was the man delegated by the supreme knight to institute the first council of the Knights of Columbus in Cuba and is well known in the order throughout the country."

After a summary of the remarks of Mr. Mahorner, in which he indulged in considerable humor on the "cotton relations" of Alabama and Massachusetts, the Sun continues: "His parting words were to eliminate all prejudice, ever bearing in mind that we are all Americans. As Mr. Mahorner took his departure the band struck up the familiar strains of 'Dixie,' while the large audience arose and sang the song, following it with cheers for the departing guest."—(Mobile Register, Oct. 22.)

Reese Millar Hutchison, ex-'95, has recently been appointed chief engineer and personal representative of Thomas A. Edison. About a year and a half ago he joined forces with Mr. Edison, for the purpose of developing the Edison Storage Battery from the vehicle type into the heavy duty, submarine and electric locomotive type. He was successful in the undertaking, and was given the exclusive sales rights of the Edison Storage Battery for all government purposes of all nations. When it is considered that the combined capacities of all storage batteries in submarines to-day exceeds ten times the capacities of storage batteries installed in electric vehicles, the importance of this deal can be appreciated. As chief engineer and personal representative of Mr. Edison, Mr. Hutchison is next in line at the laboratory at Orange, N. J. He has kindly consented to address the students when he visits Mobile, his old home, next spring.

Alvin E. Hebert is a candidate for the office of Secretary of State of Louisiana in the coming primary. He is making a very spirited canvass and feels confident of receiving a flattering majority. "Pete" always had a way of getting anything he went after.

We grieve to record the death of Mr. Henry Clark of Jacksonville, Fla., whose son, **Harry Clark**, ex-'02, and Louis Clark attended college here.

Samuel Kelly, ex-'09, is business manager of the University of Texas Magazine.

Cards have been received for the wedding of **C. Henry Adams, A. B.**, and Miss Marguerite Desloge Bain, to take place in St. Margaret's Church, St. Louis, Wednesday, 10 a. m., December 27. **The Springhillian** extends hearty congratulations and best wishes for future happiness.

Dr. E. B. Dreaper, A. M., '09, is receiving the congratulations of his friends on the birth of a son and heir.

Charles Schimpf, Jr., B. S., and Ed. O'Neil, ex-'12, have formed a partnership in the insurance business in Mobile.

Claud L. Chappius is studying law at Georgetown University.

We have received a very pleasant letter from **Ralph Stafford**, sending in his subscription to **The Springhillian**. Mr. Stafford holds the post of private secretary to Senator Thornton of Louisiana. He is at present in Washington attending the sessions of congress.

W. E. Dunbar, ex-'11, writes interestingly from Jacksonville, Fla., recalling the pleasant days he spent here.

Among the visitors at the Thanksgiving game were **W. Henry Kelly, A. B., and Flurrance Dowe, B. S.,** who came down from Montgomery to show their loyalty to the team.

Kidlets

J. FRANK GILLESPIE, '15.

We have been gathering data for some time for this edition of "Kidlets" and after putting said data into journalistic form, we thought it would be quite the thing to make our second entrance on the stage of journalism amid a flourish of trumpets, or, to be more exact, to the chime of Christmas bells. In other words, we wished our opening paragraph to contain appropriate thoughts of Yuletide piquantly expressed and joyously worded. Accordingly we began with the expression, "Christmas is coming." It at once dawned upon us that this was a well-known fact, especially in the little yard. Anybody with half an eye, although he had never met such an individual, could see that Christmas was coming for has it not been the topic of conversation for ever so long, and have not the days been counted and lined up in the inverse order of their coming so that as each day passed it would be no feat of mnemonics to recall the days that were yet to come?

* * * * *

Again, was not every one or almost every one doing his best or his near-best to get notes in conduct and application so that he might gladden the hearts of the folks at home and, as it were, have at hand a few passports in the shape of first cards to be handed in after the first fusilade of hugs and kisses? And so it was that after jotting down the words, "Christmas is coming," we came to the conclusion that we had better begin in some other way.

Our muse, however, must have been doing her shopping early, for she came not to inspire us with other thoughts or other words, and thus it was that when the editor-in-chief awakened us from our revery with a de-

mand for our notes he startled us considerably when to our procrastinating promises he exclaimed: "Christmas is here!"

* * * * *

We woke up suddenly to the fact that all the nice things that we had wished to say were left unsaid, or at least not said as we had intended. Be that as it may, Christmas is here, and to all the friends of the Little Yard we offer our greetings and best wishes, while to each and every member in the second division we say: "Shake hands with yourself, little man, Christmas is here."

* * * * *

Foot ball is now a thing of the past, but the members of the second division can recall the history of this year's Junior Varsity with pride and pleasure. In every game but one we had unequal odds to contend with. Against U. M. S., Jr., we felt as though we were fighting in our own class; but all our other opponents had the advantage of us in age, weight and experience. Despite this the Junior Varsity shows a total score of 94 points against their opponents' 25. We lost two games out of six, managing even to score in the games lost. It was the last game of the season, however, that meant everything, for on it hinged the Junior Interscholastic Championship between Loyola and Spring Hill.

An account of this game is given in detail in another part of this issue, but in justice to the visiting team we reprint below their account of the game as published in the New Orleans Picayune of November 20:

The speedy Loyola Juniors returned to New Orleans yesterday, having sustained a defeat at the hands of the Spring Hill Juniors on Saturday, partially through adverse decisions by the officials in charge of the game, according to the Loyola boys. Loyola's snappy play indicated that they would win over Spring Hill, for although the latter was fast the New Orleans boys seemed about to outclass them. The long plunges of the three Loyola backs and accurate passes by Quarterback Harrison were big features. Durel, Loyola's fullback, caused consternation throughout the ranks of Spring Hill followers, he often making gains of 15 yards. The punting of Fredericks was superior to that of Spring Hill's kicker and his line bucks were a revelation.

Bassich, Loyola's star end, left the game in the first quarter, due to injuries to his hand. His absence greatly weakened the team. McKinney, one of last year's ends, made a spectacular run of 40 yards. Burgoyne, Loyola's left guard, was a tower of strength and specially good in running down punts, often downing the runner just as he received the oval. The Masich brothers played well, especially A. Masich, whose tackling featured. Other members of the Loyola team played splendidly, especially Davis, at center and Indest and Fielding at guard and tackle."

From the above our readers can easily see that we played against an all-star team and battled with foemen worthy of our steel. We cannot, however, vouch for the verity of the above, for in the excitement of the game we were too busy making touchdowns to pay much attention to the "long plunges" or "accurate passing" of our opponents.

Immediately after the game the visitors and Varsity men were treated to a modest little spread in the Junior Library. College yells were intermingled with other things more substantial and a pleasant hour was thus passed.

* * * * *

In the gymnasium after supper we entertained the entire student body to an informal glove contest interspersed with acrobatic stunts and twentieth-century music. The music was rendered by the Senior Band and the tumbling was performed by Mr. C. Lawless of Intermediate Class and the two midgets, Frankie Schimpf and Louey Lange.

* * * * *

The features of the evening's program, however, were the pugilistic encounters. As a preliminary, Tommy Kelly of New Orleans and Ross Druhan of Mobile were booked for a three-round bout in feather-weight work. The way these youngsters hopped about in the beginning of the first round threatened for a moment to change the contest into a regular Sandtown chicken fight, but towards the end some close work was pulled off with the result that both were too winded to continue. Referee Becker called off the remaining rounds and declared Ross Druhan the winner.

* * * * *

The sparring of M. Watters of Dublin and J. Cassidy of Georgia went on through five rapid rounds to the great enjoyment of the spectators. The aggressiveness of the Georgia boy was coolly met by the close defense of the Irish lad and at the end, points being equal, the bout was declared a draw.

* * * * *

Chas. Holland and Clarence Paty, both of New Orleans and both of B. S. class, then gave an exhibition of heavy-weight prize fighting as interpreted by our colored brethren. The fight went on for ten rounds. Between the first and fifth rounds both men hit the mat repeatedly for the count of nine, but managed to gain their feet as fresh as ever. In the seventh round both were knocked out. The seconds ran to their assistance and the seconds were knocked out. The seconds having been revived the contest went on quietly till the tenth round when the referee himself hit the mat in trying to separate the men as they clinched. No decision was given!

At the close of the foot ball season head-guards and spiked shoes and all the other paraphernalia of the game were stowed away, and hammer and nails, cast-off lumber and old tin cans were brought forth and the making of traps began; for on the first day of December the squirrel season was to open and every one wished to be ready. Since then we can record with pleasure that our trappers have been successful. Every morning hunters are seen returning with traps under their arms—a certain sign that they have snapped and contain some creature of the forest. Sometimes it is a wood-rat, frequently a bird, but generally a furry little grey squirrel that trembles when you first handle him, manages to put a few holes in your fingers, but finally is tame enough to run up your leg and duck into a coat pocket after he has been sent aeroplaning to a height of a hundred feet or less.

* * * * *

We must not forget the single scalp that the June Bugs, a ninety pound foot ball team of the little yard, has dangling at its belt. The Hill Billies, a local aggregation, weighing about the same as our own June Bugs, challenged the latter to a contest on Maxon Field. At the appointed time the game was called and the fun began. Mendenhall and Maury of the visitors fought hard to turn the tide of victory but when the whistle ended the play the June Bugs had thrice crossed their opponents' goal. Captain Murray failed to kick the goals. The features of the game were the line-plunges of Ferlita, the end-runs of Schuessler and Abbott and the failure of Heck Hale to remember the signals.

* * * * *

Reports have reached us that the Yenni Literary Circle has begun the reading of the semi-annual play. May it equal if not exceed the many public efforts which it has been our pleasure to witness.

* * * * *

In our last issue we expressed the wish "that the Junior Band would be soon hitting only the high places along the road to musical fame," or words to that effect. We fear that they have taken us too literally, for from the rapid progress they have made there is great and serious danger of their being arrested for violating the speed laws.

* * * * *

We record with pleasure the happy choice of new magazines that have been subscribed for the new year. Among the principal ones that now find their way into the Junior Reading Room are Country Life in America, Outing, Recreation, Yachting, American Boy, and the Base Ball Magazine. Extension, Benziger's, Catholic Fireside and the Ave Maria are still on the subscription list and these, together with those left unmentioned, run the list of magazines up to eighteen.

The gymnasium class has been re-opened under the direction of Prof. Pottinger. It is due to the capabilities of this gentleman that such interest is shown in gymnastic work and it is our sincere hope that he will meet with all the success that he deserves.

* * * * *

The Junior Track Team carried off practically everything at the Gulf Coast Fair Track and Field Meet. To Master Irvine of Mobile, who captured first place in the high jump, we extend our congratulations.

Obituary

Rev. John P. McDonnell, S. J.

The faculty and students of Spring Hill were deeply grieved on hearing of the sudden death of Father McDonnell. He left us a few months ago in seemingly fair health and the best of spirits. On Sunday evening at 8:15 o'clock Father McConnell succumbed to an attack of apoplexy after several hours of unconsciousness, having been stricken just after Mass, while preaching to the students of St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La., of which he was chaplain.

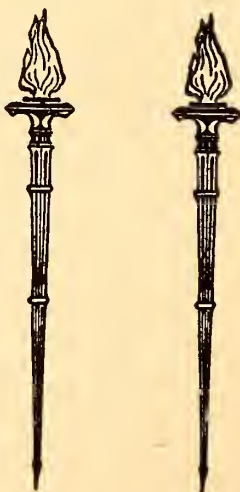
Rev. John P. McDonnell was born in Galveston, Tex., 1856. He attended the University of St. Mary during the regency of the Christian Brothers and during a portion of the period in which the Brothers of the Holy Cross had control. He entered Spring Hill College in 1871. During his stay here he was prefect of the sodality and was twice awarded the gold medal for good conduct by the votes of his fellow-students. On completing his course of studies Father McDonnell made a prolonged tour of Europe. He became a member of the Society of Jesus on February 21, 1877. The usual course of training and studies which the Society exacts of its members having been gone through, he was promoted to the priesthood on July 2, 1886. The ceremony of ordination took place in St. Patrick's Church, Galveston, Tex., and was performed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gallagher, D. D. After some years of teaching in the Jesuits' College, New Orleans, Father McDonnell engaged in an active career of missionary labors in Alabama and Georgia, interrupted by one year's residence in Montreal, Canada, where he acquired that knowledge of French of which he was ever afterwards so proud. The major portion of these years was spent in Macon, Ga. While there he aided in no small degree in the building of the magnificent St. Joseph's Church in that city. He is well and favorably remembered in Macon, especially by those who were not blessed by a super-abundance of the world's goods. Father McDonnell had a special predilection for the poor and the young, which mani-

fested itself on numerous occasions. During his last year at Spring Hill the lowest preparatory class was entrusted to his care and the zeal and energy which he put into his work, were sources of admiration and edification to faculty and student alike.

For the past two years he acted as chaplain of the boys. His sermons in the sodality and on Sunday mornings were highly appreciated by reason of their genuine piety and earnest simplicity. Though capable of oratorical flights of the highest order when occasion demanded, Father McDonnell chose rather the simpler and more familiar style of instruction. Nor were his sermons any the less effective for that.

Father John P. McDonnell was the soul of humor and geniality. His presence had an exhilarating effect on any company of which he formed part.

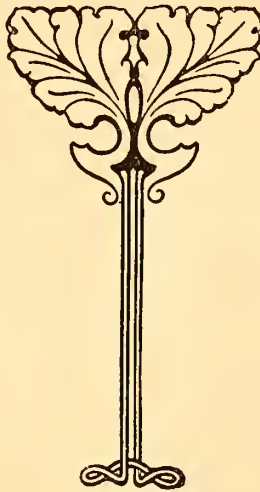
His remains were interred in the Jesuit Cemetery at Grand Coteau, La.
—R. I. P.



A. M. D. G.

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

SPRING HILL COLLEGE
MOBILE, ALABAMA



The object of THE SPRINGHILLIAN is to record College events, to stimulate literary endeavor among the students, and to form a closer bond between the boys of the Present and the Past

CONTENTS

Resurgam	T. S. K.
	Page
King Rufus and the Dragon—John Logan, '13	115
A Smile—Francis A. Meyer, '12	119
The Lure of Gold—B. A. Brulatour, '15	120
The Brides of Christ—E. I. F.	124
A Study in Black—Joseph A. Berthelot, '14	125
Luck—John J. Gilmore, '13	127
Culture of the Date Palm—Francis A. Meyer, '12	128
Plea for Mental Philosophy—George L. Mayer, '12	131
In the Spirit of Easter—Frank L. Prohaska, '13	134
Clearing His Friend—T. Howard Kelly, '14	137
Reformation or Deformation—Which?	140
Here and There—Frank L. Prohaska, '13	141
Accuracy of the Seismograph	145
Entertainments	146
Baseball—Pierre J. Becker, '13	148
Little Yard Notes—J. Frank Gillespie, '15	155
Obituary	158
Exchanges	169
Alumni	170

Resurgam

T. S. K.

When Death's chill inn my corpse shall fold
And give to dust its dust of old;

To ears of Faith let marble tongue
Then sing the psalms my Faith has sung:

"Who eateth of the Bread I give
Tho' dead before shall ever live.

"Each morn I ate the living Christ
And loved His altar place of tryst.

"Lazarus, their brother, dead,
Whose fetid flesh the worms had wed,

"He gave to live, when sisters twain
Had hoped and prayed when hope was vain.

"A night He sleeps—the winds in war
With Ocean shriek their battle roar.

"He wakes—"Be still!" He bids, then "Peace!"
The frothing sea subsides in fleece.

"When angels peal the blare of doom
And Life revives each grave and tomb,

"Then Faith in peace shall guerdoned be,
For trusting Him it did not see."



SPRING HILL-LOYOLA DEBATERS

Frank L. Prohaska, '13

George L. Mayer, '12

Maurice R. Woulfe, '13

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

OLD SERIES—VOL. XVI., NO. 3

APRIL, 1912

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV., NO. 3

Entered as second-class matter, October 29, 1910, at the post office at Spring Hill, Alabama, under the Act of March 23, 1879

King Rufus and the Dragon

JOHN LOGAN, '13.

Centuries ago, according to legends, when demons and monstrous dragons still inhabited the earth and committed many depredations on the riches of kings and numerous outrages on humanity, the northern portion of Norway, called Rufland, was ruled by a wise and good old king, named Rufus.

The King's palace was situated on a plain near the seashore, midway between the two extremities of his dominion. There he reigned and governed with supreme authority. His wisdom was like a huge and ever-flowing fountain whence prosperity was sprayed in every direction, spreading itself over every portion of his dominion. It was when the country was thus in its greatest prosperity that the happiness of the king was suddenly checked by the disappearance of his beloved and favorite son. It was thought that a dragon or some monster had carried the lad into the distant mountains, to make him his servant there. The whole country was aroused. Everybody, able to bear his weight, joined in the search for the youth, and it was only by the intervention of time that the great excitement was smothered and the torturing grief of the old king worn away. But still a day never passed that the king did not think of his son, and kneeling in prayer, ask the Lord to let him but see his son before he died. Time speedily passed; the monarch again took the reins of government into his directing hands, the country resumed its usual prosperity, and all went as before.

His kingdom now contained many flourishing cities, and his was indeed a most prosperous reign. But the old king was human and he, like all, had faults. His most serious fault was that he dabbled in speculations. King Rufus for many years had been collecting valuable furs from his subjects in different parts of his kingdom. These furs were the most precious in the whole of Europe as besides being very large and beautiful, they were also very scarce, Rufland being the only country where they could be obtained. The furs were in a great demand by the royalty of different kingdoms, as they could be made into costly garments of very rare beauty. The king expended all of his wealth and collected a great number of furs to ship to foreign countries and there exchanged them for large sums of gold and many precious stones.

For this purpose he had two strong ships fitted out, as he thought, with every thing necessary to protect them against the attacks of the dreaded sea monsters that destroyed so much wealth. And the ships were put under the command of trustworthy captains. The furs were loaded on the ships with the utmost caution. All then being ready, the ships departed from the shore of Rufland and slowly descended below the distant horizon.

Six months passed and the time arrived for the return of the ships. The old king grew very restless. The dawn of many a day found him on the seashore waiting with eager expectations for the sunrise to picture the approaching ships in the far distance; many a noon found him still there on the beach, sometimes walking back and forth on the white sand to enliven his muscles, and at other times resting on some wave-beaten rock, anxiously waiting; many a twilight as it turned from dusk to darkness, yet gave him obscure light as he wound his way homeward, with eager hopes of witnessing his ships return on the morrow.

Finally, one bright morning, just as the sun was rising above the horizon, he cast his eyes across the blue waters to the far northeast and there in the distance he could perceive something which appeared to be the mast and sails of a ship. And so it was, for two hours had not elapsed before he plainly saw the outlines of a vessel. With this sight returned the happy thought of the great heaps of gold and the gems the approaching vessels contained and the luxuries therein. He steadily watched for the second ship, but all in vain. As the one ship approached he saw plainly that it was his own. The first idea to enter his mind was that some sea monster had destroyed the other ship and seized his gold; but a second thought that the ship had become separated in a fog, quickly drove such unpleasant fears away.

The ship slowly drew near. The old man stood at the water's edge wishing that he could increase the speed of the vessel and then meet it half way, that he might the sooner obtain full information as to the delay and whereabouts of his second ship. When the approaching ship was but a short distance from the shore the old king beheld an animal of enormous size swimming swiftly toward it. He saw with amazement the huge thing board the ship and could hear the cries of terror coming from the men within. The aged monarch with horror beheld the powerful sea monster crush in the side of the ship and enter it. A battle ensued, as he could tell by the terrific noise. The king again grew very sad. He could not think what to do. A thousand impulses ran through his worried mind. And his only resort was to be silent and watch the ship.

By this time a crowd of excited people had gathered on the seashore, waiting to see what would happen. After the expiration of about thirty minutes the crowd beheld the dreadful monster, with the chest of gold secure in his clutches, rush out of the ship, plunge overboard and swiftly swim to-

wards the shore some distance away, leaving the ship in a blaze behind him. The people fled in every direction. One of the king's noblemen ran after the monster and following close behind him, discovered his den in the mountain caves.

The old king again found himself alone still on the barren seashore, there to dwell longer on his torturing troubles. He thought that all of his wealth was lost, his kingdom ruined and that the fierce monster might at any time come down from the mountains, slaughter his subjects and work havoc in all his dominion. These thoughts tortured his mind and he became desperate from grief. In despair, he threw himself face downward upon the sandy shore. As he lay thus a hand gently touched him upon the neck, a familiar voice spoke to him and for a while roused him from his excess of grief. He arose, gazed, and in astonishment beheld his captain standing before him. Each expressed his happiness at again seeing his friend, and the old king immediately demanded a detailed story of the voyage and all that had happened. The captain told him how they had in safety touched the principal ports of the foreign countries and disposed of the furs for large sums of gold; and how on their return trip they were caught in a violent hurricane and his ship driven far back out of its course; and how, when they neared their country's shore a monstrous sea dragon with fiery breath climbed aboard the ship, crushed in its side, spreading destruction on all sides, seized the treasure and departed. The captain asked if the other ship had not returned. The captain said it should have, as it was far in advance of his ship and being the stronger of the two was better able to go in the face of the storm. As the ship had not returned they concluded that it has approached the shore during some night and was destroyed by the same dragon.

The old king was much disappointed over the information obtained. But realizing that persistent dwelling on such troubles would not bring back his gold nor in any way better the state of affairs, he began to plan some means to regain his treasures from the dragon. The monster must be killed. He durst not risk his army against the fiery beast, as in such a multitude of men, each would be in the other's way and the fierce dragon would destroy his army and leave his kingdom defenseless. For he well remembered that many an army had been destroyed by such fiery demons.

The king offered to give one-half of his wealth to any one who would wrest the treasure from the dragon. The offer spread abroad. One day when the king was brooding over his losses and troubles, a servant entered and announced the arrival of a stranger. The king ordered him to be brought in. The stranger entered and stood before the king. He made known his intentions to kill the monster. He was a perfect specimen of manhood. The old king admired his huge physique, and immediately granted the stranger's request, and offered his best men to assist him in his task; but the noble man re-

fused their aid. He determined that he would only take a guide to show him the way to the monster's cave.

So the two made a speedy preparation for the enterprise, buckled on their heavy armor and departed. They went to the mountains and found tracks of the monster in the valley. They observed the path where he passed back and forth from one mountain to another. They could tell from the numerous fresh foot tracks that the monster frequently went that way. They closely examined every crook and turn of the pathway and noted a very narrow ravine cutting the path which the dragon used. The nobleman decided to conceal himself in the ravine just beneath where the monster would pass. His comrade would conceal himself on an elevation a short distance away to give the signal on the dragon's approach. Both took up their positions and awaited the arrival of the monster.

After a short interval the huge animal could be seen at a distance lumbering along the path toward the ravine. The signal was given and the young nobleman drew his sword. The earth seemed to tremble as the monster neared the ravine. The nobleman held his mighty sword in both hands and crouched in readiness. Just as the monster's head came in view over the young nobleman he struck a blow with all his bodily strength and severed it from the huge body. The deed was done. The dire calamities of the kingdom were now at an end. The victory was won. But before the nobleman could get from under the dragon's body, the poisonous blood poured on him, and he was saturated with it. He could neither see nor hear. He knew he must soon die. He quickly called his comrade to him and bade him take this message to the king: "Tell my father, the king of Rufland, that I have wrested his treasure from the dragon and freed his kingdom from its awful peril. I returned to him but would not make myself known until I had slain the monstrous dragon. In the fight some of the dragon's poisonous blood was spilled on me and I must die." The hero then passed away.

The messenger swiftly went and related all to the king. The old king remembered his prayers. Yes, they were granted him. It was his son. He must be contented. The king had a magnificent temple of stone erected over the hero's grave, the ruins of which may be seen even to this day.

A Smile

FRANCIS A. MAYER, '12.

Looking back down the avenues of time, and considering the generations after generations of men that have passed away, the brevity of human existence makes one pause in his life course and ask himself the question: "Am I doing my duty towards God and man? Can I look my fellow-man in the face fearlessly, with a smile upon my lips that depicts the happiness in my heart because of duty well done? Can I converse with my God with a smile of contentment that tells of the peace and restfulness of the soul of a faithful servant? Or must I hang my head in shame, not daring to smile lest anyone should penetrate the secrets of an unfaithful and undutiful heart? Or must I flee from the haunts of men and seek refuge in the wilderness, there to be unmolested and to die the death of the man who never smiles?" If I can reply in the positive to the first few of these questions, I am indeed a happy man.

It has been said that a smile on the human countenance is as sunlight on a beautiful landscape. A smile from the depths of a sincere heart cheers the despondent, brightens homes filled with sorrow and gladdens all who fall under its influence.

Did you ever see a beautiful smile? A smile to be beautiful must come upon the face direct from the impulse of the heart. It must be genuine, suggested by kindly feelings of affection or real sympathy. Smiling is never artificial, for the very fact that it cannot be. If it is an acquired grimace it ceases to be a smile. Never try to force yourself to smile, because that seems to others worse than a frown. A forced smile is merely a distortion of the face and it usually brings forth the ridicule of others. Picture to yourself a man who always greets everyone with a pleasant smile. Does he not encourage and give new energy to those who are despondent, and cheer and warm the hearts of the unhappy? Whereas the man whose face is always darkened by a frown is painful to look at. The one is beautiful and serene, the other painful and distressing. The former spreading an atmosphere of happiness, the latter shrouding all in gloom.

What is more beautiful than a mother's smile, as she looks down at her little babe, caressing it with a heart full of love and affection? And again, what is more serene than the smile of your old grandmother, her head covered with locks of snowy white, as she relates to you the harmless frolics of her childhood days? The one is the smile of cherished hope, the other the pleasure of memory.

A smiling countenance is the outward sign of a contented spirit, and those who smile sincerely are not by disposition fretful. Always look for the

silver lining of clouds; look at the bright side of the picture of life and a cheery smile will become habitual upon your face.

Smile, then, brother, smile! Fix things up with yourself in such a way that you will have a right to smile. Be at peace with yourself and with all men. Cultivate a smile and you will be charmed to find, to quote the homely verses, that:

"The thing that goes farthest towards making life worth while,
That costs the least and does the most, is just a pleasant smile.
There is no room for sadness when we see a cheery smile;
It always has the same good luck, it's never out of style.
It nerves us on to try again when failure makes us blue;
The dimples of encouragement are good for me and you.
It pays a higher interest, because it's merely lent;
It's worth a million dollars, and it doesn't cost a cent."

The Lure of Gold

B. A. BRULATOUR, '15.

"Jack, I'm going to take boxing lessons."

I was busy reading the paper and did not answer.

"If I were only able to box well, I would consider my education complete," continued Bill. Having delivered these remarks he gracefully filled his pipe and lit it.

Bill Cameron was an art student. No! he didn't restrict himself to the aesthetic, he was an Art Student, the kind that our colleges are turning out, with and without degrees. He was a Senior, well read, and an entertaining talker on many subjects. Bring up a question of classical antiquity and you would find him quite at home. Bring up the subject of athletics—any department—and you could rest satisfied on Bill's accurate and extended knowledge.

Have you ever pictured a young fellow—sort of Gibson man, yet not entirely Gibsonish; sort of Christy creation, yet not exactly Christified; just a combination of these two. If you can imagine that picture you have a fairly good impression of Bill Cameron externally as I know him. He was a favorite with the fellows, always in for a good time, and besides he could do things on the gridiron, track and diamond. With the faculty he was William Brilliant, with capital letters. During the years leading up to senior he found it advisable to pay occasional visits to certain professors, but Bill invariably left their company smiling reflectively. Now if you could only have seen that satisfied smile, starting from the corners of his lips, slowly creeping over the

dimpling chin, lighting the eyes and terminating in the explosion of soft, melodious laughter—just then it was that Bill was good to look upon.

When Bill Cameron felt like studying he could accomplish more in one hour than most fellows could in four. But unfortunately my good friend was conscientiously opposed to overwork. He would rather dream of green fields, running brooks, moonlight on the water and the Maid. At times I heard little else from Bill than discourses on this creature whom he invariably termed the Maid. Her picture in different styles adorned the four walls, the chiffonier, his desk, and reposed in every drawer in the room. The only positive information I could ever squeeze out of him regarding this wondrous entity was that she had red hair. Bill said, "her tresses were a burnished glory shining like spun gold when the sunbeams play on it." Her eyes were probably blue, for, to quote him again, "they were the azure of a summer's sky." In short, I understood, judging from her pictures and making due allowance for the rustic photographer's lack of technical skill, that the Maid was a passably good example of the American girl. Bill's description was somewhat circumstantial and ideal. If you were to hear him discourse on her merit and charms, you might—unless you were quite sentimental yourself—smile. If you were past that age or in a hurry, then you might say, "Bosh."

Bill Cameron could write letters. Every day at least a dozen had to be answered. I honestly believe he carried on a correspondence with every Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Special at—well, at a large college where young men are very seldom seen. Of a certainty every time Bill would walk towards the postoffice, two days later he would receive a daintily perfumed missive from the red-haired girl. His infatuation had begun I don't know when. I met him as a pal after the first meal of our Freshman year and the case was not in the first stages of development even at that date.

Something went wrong with them last fall—none of our business of course—but the letters from and to the Maid actually ceased. Bill didn't show must exterior regret; only that dreamy, far-away look deepened in his eyes. Then his other correspondence suffered; just why I did not attempt to find out. He was then "completing his education" under a capable instructor, and could hit straight from the shoulder—but that isn't why I didn't question him about neglecting his old pastime of letter-writing. I sincerely believed that Bill had forgotten the Maid and didn't care to recall the subject to his mind. I didn't like the way he had been playing the game. His play was entirely too strong, or rather too consistent. Writing a letter every other day—and sending it—to a red-headed girl has marred many a most promising career.

It scarcely seemed natural that Bill Cameron should be so foolish, but he had on several occasions talked seriously about settling down. Before our mid-year exams in February, which threatened to be fierce, he had planned

to do something desperate if he flunked—and the Maid was involved in his plans. However, things went happily for both Bill and me. That is how we happened to be in the same quarters again. Now that he had become more sensible I quit urging him to forget the golden splendors of this mysterious girl. Everything looked smooth, though I couldn't quite comprehend how he forgot the Maid entirely, as he seemed to have done. Her picture was on the wall, but only as an incidental. It no longer obtruded itself on you as the only theme of art and conversation.

Well, the year dragged on, and on the day of his graduation we broke up housekeeping. That wasn't much of a job, as various articles were already broken, and the rest were unbreakable. Bill felt like talking that morning and the advice he gave me was boiling over with wisdom, but I was packing my trunk and couldn't follow much of it. However, when Bill started packing my turn came and I proceeded to extend my views on how to get what the world owes you. I knew he wouldn't pay much attention, but I was leading up to something else. I simply had to give my friends warning concerning his red peril. I led up to the topic, as I thought, quite gently. He had been very communicative until I mentioned her name, then he began packing his trunk in real earnest, without regard to order. However, I managed to extract from him three straightforward "Nopes."

"Heard from the Maid lately?" I asked suddenly.

"Nope!—not directly," Bill answered.

"Written to her lately?" was my next question.

"Nope!—not for some time," he replied.

"Going to?" was my last.

"Nope!" And with that Bill slammed the lid of his trunk and looked it.

At the station Bill's train left before mine. We had said goodbye several times already, but just as the train was pulling out I said it again and then added:

"Now, Bill Cameron, whatever you do, don't let that red-headed girl get you."

He smiled and nodded, which, I suppose meant: "Don't worry."

I didn't hear from Bill for some time. Then a letter came, followed by several others. The Maid was not mentioned in any of them. I was beginning to think that my advice to Bill was not all in vain, and you know yourself how one feels when he thinks that his wisdom is appreciated. I wrote several times to Bill, telling him what news I could without making any reference to the red-haired damsel. You can imagine how I felt on the morning of September 5th. I received a telegram, and on tearing it open read:

"The Maid got me all right. Come down the 20th sure."

(Signed)

Bill.

Well, after I recovered somewhat I decided to go down. Bill Cameron wore the customary black. There were music and flowers and all that, but what I wanted to know was: "How did the red-haired girl finally get Bill?"

I asked him, but he only gave me that old-time chuckle in response. Then I questioned the Maid—that is, the matron, Mrs. Bill Cameron. The light in her blue eyes deepened into the purple of early dawn and her hair seemed a massive crown of shimmering radiance. She only smiled. Then I knew how the Maid finally got Bill.

"Alas!" I thought to myself with bitterness as I called to mind how Bill had been absorbed in domestic affairs and lost forever to the diamond and gridiron, "Alas! it is the world-old fascination—the accursed lure of gold."



The Brides of Christ

E. I. F

Along the sacred aisles they come,
With softened step and slow,
The Brides of Christ, His chosen Fair,
Arrayed in purest snow.

To altar steps they wend their way,
Where gleams the mellow light;
Where fragrant lilies lend their charm,
To grace the holy sight.

Loud swell the throbbing chords of sound,
Sweet anthems fill the air;
Mystic stillness creeping fills
The soul with ecstasy.

Before the altar throne they kneel,
And pledge their holy word,
The faithful brides to be till death,
Of Christ their King and Lord.

“O Lover of our virgin hearts,
These hearts we give to Thee;
Their every throb, their hopes, their love,
Be Thine eternally.”

“We crave no other will but Thine,
No riches save Thy grace;
On earth to serve, in heaven to love,
And see Thee face to face.”

The bond is sealed, the promise made,
Their hearts with bliss abound;
For Christ His virgin Brides, and Him
His chosen ones have found.

O Spouse of Christ! how blest your lot!
For when life's dream is o'er,
'Tis yours to tend the spotless Lamb,
In heaven for evermore.

A Study in Black

JOSEPH A. BERTHELOT, '14.

There is only one thing that a negro loves better than chicken, and that, according to the best authorities, is a roasted 'possum with sweet potatoes. The incident which I am about to relate happened near the town of C——, in northern Louisiana, and if you will take the trouble to visit the place and inquire into the veracity of my story, you will find that although it happened years ago, it is still well remembered.

Early one summer morning there was a great commotion near Aunt Betty's cabin down in the plantation quarters. Standing around the door was a small crowd of colored women, gathered to hear Aunt Betty's stream of oratory which was poured forth in a manner at once loud and demonstrative. She seemed to be very much perturbed and held up in one hand an old tattered black hat, while the other clutched a fine Leghorn rooster. She wound up her speech in this manner: "Here am de hat and here am de chicken. Yo' all knows who de hat is de property of? Why, Harry Gibson done wore hit since las' grinding when he got paid off and bought him a new outfit, after footin' de ration bill. And de chicken, who else but de madam got sech fine portry round here. I'se gwine to ca'ay 'em right on up to de big house and show 'em to de boss."

There was a murmur of approval, and all testified as to the ownership of the hat, for Harry Gibson's was a familiar figure around the place. He hardly did anything but loaf, and it was a constant source of wonder as to how he managed to stock his larder. The secret was now out.

After having vented her spleen, Aunt Betty put on her bonnet and leisurely started towards the residence of Mr. Edward Humpreys, who was the owner of the plantation. Aunt Betty acted in the capacity of cook and had held the same position for ten years. After she had tidied up the kitchen and kindled a fire, she proceeded upstairs, knocked at the door, and at the response of: "Come in," entered, and bade her lady: "Good morning."

"Good morning, Aunt Betty. What have you there? A man's hat and—why, it's one of my chickens!"

"Yes, mum," she answered, "it shore is. Dis morning long 'bout two o'clock I woke up and heard a racket in de chimbly. At first it sounded lak dose chimbly-sweeps what you'all calls swallors. Den sumpin hit flop right smack on de harth. I shore was skeered. I thought I'd die. Howsomever I shook Rufus as hard as I cud without making no racket. But Rufus he done been down to de dago stand till late las' night, and come home walking sorter onsteady. So I see 'twarnt no use to fiddle wid him. Den de man commence

to creep round until he found Rufus' cloes, whar he done lef' dem on de flo'. I cud hear all Rufus' winnins jingle as de man tuk 'em out of Rufus' pocket and put them into his'n. And it shore done made me' hot, 'cause Rufus say he done won two dollars and six bits at craps, not counting de treats. Den de robber crep up close to de bed, and begin to feel round fer my cash. I allus keeps it under my piller at night. When he done felt a little bit I got hot and cotched hold of his hat and har and begun to shout. He broke loose and jumped outen de window, busting it as he went, but I had his hat and there it is. When he done gone, that lazy no 'count nigger Rufus woke up, and then Uncle Peter what lives next do' come over and axes me wharefo' I make all dat fuss. I tells him, and he 'lows dat he'll catch dat skunky creetur. Him and Rufus looks all round and at las' de finds dis here chicken un'er de house and it shore am yourn."

"You may cook it for yourself, Betty."

"Well," continued Betty, "das erbout all, 'cept dat Rufus got so skeart dat he turned sober, and he am out ploughing in de field now. He 'lows dat if he ever catches dat nigger he'll run him tell he wears de soles offen his feet. But don't you believe it, ma'am; Rufus 'ud hunt his hole if he sees dat tief."

After Aunt Betty had finished her tale of woe, she was instructed to tell her story to Mr. Humphreys, who would give her justice. This she did when he came in for breakfast. Mr. Humphreys then went to his overseer's cottage and consulted with him. When they had decided on a plan of action they proceeded to investigate Harry's cabin, for he seemed to be the culprit. They found it locked. However, the overseer was posted at the back door, and Mr. Humphreys knocked at the front. No sooner was this done than Harry ran out at the back only to be caught by the overseer. On entering the cabin it could easily be seen that the rascal meditated taking French leave. All of his few portable possessions, which consisted of pots, pans and so forth, were piled in the middle of the floor ready to be made into a bundle. In a cupboard were found a shirt and a pair of trousers full of soot and dirt. This evidence having been unearthed, Harry confessed and owned up to having stolen the chicken, but he stoutly denied having robbed Rufus. "Why," he said, "dat nigger didn't have a cent in his pocket and it made me cuss to think dat I clum all the way down dat chimbley for nothing."

As Harry seemed to be penitent and to fear a horse-whipping, he was not sent to jail, but was put to work splitting stove-wood near the owner's house. Aunt Betty seemed to bear the culprit no malice and when she came out for fuel they could be seen gossiping in perfect unity. However, as his escapade had been noised abroad, Harry soon moved off the plantation. Before he left, the other negroes on the place led the culprit what is called a "dog's life."

Luck

JOHN J. GILMORE, '13.

Luck, a word used very often in game or business, success or down-fall. No matter where you go, no matter where you are, it will always be luck, whether bad or good. Companions may differ, situations may change, time and circumstances may be altered, but luck is a companion never to be shaken off. It keeps its ubication at our side, it allows no time or circumstances to gain a victory without it.

But did you ever look deep into this very much used word? If you have you will find that it is always the best and hardest worker, who captures the master instrument—"Good Luck." So true is this and so evident to the discerning mind that every civilized nation quotes the ancient proverb, "Fortuna fortes adjuvat." The man who does the deepest thinking, the broker who is the shrewdest, the capitalist who is the surest, the salesman who is the best orator, the stenographer who is the quickest, and the laborer who is the most strenuous worker, is the man whom luck follows, moves, urges, and in the contest of difficulties, clasps to his bosom with hooks of steel.

In athletic contests the same will be found to be true. In football you have the lucky man. Suppose the case, where the ball is on the twenty yard line. There are only two minutes to play. The opposing team is three points ahead. The half-back goes through tackle like a ball out of a cannon. He lays out the quarter who tries to stop him, and makes a touch-down. Not by luck, but by human strength which he possesses in an exuberant degree.

Take the basketball player who makes a sensational shot, and saves the game. Is it luck altogether? No; if you notice him in practice, you will find that he has been working on this same shot for some time. He brings it down to such a fine point that he soon becomes accustomed to the throw, and we see clearly that it was long continued practice that enabled him to make that basket, and not simply luck.

Then we have our "National Game." I am sure my reader patronizes this wonderful game, and, if so, he doubtless has often heard the remark, "Hard luck, old boy." Why is it that the batter failed to connect with the ball? Why did the fielder make that error? Why did the pitcher walk that man? Why was the runner tagged out at home? These are a few of the many questions that we frequently hear asked while at the ball game. They are very easy to answer if you leave out the term "Luck." As to the first question we can furnish a good many reasons. The pitcher's curves broke in various unfamiliar places, or the ball was a little lower or higher than usual. As regards our second interrogation, we can say: "The bounce was

not good, the ball was too swift or the player a little slow." What was the pitcher's trouble? He was up all night or the majority of the hours of it. He had a better time than usual the night before. His arm was stiff and sore from overwork, or he had been laid up without practice. So you see all the mishaps in baseball are not to be laid at the door of luck.

Look now at our modern gambler, the luckiest or unluckiest man in the world. What is the mystery of the lucky gambler? He is shrewd and quick in mind, or an expert in legerdemain. He wins, and very seldom loses. Why? Because he knows by experience when to bet and when to drop out. He knows how and on what to bet. This is our lucky gambler. The unlucky gambler is often unexperienced, or one who is waiting for his luck to turn up. He waits, but nothing ever happens, he wins seldom and loses often, because his bets are made carelessly. Consequently his losses are heavy.

Now anyone who drinks deep in the knowledge of human nature, knows from what source proceeds that which we call luck. For a man who has a good method is the man that has good luck. He who half dozes, while gazing around for good luck, with his arms folded, is the man who always finds the reverse. The winner is the luckiest, but it is usually because the winner is the best. The best man is the luckiest man. This can be found in every nook and corner of the earth. No matter what company you keep, no matter where you are, no matter who you are, you will find that the best man is the luckiest man.

Culture of the Date Palm

FRANCIS A. MEYER, '12.

Among the various plants which the vegetable world offers for our consideration, there is none that I can think of that would prove as interesting and at the same time educating, as that type of Palmaceae known as the date palm.

This beautiful tree was one of the first plants to be cultivated by the Arabs and it yields a most delicious fruit, the date. The date palm is among the oldest of cultivated plants and has been fully described and carefully figured on the wall sculptures of the ancient Assyrians. It is very highly esteemed in Egypt and throughout the Sahara Desert. Very probably the date palm existed in ancient Africa, before the arrival of the Arabs. The introduction of the camel made it possible for the inhabitants of the desert to obtain all the food necessary, simply by growing dates and exchanging them for other food material. Thus the culture of the date palm became and is still the most important industry throughout the Sahara Desert.

The date tree is xerophytic, in a certain sense, rising to the height of eighty or ninety feet. It is indigenous to the Sahara Desert and regions of northern Africa. The average palm tree produces from fifteen to sixteen leaves in a year. These leaves remain alive and green for several years, after which they fall over, in order to give place for new leaves, and remain attached to the trunk. The trees vary in size. Some reaching upward to a considerable height, others not exceeding twenty feet. On account of its beautiful appearance the date palm has been styled the "Prince of Vegetables."

The fruit which the tree yields is produced in large bunches, like the banana, each bunch weighing in the neighborhood of about twenty-five or thirty pounds. An adult tree, that is a tree which is about eight summers old, has about seventeen bunches to account for, approximately about three hundred pounds of fruit. There are three qualities of dates, which are produced by the trees cultivated in the Sahara. The first and third kind we are familiar with because they are used to a great extent by the American people. But the second kind has never been transported to this country, owing to the fact that the Arabs consider it the best date for their own every day use, being hard and least expensive. It would not do for table use, however, and in its place we have the "Deglet Noor," or "Date of the Light," as its name signifies. It is medium sized, amber-colored and translucent when ripe, having a soft flesh of the highest flavor.

The date palm plays a very important part in the life of the inhabitants of Arabia and Africa because not only is its fruit of great food value, but the timber which it furnishes is used considerably in the construction of houses and other necessary objects. There is another use which the Arabs make of this beautiful plant besides using its fruit for food and its timber for houses. The leaves which are feather-shaped and very large, frequently from ten to fifteen feet long, offer a partial shade under which it is possible to grow other trees and vegetables, which could not exist if subjected to the burning winds and direct rays of the desert sun.

The difficulty which American cultivators of the date palm meet, in the growing of this tree, is the finding of suitable climatic conditions. For the tree may grow to a great height, with finely shaped leaves yet be barren of fruit because the peculiar conditions necessary for its fructification are wanting.

The date palm is grown profitably only in arid regions, but at the same time demands a constant supply of water at its roots, and for this purpose small ditches are constructed between the rows; while the leaves and trunk delight in a perfectly dry and hot climate. A well known Arab proverb, describing the climatic requirements perfectly, runs: "The date palm, the queen of trees, must have her feet in running water and her head in the burning sky."

Another important condition for the cultivation of the date palm is that the winters be not too cold. For, although this remarkable tree is able to stand much more cold than the average fruit tree, it matures best in regions where the winters are not so severe. For example, when the tree is in a dormant condition it is entirely uninjured by temperatures ten and twelve degrees Fahrenheit below the freezing point. In the Sahara nothing is more feared by the inhabitants than a heavy rain just as the fruit is ripening. If it happens that a rainfall be followed by a few days of cloudy and humid weather, a whole crop may be lost. It is false, therefore, to think that because a tree flourishes in a region that it may be cultivated there profitably as a fruit tree.

This remarkable tree was first introduced into America by the early Jesuit and Franciscan missionaries. It is not recorded, however, whether these first offshoots were successful. Later attempts to introduce the tree were successful in Mexico, Arizona and California. The quality of dates which are produced are not the best, owing not only to the difficulty of finding a suitable locality, but in getting the shoots from the best trees. Cultivators have experimented in different parts of America and they have been successful to some extent where the region is most arid.

The best dates produced in the United States to-day are plucked from the date trees which are cultivated in Arizona and Mexico. Partial success only has attended the efforts of the cultivators of the date palm in California, owing to the fact that cool sea breezes constantly invade that region, and dispel the hot atmosphere which is so essential to the growth of this remarkable tree.

In order to transport the date palm to the United States, scientists secured offshoots from some of the best fruit bearing trees cultivated in the Sahara. These offshoots were packed in boxes, separated by some soft cloth, so as not to damage them. In this way we were able to procure the trees which are at present being cultivated in Arizona, California and Mexico, and which yield yearly nearly four hundred thousand dollars worth of fruit. The offshoots in order to grow successfully must be planted in rows at a certain distance from each other. The Arabs, however, do not consider this and with their method it is very difficult to keep account of the trees which have been pollinated and those which have not been. Of course this applies only to those trees which the Arabs had to pollinate themselves.

Unlike most fruit trees the date palm is dioecious, that is, has the flower producing the pollen on one tree and the fruit formed on another. The pollen is carried by the wind, just as in the ordinary wind pollinated flowers, from the pollen boxes of the male flowers to the stigmatic surface of the female flower. The Arabs find that the flowers can be pollinated artificially and they have recourse to the following method: They climb the female

tree and tie a pollen producing flower in a cluster of female flowers. In this way a single male tree is made to pollinate the flowers of a great number of female trees; whereas if the pollination is left to the wind almost as many male trees are required as there are female trees.

The age at which the date palm comes into bearing depends much upon the climate and soil. Where planted in rich soil and watered abundantly, and where the summer heat is intense and long-continued the date palm may begin to fruit when very young. However, trees are not considered by cultivators to yield paying quantities until they are at least six to eight years old.

The dates are allowed to mature on the trees, after which they are gathered, cured and packed in layers in small boxes, and then sent into the market.

A Brief Plea for the Mental Philosophy of the Scholastics

GEORGE L. MAYER, '12.

Scholastic philosophy has been associated in the minds of not a few with such paltry quirks as, for example, how many angels can dance on the point of a needle; also with an endless number of fine-spun subtleties and hair-splitting distinctions. In short, it is synonymous with the term, "dry goods and notions." On all sides it is apparent that much of the prejudice that arose against scholastic philosophy has now given way to a keen appreciation of its truths, and confidence in its positions. Every philosopher in his sincere search after truth has found in it a spiritual haven against all that is sham in ethics, dangerous in mental philosophy, and subversive in political economy. Mr. Perrier's work on this point has greatly contributed to its revival in many parts of this country.

The great Aristotle, the philosopher of philosophers, is truly styled the father of scholasticism. This system, far from being opposed to science, as we are told, has science for its very backbone. Its followers are the earnest seekers and lovers of truth under its manifold aspects.

Upon taking up history we find scholasticism prevalent in the schools of the middle ages. But it did not long hold its supremacy, for there sprang up some bitter foes, who from the hatred of what they wrongfully assumed to be scholastic philosophers, began to pour the vials of their wrathful ridicule upon the system itself. Its doctrines were attacked by the English reformers.

Hume, Mill, Mansel, Hamilton, and others. These men threw dust into the eyes of the uncautious reader, and soon led him away from the well-trodden highway of knowledge into the pitfalls of error. The minor logic of the scholastics did not suffer much criticism at their hands, but the theory of the universals in major logic was the first great thesis which was submitted to their merciless castigation. And because they did not, and could not, discover any object corresponding to that concept, they simply accorded it a certificate of non-existence, thus denying to the mind of man its greatest dowry, the power of mental abstraction. Other questions of metaphysics fared no better at their hands. These they likewise regarded as mere mental figments. The fear of laying themselves open to the charge of inconsistency led them to beat from the field the theory of the possibles and that of matter and form, as defended by the scholastics. Reform, what awful things have been done in thy name! Then invading the domain of cosmology, the so-called modern thinkers made frantic efforts to explain the origin of all mundane realities from self-existent matter, the most self-contradictory statement ever thrust upon an intelligent people. Psychology could not escape the assaults of the reformers. The simplicity of the human soul and its spirituality, involving its survival of the body and its permanent immortality were scorned and scoffed at. The thought was indeed a troublesome bed-fellow to those worshippers at the shrine of sensuality. And so it, too, had to go. Thus they continued to condemn everything that could not be seen, felt, heard or smelt. When they had completed their work, for the simple reason that there was nothing left standing, nothing more could be reformed. And so the blow dealt Scholasticism was deemed so fatal by its opponents, that it must now be dead. But what they thought to be death was but a temporary slumber. Though apparently wounded, it found refuge in the cloisters among the monks, until such time as it might again emerge from its shelter, don its pristine splendor and wear once more the crown which a ruthless foe had in vain tried to tear from its brow. We, now in this twentieth century, have the privilege and consolation of seeing the truth once crushed to earth and seemingly stamped out rise and flourish.

Nevertheless its enemies are still numerous; among whom we find those who are unwilling to search for truth where only it can be got at, those who are unwilling to acknowledge the great Uncaused Cause, and finally, those whom the force of habit has entangled in the meshes of sin. That antagonism meets one at every step. It is displayed in the literature of the day, in the lectures delivered at our great universities, and even in the pulpit. Catholic philosophy is a target at which chemists, and physicists unceasingly hurl their shafts. This, however, need not dishearten the earnest student; for, as has been already mentioned, in the literature of the present day may be detected the signs of a growing interest in metaphysical researches. The tide is evi-

dently turning, and it were well if we could take it at the flood, but how? That verily is the question. For again let it be repeated there are not a few well informed men in English-speaking countries, even among those whose profession is the teaching of physical sciences, who, bewildered at this Babel of new philosophies springing up all around them, are sighing for a return of the old philosophy, but do not know where to meet with it. They could, it is true, turn to the folios of the scholastic doctors, but this surely is to ask too much of men who have neither the leisure, nor the preparation required for such an eclectic course. What, then, can be done to foster the study of scholastic philosophy and bring it within reach of the cultured classes? We humbly submit the advisability of a complete course of philosophy dressed in an English garb, and freed from that terminology which is so often an impediment instead of a help. We have indeed excellent manuals on the subject, but these are either too diffuse or too brief. To compendiate *Metaphysics* as some of these authors do is "to lull a giant to slumber in a baby's cradle." To say that the study of Mental Philosophy is easy is to show a woful ignorance of the meaning of the term. It requires continued and patient care and attention. It is an error to suppose that true philosophy can be mastered in an hour, that one can jump into it as into a suit of new-made clothes. You cannot read a treatise on *Metaphysics* as you peruse the pages of a novel. Hence, to publish philosophy in that compendious form, which in a great measure prevails in this country, may be useful enough with the aid of a skilled professor, but what of those who lack such help? It is such we have in our mind's eye presently, and they could be benefited only by a more complete treatise than that which usually issues from the press. By completeness, however, we do not mean diffusiveness, a charge which may be laid at the door of some otherwise excellent manuals which might be quoted.

Therefore, if this brief paper has served to banish from the minds of some a prejudice against Scholastic Philosophy, and to lead those who are well equipped for the task to publish a work which may be within the intellectual reach of all, the writer may be pardoned for modestly indulging the hope that those few jottings have not fallen short of their purpose.



In the Spirit of Easter

FRANK L. PROHASKA, '13.

As Carlo reached the sidewalk after a late breakfast he lifted his hat and inhaled of the light spring breeze that found its way into this congested quarter of the city. The hotel he had just left was the best in the city, and at night, limousines by the scores drew up at its front to disgorge the lions and butterflies for its gay banquet room. He did not step into a hansom, but walked to the corner, where he hailed a passing car to the suburbs.

When he walked to his seat there was a craning of necks, for the occupants were aware that a Personage was in their midst. His light grey suit and wide-brimmed straw hat enhanced his clear-cut features, and the cane he carried did not mark him a fop, but rather gave him a look of distinction. He created consternation when he stopped the car at the entrance to the Home for the Aged. A person of his rank going there! But a word about the Personage.

The night before, in the realms of grand opera there had revelled a tenor who was nearing the close of his first season. Patrons were charmed, the public gave vent to praises, the papers featured him with full page write-ups. For a charmer indeed had appeared, and Carlo Luscini was the name on every tongue when grand opera was the subject of conversation.

As he walked up the hedge-bordered avenue to the Home he tried to concentrate his thoughts on his mission. His head was turned certainly. Was he really going to flaunt himself before the eyes of her who was a child with him? He tried to analyze his feelings. He could not explain satisfactorily to himself why he had come. His summons was answered by the portress, and he asked to see a Sister Agnes, if she was in.

Saying she would call her, the Sister left him in the reception room. As he gazed around at the cheap prints on the wall, he smiled. Would not Angelo, Rembrandt and Hoffman shudder at these lithographed representations. He had been in salons where great masters hung, and his, the soul of an artist, had been carried away by the grandeur of their pictures. Finally his eye caught sight of a crucifix. It brought before him the object of his visit.

They had been playmates, and many a childish quarrel had ended in these words: "Yes, I'm going to be a nun, you mean, horrid boy." Such a threat could never be taken seriously, and yet when they had come to the parting of the ways, she chose the better way, and he went off to study in the conservatory. Now, after a good many years they happened to be in the same city. He had not known it until his engagement was nearly at an end. Hence his visit. He admitted to himself that he came out of curiosity, to see the change wrought behind the religious veil on one who once courted admiration in the full glory of worldly brocade.

His reverie was disturbed by the entrance of a tall, handsome sister who bore unmistakably the signs of refinement, though her hands were not lily white nor her finger nails a delicate pink. Her dignity of bearing told certainly that she had once been a queen among queens.

"Charles!"

"Margaret!"

The surprise was Margaret's. They clasped hands warmly. It was evident that Charles was embarrassed what to do in these circumstances. But Margaret came to his rescue.

"I was surprised when Sister Angelina announced a caller; and she described him as very rich looking. I never thought for a moment it was you. Why, it seems an age since we saw each other last. I know you have grown in wisdom—tell me about yourself. My life here is the same day after day."

"Yes, I imagine so. But do you know, Margaret, if I could find the fountain of perpetual youth I'd drink it dry. I'm famous, too." This last was said in his old tone of boyish pride.

They continued to talk as two long parted friends often do. He told of his new name and his success, and finally they touched upon religion.

"Do you practice your faith at all?" asked Margaret.

Charles answered the inquiry truthfully. He had grown cold in his faith. In years he had not set foot inside a church. He excused himself, saying his art stood in the way of such things. Besides, what would all his rich admirers say were they to see him going to church. He should lose his prestige. In vain Margaret reasoned; she expostulated.

"Next Sunday is the first in Lent, and your season closes this week. Come to the chapel here for Mass, Charles. Or, if you don't want to come to Mass, come just to sing for the inmates. It would be a rare treat."

"Really, Margaret, I can't promise."

His brow puckered. He had engagements for almost all that Sunday.

"In fact, I shan't be able to. I'll want to rest up after this week."

"If going out and having a good time is resting up, Charles, I can see your condition at the end of your rest. No, Charles, that very success which keeps you so rushed you owe to your God. I do not ask too much. Suppose you come just to sing,—just a sort of farewell affair. You will not have a cultured nor intelligent audience, but think of the reward—their love and gratitude, infinitely more than all the praises of all who ever heard you."

Charles was undecided when he left some time afterwards whether to please Margaret or favor the reigning queen of society, who had asked him for the week-end.

His better self prevailed, and he wrote an apology to his hostess. In her drawing room he could sing and be petted, but would he be appreciated? These people had often heard him and others. He was just a fad now. On

the other hand, in the refectory of the Home he could sing, but would he not be appreciated? These simple folk would think him a being come from Heaven with the voice of an angel. They would think him wonderful. Would he not feel the pleasure of superiority?

The week passed and Sunday dawned abright, with rosy promises for another Sunday not forty days away. As Charles was being driven out of the bustle in a car that one of his friends had placed at his disposal, he sighed contentedly. He could not draw back now. He had paid for his curiosity, and strangely he felt glad.

Margaret met him at the door. She knew he would come and had Mass postponed. Together they went into the chapel. Margaret left him in a pew and went into the community section from where she watched with dimmed eyes his attempts to appear at ease.

After Mass, all went into the refectory where Sister Agnes introduced Signior Carlo Luscini, who had come for Mass. He was an opera singer. Would he sing? He was glad to. He rose and sang some of the roles that had won him his fame. He sang as he never had before. The room was a large, airy one, and his voice filled it; his audience was spell-bound.

When he finished there was not the conventional applause he was accustomed to. Instead, there were sighs, murmurs of "God bless him!" and smiles that they spoke affection.

* * * * *

It is Easter morning. Everywhere the flowers are gay in their spring attire. In the chapel of the Home for the Aged there kneels at the Holy Table one whom the grace of God and the prayers of those in whose dreary lives he had brought a ray of sunshine, won back to the Fold. Truly Charles had risen.



Clearing His Friend

T. HOWARD KELLY, '14.

Jack Rambert, a student of Rueker Institute, sat in his well appointed room in Crumly Hall mentally buried in one of McCutcheon's latest novels. It was a dark and cold night; outside the wind howled about the building, and the rain fell in torrents. The noise of a passing automobile startled Jack, and he rose, yawned a few times and glanced at the clock. He was very much surprised to find out that it was nearly twelve o'clock. "Nearly twelve, and Joe not in yet; he had better hurry, or 'Prof.' Jason will nab him sure," muttered Jack, as he prepared to retire for the night.

Just as Rambert was extinguishing the lights in his room, he heard a stealthy step approaching along the corridor. He listened in absolute silence. No other sound was audible, save the occasional howling of the wind, the ceaseless patter of rain, and the measured tread in the hall. The footsteps approached till they reached Jack's door, and then after a few seconds' pause, continued down the hallway. "It must be the night-watchman," muttered Jack to himself. "For who else would be around at this hour of the night? But nevertheless I will make sure and look." Thus soliloquizing, he softly opened the door and peering out into the dimly lighted corridor he discerned the large figure of his room-mate, just about to descend the stairway.

Quickly closing and locking the door, he sat on the edge of his bed, trying to comprehend the reason of Frankton's action. "What can he be up to? He must have something up," mused Jack. His inward reflections on the matter were rudely interrupted by the "chug, chug, ehug," of a motor-car, which was passing directly beneath his window. "By Jove, but that sounds like Joe's car," said Jack softly, and at the same moment he drew back the window curtain, and gazed after the fast disappearing red and green lights of a large machine which was speeding along the "Old Pike."

"No, it couldn't be Joe's," he mused, and with this remark he surrendered to the overpowering influence of gentle sleep, and was soon in Slumberland.

The next morning upon awakening he was very much surprised to find Joe's bed vacant, and no signs to indicate that his room-mate had spent the night in the room.

As soon as he finished dressing, Rambert went over to Science Hall, thinking that he might find his room-mate over there; for it happened that Joe was very fond of the sciences, especially chemistry. He was reputed to be the best chemist among the students of the institute.

But the walk was unfruitful. He could not locate Joe, so he turned his

footsteps towards his favorite cafe. While waiting for his breakfast to be served, he bought the morning paper, and glancing at the front page, his eye was arrested by the following lines in bold type: "Second National Bank Looted Last Night."

His interest quickened, when reading the particulars he learned that the robber had been an experienced chemist, as the safe had been blown open noiselessly, by the aid of strong chemicals. The paper stated that the robbery had taken place about twelve o'clock, and that the robber or robbers evidently made away in a machine, judging from the tire tracks in the bank's alley. As he read these facts, cold beads of perspiration stood on his forehead, for a terrible suspicion dawned upon him; his room-mate, sneaking about the corridor, the fact of his being an experienced chemist, and the motor, all coincided with the newspaper's report. Even the time, twelve o'clock was correct. "Lord," thought Rambert, "could it have been Joe? What in heaven's name would induce him to do such a thing? No, God forgive me for the suspicion; Joe is too noble, too honorable, he could not have been the robber; but yet the evidence."

Hurriedly consuming his breakfast, he hastened to the Globe Garage, where Joe kept his car. Upon reaching the garage, he enquired about Frankton and his car; but all the information he could get was: "Mr. Frankton took his machine out about eight o'clock last night and he hasn't returned with it yet."

Jack was in an excited state of mind. He was loath to ask the advice of his many friends, for their view of the case would, in all probability, be convinced by Joe's absence, and by all of these strange coincidences of the case. At last, however, he decided to hire a machine and drive out on the "Old Pike," and see if he could gather any information as to Joe's whereabouts.

About two miles out of Baltimore, he came to a fork of the "Old Pike," and on closely examining it he found unmistakable evidence that Joe's car had been lately driven over it, for the tires of his car had a peculiar patent for preventing punctures which left irregular indentations on the earth, and these were noticed by Jack, just a little off of the regular path of the road.

Quickly turning his car into the fork, he obtained all the speed possible out of his powerful car, and was soon about four miles distant from the "Old Pike," when suddenly he was startled to see a large red car, half overturned, with one wheel completely demolished, obstructing his way. Driving near the wrecked car, he sprang lightly to the ground.

The scene before him filled him with consternation and horror. Directly in front of the red machine lay his room-mate in a pool of his own blood, a deep cut over his ear and an ugly wound on his forehead, plainly telling the story of the knife and club. All about Joe's body lay bank notes and pieces of coin. "My God," groaned the sobbing Jack, "Joe murdered, and a thief!

Oh, it cannot be!" and uttering these words, he stooped to pick up a large slip of paper that fluttered near the corpse of his dead room-mate. With a loud cry, Jack discovered it to be a letter from his friend, scribbled just before he had expired. It read as follows:

"Jack—Am dying but must write this—it explains all. Last night I heard noises in rear of Second National—then I saw two men getting in back window—I ran to institute to get you—our room was dark—thought you asleep—so hurried back to get police. As I came near the bank a machine stopped by it—two men with bags in their hands jumped in—they made off down the "Old Pike." I pursued till they ran into a stump here and wrecked their car—I did not have a chance to get out of my seat—but was struck over the head—then a brute stabbed me above the ear—they pitched me to the ground—scattering bank notes and coin about, to put blame on me—they made off in my car—I think to Philadelphia. For my sake, Jack, hunt them down—avenge me. There are four—two are tall—spare. Two are short—heavy—typical Italians—tall man with cross-scar over left eye gave me my death blow. For God's sake, protect my sweet mother and sister Helen—give them my love—they are all alone now—but you. Oh God—the pain in my head—I can't write more—Good-bye—
Joe.

When Jack finished reading his last letter of his dearly beloved friend, he could restrain his tears no longer, and in a loud burst of anger and sorrow—anger against the perpetrators of so foul a deed and sorrow for the loss of his dear friend—he cried to High Heaven, to avenge the dastardly crime.

As soon as he was composed he wrapped Joe's body in two great lap-robes, stretched it on the floor in the rear of his car, and hastened, with all speed, to the nearest railroad station. There he telegraphed to the chief stations on the Pennsylvania en route to Philadelphia, to search all trains for four men corresponding to the description he gave and to place them under arrest.

At last the answer came, from Reading, that four men answering to his description had been placed under arrest. In the meantime, he had caused Frankton's body to be embalmed and expressed to his home in Pittsburg.

When Jack arrived in Reading, he identified the men as exactly corresponding to the description by his room-mate. They were tried and convicted. The man with the scar above his eye was condemned to be hanged, while his three companions were each given a life sentence. Thus was the foul murder of Frankton avenged.

It would not be out of place to add that Jack also complied with Joe's other request, namely, to protect his mother and sister, for five years after the tragedy Helen became Mrs. J. Rambert.

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SPRING HILL COLLEGE

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

SINGLE COPIES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: THE SPRINGHILLIAN . . . Spring Hill, Alabama

STAFF

FRANK L. PROHASKA, '13, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

GEORGE L. MAYER, '12 PIERRE J. BECKER, '13

FRANCIS MEYER, '12 J. FRANCIS GILLESPIE, '15

BUSINESS MANAGER JOHN J. DRUHAN, '13

Reformation or Deformation—Which?

Nothing could be more gratifying than the manly protests made by some of our university and college presidents some years ago with a view to eliminating some of the more dangerous, not to say brutal, features of foot ball. The impulse given at the time to cleaner and more open playing has been felt ever since, and we had hoped that there would be no retrograde movement till American college foot ball should be not only a thrilling game for spectators and manly sport for college boys but a comparatively safe game, as well, for all who engaged in it. The game was fast becoming one in which superior intelligence, energy and agility counted for more than "main strength and awkwardness."

What, then, was our disappointment on reading an account of the last meeting of the "powers that be" in footballdom to find that they have decided to cut out much of the fine, clean, open playing that has been a source of much unmixed pleasure for player and spectator alike, and to substitute for it the old bull-dog line plunges—and four "downs" at that to gain eight yards. We must confess that our first and lasting impression of the new rules was and is that in the councils which formulated them brawn triumphed over brain—the animal sat straddle of the man.

Another objection to the new rules, and one which foot ball coaches were not slow in pointing out, is the big handicap it gives the large college and the university over smaller institutions. Weight and strength, and the more of both the better, is the great desideratum in the new reformed (?) game, and it stands to reason that the larger institutions, having thousands to draw

upon for recruits will have these materials in far greater abundance than the smaller college.

Finally, as a parting shot, as it were, to our friend the enemy, although we are neither a prophet nor the son of a prophet and, in general, have no desire to pose as a prophet of evils, we do unhesitatingly predict, forecast prophesy and foretell that when the list of casualties resulting from the glorious game are footed up for 1912 they will be found far in excess of those of any year since the more open, more scientific and brainier game has been in vogue. The reason for this is obvious. It is in the heavy mass plays that fatalities generally occur; and it is precisely this style of playing that will be used most in the new game, for the reason that, with four downs to gain eight yards it is the safest or rather surest ground gainer.

Here and There

FRANK L. PROHASKA, '13.

THE RETURN.

Though the walking down the lane on January 4th was a bit painful for most of us, still, after a day or so, everyone got into the routine and things have been going pretty smooth ever since. Some new faces were seen and old ones missed. Tales of good times were heard on every hand but there was a note of the "blues" in their telling. However, the Evangeline Banana and Ville Platte Weekly Disappointment arrives in our midst every week and brings news from far away to Lonesome Lee.

Those who stayed in the college for the holidays say they had a good time. But home for ours! Well, all this was three months ago.

* * * * *

THE RETREAT.

A few days after our return Rev. Fr. Power, S. J., of New Orleans came to conduct our retreat which lasted for three days—January 18th, 19th and 20th. His subject was of course Death, Judgment, and Heaven or Hell. The impression he created is made strikingly manifest.

* * * * *

THE EXAMS.

The "flunkers' bell" rang for a few, a very few. Those who passed did well. Those who failed—well!

"THE SOPHOMORE."

In the morning of February 1st The Yenni Literary Circle treated us to their three act play "The Sophomore." It was great. Praise cannot be

given to only one but to all because each was a star. One of our editors must be congratulated on the massive shoulders he developed for the production. How many sweaters, Floss?

* * * * *

PROVINCIAL'S VISIT.

Fr. Moynihan was among us for two or three weeks in February. This was his initial visit as our provincial.

* * * * *

SHROVETIDE MINSTRELS.

On Mardi Gras night, Pete Becker's company of Charcoal Blossoms appeared on our stage with a number of songs and jokes, the latter more or less of tried quality. The end men, John Druhan and Ed. Cassidy, were very good niggers. All the song numbers were swell; P. J. Jr. perpetrated "Nix on the Glow Worm Lena," with all the thrills of a deep-dyed ragger. Archibald rendered "Any Old Way You Cook Chicken" with all the soulfulness of a Caruso. Zan got on the "Steamboat" O. K., but got off too soon. Jim made our mouths water for "Buckwheat Cakes" and Youree informed us that he had "Nothing to do Until Tomorrow." Mullet gave the "Railroad Rag," and Ed. brought up the rear of the songsters with "On the New York, New Haven and Hartford."

The Jungletown Orchestra was right there with all the newest selections and although the accompanist almost drowned out even the brass, still we caught the airs of some of our favorites.

* * * * *

DEATH OF FATHER HUGH.

We were all grieved on February 22nd when we heard of the death of Fr. Hugh. Many of the present generation of Springhillians remember him as treasurer here some five years ago.

* * * * *

CONDOLENCES.

The editor-in-chief and his associate editors take this occasion to extend condolences to Clarence Lawless, '13, in the loss of his uncle; to John Garbarino, '13, in the loss of his father; to Maurice R. Woulfe, '13, in the loss of his uncle and to Owen B. Muldowney, '15, in the loss of his father.

* * * * *

THE JUNIOR CLASS.

On February 2nd the junior class had a half day and went to the Hill for an outing. (Honest, we had a good time.) The first five bald-heads of the season were along. They had their pictures taken and we would print them but the risk is great. Bill's sun-spots are now fast disappearing under a new crop of hair; Ploch's bump is not as prominent as before; Pete, we be-

lieve, still uses cold cream on his; Bob's little wisp in front is developing fast; and Daunis hopes to have a good roof on his coop in the near future. The officers elected in October to represent this brilliant class in all matters are, John Druhan, Pierre Becker and Daunis Braud. An omission was made in the December chronicle concerning this class. On November the 26th, having completed their Minor Logie, they had a half day.

This year Spring Hill held the record for clipped heads. These Knights of the Shining Dome numbered almost fifty. In February the whole of the Freshman Class went "back to nature" as they expressed it. Now of course Teddies are coming out frightfully.

* * * * *

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Did everybody here see Kelly? Well, I should worry, and all the other loyal sons of old Erin when they turned out for their parade. Our business manager shone resplendent in his emerald suit. And many others had draped themselves in the colors of the Shamrock. The band was in line with an Irish air and the serenade at the residence of Mr. Byrne was a feature.

* * * * *

A NOTE-WORTHY VISIT.

While at dinner on March the 1th, we were introduced to two big leaguers—Lajoie and Manager Harry Davis of the Cleveland Naps. They were given a cordial welcome by the fellows, the air ringing the while with yells for a speech but they only bowed themselves out.

On this day also we had as guests for dinner John Nelson, '09, and W. K. Nierosi, '10. Nick found things pretty much the same as when he was here only two years ago.

* * * * *

ST. JOSEPH'S DAY.

The feast-day of our patron saint was begun by a high Mass, the soloists of which were Grefer, Potter and Mayer; and progressed with the usual serenade in front of the Vice-President's office and a big dinner during which Right Rev. Bishop Allen granted us a holiday for the Tuesday following; and finally closed with our chanting at the illuminated shrine the customary hymns in honor of St. Joseph.

* * * * *

INTERCOLLEGIATE GAMES.

A pleasant feature of this year and one which makes for a greater Spring Hill is the series of intercollegiate games which have been secured. For the schedule, see the athletic section of this issue. Captain "Bob" Tarleton is a hard worker for his team and it was largely through his efforts that these games were gotten.

THE DEBATE.

Ere this magazine is good in your hands the three who are to represent Spring Hill in her annual debate with Loyola will have arrived in New Orleans. The debate, in Marquette Hall of Loyola University, will take place the evening of Wednesday, April 10th. Mayer and Woulfe, with Prohaska as substitute, represent Spring Hill and the question is: "Should the Senators be Elected by Direct Popular Vote?" Spring Hill upholds the negative. We quote this from the Picayune of March the 11th: "Spring Hill's representatives for 1912 are no raw recruits from the rank and file but men of superior talent and experience, having won every contest in which they have engaged in the Portier Debating Society." We can only hope that success will crown their hard and steady work. So here's to their good luck! A large outpouring of Spring Hill's Alumni in New Orleans is expected to be present to cheer this year's representatives of the purple and white to victory.

* * * * *

THE PORTIER LITERARY SOCIETY.

This organization elected its second session officers on February 1st, and the result was: Maurice R. Woulfe, President; Frank Prohaska, Secretary, and George Mayer, Censor. The society has gotten down to work and hopes to produce some literary lights before it closes for the term. Already has it had a question debated by four of the many new members who were admitted at mid-term.

* * * * *

THE BAND.

Under its director and able officers, Frank Meyer, Daunis Braud, and George Mayer, the band continues its high class music. A xylophone has been installed and now we have everything for a first class band.

* * * * *

POOL ROOM.

The pool room is still up to its old standard under Barker, Prohaska and Celestin. They have framed up a code of rules which ought to make the pool room without a peer in past years.

* * * * *

LIBRARY.

The three Juniors in this department also have endeavored to make the library peerless in former years. Those who framed up the code of rules are P. Becker, F. Tarleton and L. Plauche.

* * * * *

THE SODALITY.

Prefect, J. Druhan; First Assistant, G. Mayer; Second Assistant, P. Becker; Secretary, F. Tarleton; Organist, F. Prohaska; Consultors, F. Meyer, L.

Plauche, R. Needham, Jos. Cassidy; Sacristans, W. Slattery, C. Adoue, M. Salaun, E. Cassidy.

* * * * *

APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER.

F. Meyer (Chief); G. Mayer, O. Muldowney, J. Druhan, P. Becker, L. Plauche, R. Needham.

* * * * *

OTHER OFFICIALS.

The other officers about the college are disposed as follows: Bell ringer, Harrigan; Store, Druhan, Mayer and Gervais; Study Hall, Meyer, Braud, Garbarino; Gymnasium, Druhan, Lawless and Dowe; "Refreshments," Woulfe, Slattery and Delahoussaye and Salaun. The ball leagues are captained: First, Druhan and Jos. Cassidy; Second, Needham and Jim Becker; Third, Delahoussaye and Walmsley. Bob Tarleton is the captain of the Varsity Nine; John Druhan, manager and Pierre Becker, assistant manager.

Accuracy of the Seismograph

Thursday's Register contained a report from the authorities of Spring Hill College, the famous institution of the Society of Jesus, near Mobile, giving readings and computations from the record by the college seismograph of an earthquake apparently over three thousand miles away. This report was given to the press early in the night. Some hours afterwards the Associated Press reported the earthquake at Valdez in Alaska, giving the time of the shock as 10:12 a. m. To enable appreciation of the accuracy in the calculations of location, distance, time and force of the shock made from the college seismograph reading, the report from the college is here reprinted:

"Earthquake of considerable force, timed at 2:20 p. m. yesterday. The shock was of short duration, with all indications pointing in the direction of Alaska, at a distance of 3,700 miles by calculation. The earthquake occurred at 10:11 a. m., Alaska time."

It will be observed that there is a difference of but one minute in the actual time reported by the Alaska observers and the time reported by the college scientist, Rev. Cyril Ruhlmann, S. J. In plain terms the seismograph at Spring Hill located the earthquake within 10.5 miles of the actual place where it occurred.—Mobile Register, February 2.

Entertainments

Freshman Exhibition, December 21, 1912.

Literary Program.

The Story of the Bells.....	John E. Niland
Gaudium Magnum.....	James A. Cassidy
Xaipete	Edward R. Schowalter
A Reverie of Christmas Eve.....	Millard F. Neale

Musical Program.

Bridal Chorus—from Lohengrin	Wagner
College Orchestra.	
Alpenrose—Polka Francaise	Lipp
String Quartet.	
I Violin—Prof. A. J. Staub. II Violin—J. E. Herbert. Viola—Prof. A. J. Suffich. 'Cello—Mr. J. B. Bassich.	
Iris—Intermezzo	Renard
Duet, Violin and Piano.	
Violin—M. M. Salaun. Piano—F. L. Prohaska.	
Bohemian Girl—Selection	Balfe
Second Division Band.	
Flower Song	Tobani
First Division Band.	

* * * * *

The Yenni Literary Circle presents "The Sophomore," a college comedy in three acts, January 31, 1912.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Robert Stewart, the Sophomore, star full-back.....	John W. Van Heuvel
"Bud" Kennedy, Captain football team.....	T. Yeend Potter
"Kink" Banister, "Reddy" Sims, "Dutch" Hendricks, more Sophomores..	
.....Christopher Timothy, Clarence A. Ricou, H. Manning McPhillips	
Livingston, Coach of team	LeDoux Provosty
"Owl" Griggs, a "greasy grind".....	Richard J. Ducote
Professor Alden, A. M., B. B., Professor of Physics.....	J. Emmet Niland
Newton Alden, his bright young son.....	J. Andrew Douglas
"Buster" Brown, Manager of Team.....	J. Frank Gillespie
Members of Team....	C. J. Ducote Herbert, Julian B. McPhillips, William J. Frederich, Alvaro de Regil

John, the Janitor.....Benson H. O'Brien
 Overture—Coronation March from the Prophet.....Meyerbeer
 College Orchestra.

Reading of Notes.

ACT I.

Physics class-room at Lakeville University.

Alpenrose—Polka Franciase Lipp
 String Quartet.

First Violin—Prof. A. J. Staub. Second Violin—J. E. Herbert. Viola—Prof.
 A. J. Suffich. 'Cello—Mr. J. Bassich, S. J.

ACT II.

Study in Professor Alden's House.

Polonaise, from Mignon Thomas
 College Orchestra.

ACT III.

Office of Athletic Association, overlooking football field.

March of Triumph.....Arr. by A. J. Staub, Musical Director..
 First Division Band.

Distribution of Premiums.

Fair Lady Waltz Mackie-Beyer
 Second Division Band.

* * * * *

Shrovetide Minstrels, Spring Hill College, February 20, 1912.

Minstrels.

P. Becker, Interlocutor.

E. Cassidy, Jas. Cassidy, A. Grefer, O. Muldowney, C. Simon, J. Meighan, P.
 Schoen, J. Druhan, C. Adoue, C. Youree.

Musical Numbers.

Grand Opening Chorus.....By the Entire Company
 Introductory Overture.....Jungle Town Orchestra
 Nix on the Glow Worm.....J. Schoen
 And Old Way You Cook ChickenA. Grefer
 Steam Boat Bill.....C. Adoue
 Buckwheat Cakes.....Jas. Cassidy
 Alexander's Rag-time BandJungle Town Orchestra
 Nothing to do 'Till Tomorrow.....C. Youree
 Mysterious Rag.....J. Meighan

Railroad Rag.....	O. Muldowney
No One Loves a Fat Man.....	C. Simon
New York, New Haven and Hartford.....	E. Cassidy
Grand Closing Chorus.....	By the Entire Company
On Wisconsin.....	Jungle Town Orchestra
Accompanists—	F. Prohaska, piano; M. Salaun, violin; D. Braud, flute.

* * * * *

First Academic Exhibition, March 6, 1912.

Program.

Toreador's Song	Bizet
College Orchestra.	
Prinz Ludwig—March	Lingfellner
I Violin—Prof. A. J. Staub. II Violin—T. Emmet Meyer. Viola—Prof. A. J. Suffich. 'Cello—Mr. J. B. Bassich, S. J.	
Foreword	Albin A. Provosty
Edgar Allen Poe	H. Manning McPhillips
St. Luke's Gospel	The Class
Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will	Edward T. Cassidy
G. A. R. March	Mackie Beyer
Second Division Band.	
Serenade Romantique	Lincke
First Division Band.	
Class Officers—Edward T. Cassidy, President; H. Manning McPhillips, Vice-President; Laurence P. Hickey, Secretary and Treasurer.	

Baseball

PIERRE J. BECKER, '13.

The base ball practice for 1912 started early with plenty of willing though somewhat raw material. Prospects for a team that would come up to the old standard for a while looked doubtful. And the fellows would have given up all hopes had there not been power behind or rather on the throne. "Pep" was dealt out in small packages to any gloom, and "be aggressive" was heard more than once.

Now that we have a team, the wonders that have been worked will only seem possible linked with the name of Paul Sentell. Yes, Coach Sentell was the "guy" that did it, and never for one minute did he lose confidence or cease to inspire and encourage every candidate to put forth his best efforts. Taking conditions just as he found them he set to work to coach the team and

his success deserves the highest praise. But besides being a good coach he was also a warm friend to those with whom he had dealings while in our camp.

Up to the last day that Sentell was with us no permanent appointments were made. And when on Sunday, March the 10th, the day he was to join the Southern League team in Chattanooga, he lined up the team that was to uphold the Purple and White during the 1912 base ball season, all agreed with him in his choice. For every man had been given a fair trial.

The results were: Braud and Delaune, pitchers; Joe Cassidy, catcher; Lawless and Van Heuvel, 1st base; Captain "Bob" Tarleton, 3rd base; Woulfe, short stop; Mackin, 2nd base; Potter, left field; Druhan, manager, center; Garbarino, right field; Jas. Cassidy and Jas. Becker, utility.

February 22, Spring Hill vs. Wheeling, 3-2.

February 25, Spring Hill vs. Dures, 10-2.

March 3, Spring Hill vs. Hill Billies, 8-3.

March 14, Spring Hill vs. Keewatin, rain.

March 20, Spring Hill vs. Marion, 5-6.

March 21, Spring Hill vs. Marion, 1-8.

March 21, Spring Hill vs. Marion, 7-6.

March 24, Spring Hill vs. C. A. C., 4-3.

March 28, Spring Hill vs. Keewatin.

March 30, Spring Hill vs. Loyola.

March 31, Spring Hill vs. Loyola.

April 24, Spring Hill vs. Southern University.

April 25, Spring Hill vs. Southern University.

S. H. C. VS. WHEELING.

The first real game of the season was witnessed on the morning of February 22nd by a large and enthusiastic number of spectators. The "Good Ship" Wheeling which was in Mobile for Mardi Gras dropped her gang plank and trotted a healthy bunch out to the Hill. The Mobile Register had the following write-up:

In a game marked by sensational playing, Coach Paul Sentell's Spring Hill collegians defeated the nine of the United States gunboat Wheeling yesterday afternoon by a score of 3 to 2 on the college campus. A home run in the first inning, scored by Pitcher Braud of Spring Hill, was one of the features of the contest. A large crowd of students and others witnessed the game.

The work of Braud, the college moundman, was the particular feature of the game and his terrific drive in the opening inning of the contest, which netted a home run, put life into the college players and was a determining factor in the result. The navy nine is one of the best amateur organizations ever seen in this city.

Hampton opened the game with a stinging single to right. On an attempt to steal second on the first ball thrown, he was tagged out several feet. Burtress went out by the strike and miss route, but Garza singled over first and stole second. Braud fired three straight ones across the plate, and Hessel was called out on strikes.

After Mackin had gone out on a grounder to third, Braud came to bat and swung against the first ball thrown, sending it to deep left and stopping only after he had circled the bags. Cassidy fanned, and Potter was an easy out from pitcher to first.

Spring Hill scored again in the second inning. Tarleton went out on a bunt to the pitcher, Woulfe walked and Druhan rapped out a triple, scoring him. The game rocked along without further runs until the seventh round.

Garza, captain and star of the navy team, opened the inning with a neat drive to right. He stole second as Heissel struck out, but was held when Braud administered the strikeout dose to Rodgers. Jennings rolled a bunt down the third base line, and when Braud threw wild to first, Garza romped home for the Wheeling team's first run. Braud fanned Fisher and the inning closed.

In the ninth round when Burtress got a life on Woulfe's fumble of a hot liner, Garza doubled, sending him to third. Heissel was walked but Rodgers tied the score with a single through short, sending Burtress across the plate. Three outs followed in quick succession, Garza being caught at third, the others going out on short flies.

In the last half of the closing scene Potter was an easy out, from second to first. Tarleton got in the way of a slow one and walked. First Baseman Heissel muffed a throw from Rodgers, trying to catch Tarleton napping and the college lad romped to second. Another error, a wild throw to deep center by Rodgers to catch Tarleton napping and the winning run was scored.

S. H. C.—	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Wheeling—	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Mackin, 2b	0	1	1	1	Hampton, lf	1	1	0	1
Braud, p	2	2	6	1	Burtress, rf	0	0	0	0
Cassidy, c	0	10	1	0	Garza, 2b	4	2	2	0
Potter, lf	0	1	0	0	Heissel, 1b	0	9	0	1
Tarleton, 3b	0	1	0	0	Rogers, p	1	0	4	1
Woulfe, ss	0	2	1	1	Jennings, 3b	0	1	1	1
Druhan, cf	2	0	0	1	Fisher, ss	0	3	2	0
Van Heuvel, 1b	0	10	1	0	Stevens, c	0	8	1	0
Adoue, rf	0	0	0	0	Reed, cf	0	0	0	0
Shoen, rf	0	0	0	0	—	—	—	—	—
Totals	6	24	10	4	Totals	4	27	10	4



BASEBALL TEAM, 1912

- (1) Van Heuvel, Schoen, Delaune, Paul Sentell, (Coach), Jas. Cassidy, Kelly, Harrigan.
- (2) Woulfe, Adoue, Braud, Jos. Cassidy (Captain), Lawless, Tarleton, Mackin.
- (3) Druhan, (Manager), Owens, Potter.

By innings—

S. H. C.110 000 001—3
 Wheeling000 000 101—2

Home run—Braud. Three-base hit—Druhan. Two-base hit—Garza.
 Earned runs—Spring Hill 1. Runs scored by—Burtress, Garza, Braud, Potter, Woulfe. Struck out—by Braud 10, by Rogers 8. Bases on balls—off Rogers 1, off Braud 1. Left on bases—Spring Hill 4, Wheeling 5. Passed balls—Cassidy. Hit by pitcher—by Rogers (Tarleton). Umpires—Becker and Hodgkinson.

* * * * *

S. H. C. VS. DURES.

February 25th, the Sunday following Mardi Gras, S. H. C. easily defeated the Dures aggregation to the tune of 10 to 2.

The collegians never failed to score a single inning, while the visitors were showered with "goose eggs," only scoring in the fifth when they succeeded in pulling over two runs. But in the succeeding four innings only two men got on; one came to an untimely end between bases, the other withered on the vine.

Braud performed in his usual good form, striking out 10 of the visitors and yielding only five well scattered hits. King, the visitors' pitcher, seemed easy picking for the collegians and eight timely safeties were swatted out.

Game in figures:

Dures—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Wilson, ss	4	0	0	1	1	0	Mackin, 2b	2	1	0	1	2	0
Britten, 2b	4	0	3	2	0	0	Braud, p	3	3	2	0	11	0
King, p	3	0	0	0	12	0	Tarleton, 3b	3	2	0	1	4	0
Pryer, 1b	4	0	0	4	0	3	Druhan, cf	4	1	3	2	0	0
McKean, lf	4	0	0	3	0	1	Lawless, 1b	4	0	1	13	0	0
Johnson, c	3	1	1	11	5	0	Cassidy, e	3	1	0	7	0	0
Imsand, 3b	3	1	1	2	0	0	Potter, lf	3	0	1	2	0	0
Pistole, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0	Woulfe, ss	4	1	1	0	3	0
Long, cf	3	0	0	1	0	0	Harrigan, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
— — — — —							Van Heuvel, cf	1	0	1	0	0	0
							Adoue, rf	1	1	1	1	0	0
							— — — — —						

Totals30 2 5 24*18 4 Totals30 10 8 27 20 0

Score by innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9— R. H. E.

Dures0 0 0 0 2 0 0 0 0— 2 5 4

S. H. C.1 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 *—10 8 0

Summary: Three-base hit—Britten. Two-base hits—Adoue, Johnson, Lawless. Walked—by King 8. Struck out—by Braud 10, by King 13.

S. H. C. VS. HILL BILLIES.

On March 3rd, the Hill Billies, possessors of a few laurels, brought over a fast bunch of ball tossers, including Williams the "drop artist." After a few preliminaries the two teams lined up for the fray. Braud, the "strike out" phenom, was on the mound for S. H. C, yielding but three hits to the Billies who were unable to solve the youngster's delivery. A large crowd witnessed the game which was stopped several times by the rain. Williams did the twirling for the Billies and pitched a neat game, but the collegians hit when needed and only three goose eggs were handed them during the game, while the visitors were presented with a round half dozen.

The fire works started in the second inning when, with one man down, Lawless got a life on a hot one to short; Cassidy's terrific drive for a home run netted the college two scores. The next man retired the side.

S. H. C. kept the lead throughout the game, and in no part of the game did they stand in danger of being beaten. The Crabtree starred for the visitors and his home run in the fourth put life into the Billies but Braud tightened up and the rest of the game followed quickly.

Game in figures:

Hill Billies—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	S. H. C.—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Vautror, ss	4	1	1	1	1	1	Mackin, 2b	3	0	0	1	5	1
Pharr, cf	3	0	0	2	0	1	Braud, p	3	0	0	1	13	1
Grove, 3b	4	0	0	1	1	2	Tarleton, 3b	3	0	0	2	1	0
Austill, lf	4	0	1	2	0	0	Druhan, cf	4	2	1	10	2	0
Gaines, ct	4	0	0	9	0	0	Lawless, 1b	2	2	0	12	1	1
Linning, 1b	4	0	0	7	0	0	Cassidy, c	4	2	2	1	0	0
Crabtree, 2b	3	2	1	1	1	0	Potter, lf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Gooding, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0	Woulfe, ss	3	1	1	0	0	0
Williams, p	3	0	0	1	13	0	Kelly, rf	2	0	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—	Van Heuvel, rf	2	1	1	0	0	0

Totals35	3	3	24*16	4	Totals30	8	6	27	22	3			
Score by innings							1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Hill Billies						0	0	1	1	0	0	1	0	0
S. H. C.						0	2	0	1	0	2	2	1	*

Summary: Home runs—Crabtree, Cassidy. Two-base hit—Druhan. Walked—By Braud 2, by Williams 3. Struck out—By Braud 12, by Williams 9.

* * * * *

S. H. C. VS. MARION.

Our first of the intercollegiate was played Wednesday, March 20th, with the fast bunch of up-state boys; the Keewatin game which was scheduled for the 14th being postponed on account of rain. Marion came down in full force

with our friend the enemy "big ship" Legore leading the ranks. Also a few others of the pig skin tusslers were vested in base ball uniforms. Both teams were determined to win the first game and a hard and interesting struggle held the attention of the spectators. Braud, the old reliable, served wonderful benders from the mound to the Marionites, and no less than seven of their heavy batters fanned the breeze with their stick. S. H. C. held the lead up to the ninth inning when the visitors pulled over three runs after two were down.

Nesmith, the first man to face Braud, retired to the mourner's bench after three whiffs at the ball. The next two were easy outs on grounders to Braud and Mackin. S. H. C. took the stick and Mackin walked; Cassidy sacrificed him to second on a perfect bunt; the next two men were down without further happening.

The next three innings only nine of the Marionites were allowed to use the bat and of these four were unable to touch Braud's delivery. Two were lucky enough to reach first but were caught between bases.

Spring Hill made her first run in the second inning when Mackin singled and Braud swatted the pill for three sacks, scoring on Tarleton's hit. Lawless retired the side. At the ending of the fourth the score stood 2-0 in favor of S. H. C. Marion came to bat in the fifth and tallied two runs, when Higdon beat out a slow one, being advanced to third on Johnson's hit, both scoring on Nesmith's single. S. H. C. in her half of the fifth inning scored two more runs, Braud again poling the ball for three sacks, this time scoring Cassidy in front of him, and coming home on Legore's wild throw. At the end of the eighth the score stood 5-3 still in Spring Hill's favor. Potter's homer in the last of the eighth having added another tally. Marion came to bat in the ninth and the first two men were easy outs. Johnson got to first on an error and stole second and came home on Nesmith's hit. Things grew exciting when Howze hit safely advancing Nesmith to third; but Braud worked on the batter and had two strikes to his credit and then came the fatal blow. Hairston connected with a groover scoring the two men ahead of him. The next man up was a victim of Braud's.

Game in figures:

Marion—	AB.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	Spring Hill—	AB.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Nesmith, rf	5	1	2	1	0	0	Mackin, 2b	4	1	2	4	5	1
Howze, ss	5	1	1	1	2	0	Cassidy, c.....	2	1	0	8	1	0
Hairston, c	5	0	2	9	2	0	Braud ,p	5	2	0	0	13	0
Legore, 2b	5	1	1	6	1	1	Druhan, cf	5	0	0	0	1	1
Walker, cf	4	0	0	1	0	0	Tarleton, 3b	4	0	1	1	2	2
Milner, 1b	4	0	0	8	1	0	Lawless, 1b	4	0	0	13	1	0
Eubanks, lf	4	0	1	0	0	0	Woulfe, ss	4	0	2	1	1	2
Higdon, 3b	3	1	1	0	3	1	Potter, lf	4	1	3	0	0	0
Johnson, p	4	2	1	1	12	0	Garbarino, rf	4	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	39	6	9	27	21	2	Totals	36	5	9	27	24	6

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Marion	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	3	6	9	2
S. H. C.	0	0	2	0	2	0	0	1	0	5	11	6

Summary: Home run—Potter. Three-base hits—Braud (2). Two-base hit—Legore. Struck out—by Braud 7, by Johnson 9. Walked—by Johnson 3. Umpire—Burmeister.

* * * * *

After losing a loosely played game yesterday afternoon, Spring Hill came back in the second game of the double-header and, in a magnificent batting rally, snatched the last game of the series from the Marionites.

Yesterday's game was Spring Hill's till the fatal ninth, when ragged fielding for the college and some timely hitting on the part of Marion turned the tide of victory into defeat.

The first game yesterday afternoon was an easy victory for the Maroon and Black by the score of 8 to 1. Delaune pitched this game for the college and played the position creditably, but costly errors at critical points of the game and Legore's apparently easy but really effective pitching, together with strong batting on the part of his supporters, made it impossible for the Purple and White to win.

In the third and last of the series Braud went back on the mound with his old form and registered eleven strike-outs to his record in the seven innings of the game. Despite his magnificent work, however, the upstate strong aggregation took the lead and held it till the last inning. Then, in one of those strange turns of fortune, amid the wildest excitement all along the base lines, the well-nigh beaten Hillians began to land on the gigantic Legore, and in a single inning raced around the sacks for five runs, making a total of 7 to Marion's 6.

The Marion team showed splendid form throughout the entire series, both in fielding and at the bat. On the other hand, the locals, being up against an intercollegiate series for the first time, showed unmistakable signs of nervousness, resulting in several costly errors. Lawless was taken out of the game towards the end of the first game yesterday, and John Van Heuvel put in his place. Braud's superb twirling, Cassidy's strong and steady work behind the rubber and Potter's heavy hitting went far toward redeeming the otherwise loose playing of the Hill team.

Through the courtesy of Manager Finn, Burmeister, one of Mobile's 1912 slabmen, umpired the series in a manner eminently satisfactory.

Box score of second game follows:

Spring Hill—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.	Marion—	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Mackin, 2b	2	1	1	1	1	0	Nesmith, rf	4	1	1	1	0	1
Cassidy, c	4	1	1	8	2	0	Howze, ss	4	0	0	2	1	0
Braud, p	3	1	0	0	9	0	Hairston, c	4	0	0	7	0	0
Potter, lf	4	1	1	2	0	0	Legore, p	4	1	2	0	9	1
Tarleton, 3b	2	0	0	1	0	1	Walker, cf	5	1	1	2	0	1
Woulfe, ss	2	1	0	3	2	1	Milner, 1b	4	3	3	5	0	0
Druhan, cf	3	2	2	0	0	1	Eubanks, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Garberino, rf	3	0	2	0	0	0	Higdon, 3b	4	0	2	0	1	0
Van Heuvel, 1b	2	0	0	6	0	1	Pope, 2b	2	0	0	1	2	0
*Lawless	1	0	0	0	0	0	— — — — —						

Totals26 7 7 21 4 3

*Batted for Heuvel in seventh.

Totals34 6 10 19 13 3

Score by innings:

Spring Hill000 020 5—7

Marion021 001 2—6

Three-base hit—Milner. Two-base hits—Druhan, Potter, Milner. Struck out—by Braud 11, by Legore 7. Walked—by Braud 1, by Legore 5. Umpire—Burmeister. Scorers—Mayer, Barker.

Little Yard Notes

J. FRANK GILLESPIE, '15.

Spring has come! The reason that I am sure of it is because I hear the Editor-in-Chief gently tapping at my chamber door. With a supreme effort I rouse myself from my winter's hibernation and sit down to the ponderous task of writing the Little Yard Notes.

The right thing for me to do, would be, to begin with a few couplets on the shy violets, and the joyous birds or even to gladden your heart with some verses in which I rave of the crack of the bat and the horse-hide soaring through the blue ozone, but my meagre talents and lack of space will not permit.

* * * * *

At present writing, basketball is a thing of the past and future only. It died an early death as did our old friend Winter, and they were quickly superseded by baseball and Spring; the season, though, was a hot one while it lasted. The First League pins were won by Captain Tim's Blacks; the line-up consisted of;

Blacks—Gibbons, Herbert, Hunt, M. McPhillips, Provosty, Timothy, captain. Whites—Ducote, Herbert, J. McPhillips, Niland, Potter, J. Van Heuvel, captain.

The Second League pins were copped by the Blues who were ably led by Captain Murray, the line-up was as follows:

Blues—E. Gomez, Long, C. Martin, Murray, captain, Chas. Nelson, J. O'Brien. Reds—Cassidy, A. Martin, Oliviera, Ricou, captain, Streiffer, Touart.

The third League race was won in a walk by Schuessler's "Greens." Line-up: Greens—Anderman, Bryant, Ferlita, Hickey, Schuessler, captain, Walmsley. Pinks—Abbott, Braud, Chalin, captain, O'Leary, Price and Wasson.

Captain Louis Lange's Purples captured the Fourth League contest easily. Purples—L. Lang, captain, Nixon, Nelson, B. O'Brien, A. Provosty and Wunderlich. Whites—Boudousquie, Druhan, captain, Nall, O'Connor, Schimpf and Vaughan.

The Junior Varsity upheld the honor of S. H. C., especially the Little Yard, when it defeated the Jesuits College of New Orleans in two games of basket ball. The scores were 14-2 and 12-9. The line-up was:

S. H. C.—Ducote, center; J. Van Heuvel, forward; M. McPhillips, forward; C. Timothy (captain), guard; Potter, guard; Murray, sub. Jesuits College—Henry, center; Ferrara, forward; O'Brien, forward; McDonnell, forward; Tortorich, guard; R. Guieno, guard; A. Guieno, sub.

* * * * *

The Yenni Literary Circle gave its annual play at the half session in the College Hall. Their offering was a three-act comedy entitled "The Sophomore." And as it was a college play, it was viewed with special interest by the boys. Indeed, so intense was the enthusiasm displayed, that the curtain was drawn every act during showers of applause. Oh! Yes! We have a curtain! Thanks to the ingenuity of Rev. Fr. Ruhlmann a new curtain has been installed and it works with great success. Messrs. Jno. Van Heuvel, Niland and Benson O'Brien were the stellar performers and the last of the trio proved to be a comedian of the first water.

* * * * *

The annual tug-of-war of the Second Division was held on the Little Yard campus. As I was on Captain Ducote's winning side I cannot speak in too glowing terms of our strong "pull." As the whole yard participated I cannot give the line-ups of the sides. Captain Hunt's side gave us a tough tussle for the hams but what was the use of pulling when we had Berthelot on our side. He's too strong for them.

The baseball leagues have started the season and the game is rolling merrily through its opening innings. It took four healthy leagues to absorb all the baseball talent in the Little Yard. The First Leaguers are doing their level best to demolish the garden wall, and at present, two or three, I think, will have to dig up for the damages. The standing of the League is at present tie. The line-up of Captain Timothy's team, "The Athletics," is as follows: Anderman, H. Braud, Ducote (manager), Herbert Hunt, Lange, Nelson (Sub.), M. McPhillips, Murray, Timothy (captain).

Captain Herbert's Giants answer to the roll in this order: Frederichs, Gomez, Herbert (captain), C. Martin, J. McPhillips, Moses, Patterson, Regil, (manager), Ricou (Sub.) and Touart.

The Second League is not far behind the first when it comes to "belting the bean." The Pirates of Captain Bryant, their pilot, are: Bryant (captain), de Bonneval, Engelhart, Hale, Long, A. Martin, L. Pearce, Roussel (Sub.), Schuessler, Streiffer (manager).

Captain Newsham's Cubs are giving the Pirates a hard fight for the pins. They line up as follows: Bougere, Byrne, Dolese, Kearns, McHardy, Morere, Newsham, B. O'Brien, Phillips (Sub.)

Captain Nall's Leopards are doing great things down on that Third League diamond, so they say. The team is a fast one and the opposing side is constantly forced to bend under the mighty following line-up of the Leopards: Abbott, Boudousquie, Cassidy, Hickey, Keoughan, Nall (captain), Nelson, Niland, Roussel (manager), Waguespack, Walmsley.

Opposing the notorious Leopards are the Lions under their able leader, Captain Chalin, and though they have been trailed in the dust of defeat, they still hold high heads and keep fresh in their young hearts the hope of a victory. He gives me his men in the following order: Chalin (captain), Ferlita, E. Gomez, Hall, Meyer, Nixon, Ollinger, Peon (Sub.), A. Provosty, Schowalter (Sub.), Wassom (manager).

After a series of noisy riots and mix-ups I think that the Fourth League has at last settled down to the national game. Captain Vanderford brings forth a promising team in his "Red Sox." His list reads thus: Calvet (manager), Chenevert, Chopin, Druhan, Landry, O'Connor, Vanderford (captain), Vaughan, Wunderlich.

Captain Stauffer's "White Sox" are striving hard to pull down the lead of Captain Vanderford's mighty men in vain. Captain Stauffer has a powerful team and these little fellows are not to be despised by any means. The following list contains their line-up: Castillo, Kelly, C. Lange, L. Lange, O'Leary, Simmet, Stauffer (captain), Strauss, Wagar.

Obituary

REV. JOHN MONTILLOT, S. J.

Rev. John Montillot was born in the Department of Doubs, France, March 12, 1825, and entered the Society of Jesus on September 5, 1844. He came to the United States in 1847 and to Spring Hill as a professor in 1851. After spending many years in teaching in the colleges of Spring Hill, Grand Coteau and New Orleans, he went to Europe and lived for one year in Rome. Returning to America he was appointed president of Spring Hill College, December 29, 1868. Scarcely was he a month in office when a fire broke out in the college and totally destroyed it. This was a severe blow to the new president. But nothing daunted by this misfortune he set to work with his accustomed energy to raise the college from its ruins. In less than eight months a new and grander edifice had taken the place of the old. But it was burthened with a debt of more than \$100,000. Father Montillot, however, by careful management, contrived to lessen the debt year by year, and when he retired from the presidency of the college September 2, 1875, the greater part of the debt was paid off. Afterwards Father Montillot was sent to Grand Coteau, La., and from 1880 to 1888 governed St. Charles College with great success. With the exception of short stays in Selma, Macon and again in Spring Hill, the rest of his long life of eighty-six years was passed in Grand Coteau. It seemed to be his destiny to witness the burnings of colleges, as he was present at the two fires in Grand Coteau, in 1900 and in 1907, and at the fire here in 1909.

Father Montillot's end came peacefully on March 5, 1912, and his remains repose as he desired in the cemetery in Grand Coteau.

REV. AUGUSTINE HUGH, S. J.

Father Hugh was born in Hanover, Germany, January 30, 1852, and left his native land for the United States in 1866, arriving in New Orleans in October of that year. There he joined his two uncles who were members of the Society of Jesus. One of them, Brother Ignatius Boemecke, so well known by generations of worshippers in the Jesuit Church in New Orleans, is still living at a venerable age in Grand Coteau, La. Father Hugh entered the Jesuit order at Florissant, Mo., on January 1, 1867. Later he taught in St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La., for five years, and came to Spring Hill in 1876 to take up the study of philosophy. After two years theology at Woodstock, Md., he was recalled to Spring Hill in 1881, owing to poor health, and raised to the priesthood in the chapel at Spring Hill by Bishop Quinlan. For some years after this Father Hugh was a member of the faculty here and was treas-

urer for three years. After brief stays in Galveston, Macon, Tampa, he was appointed pastor in Selma, Ala., and remained there for six years. Returning to Spring Hill he acted as treasurer of the college for the next nine years. All his life Father Hugh had been a sufferer from asthma which he bore with admirable patience. For the past three years he had been unable to do any work, but was a source of constant admiration both to the community and students by his manifest resignation to the will of God. The end came on February 22, when he passed away peacefully, remaining in full possession of his faculties to the last moment.

SAMUEL SPENCER SEMMES.

The New Orleans Times Democrat of January 25 contains the following notice of the death of Samuel Spencer Semmes on the day previous:

Relatives and friends in New Orleans received messages yesterday announcing the death in Osceola, Ark., of Capt. Samuel Spencer Semmes, a prominent attorney, who began his professional career in this city. His last illness was brief.

Capt. Semmes was the eldest son of Admiral Raphael Semmes of the Confederate States navy, and was educated at Spring Hill College, near Mobile. Until his death he was the oldest living graduate of that college. At the beginning of the civil war he entered the Confederate army, and served with distinction throughout the strife, most of his service being with the Army of the Tennessee.

After the war Capt. Semmes came to New Orleans and studied law under his father's cousin and foster brother, the late Thomas J. Semmes, and was admitted to the bar. Later he removed to Alabama and Arkansas. He was the father of a large family of children. One of his sons is Rev. Oliver Semmes, a Jesuit priest, well known in New Orleans, and now stationed at Shreveport. Only a few weeks ago, during the Christmas holidays, Capt. Semmes' two youngest daughters, Misses Kate and Myra Semmes, took the veil, entering the Dominican Order at Nashville, Tenn.

Capt. Semmes' death causes the first break in a family of six brothers and sisters.

A special to the Mobile Register gives a more detailed statement:

Osceola, Ark., January 26.—His death hastened, friends and relatives assert, by the untimely death of Eldridge E. Wright, his kinsman of Memphis, killed in the Kinmundy (Ill.) wreck, Captain Samuel Spencer Semmes, son of Admiral Raphael Semmes of the Confederate navy, died Wednesday morning at his home in this city. He was 72 years old.

He was up at 2 o'clock, his wife with him, and he remarked to her that he was going to die. She hurried to his bed and went to call the children and before they could get to him he was dead.

Deceased was born at Cincinnati, O., March 4, 1838, and was reared at Mobile, Ala., where he was educated in Spring Hill College, read law and was admitted to the bar fifty years ago.

He was engaged in the practice at New Orleans, La., when the war broke out and enlisted in the First Louisiana infantry, afterward known as the First Louisiana regulars. He was an active participant in the battles of Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Lookout Mountain, Bragg's Kentucky campaign, and the retreat to Atlanta. After Appomattox he was mustered out of service at Washington, Ga., as a major, afterwards locating in New Orleans to practice law.

In 1874 he removed to Osceola, Ark., where he became one of the sturdy landmarks of the legal profession and of that rapidly disappearing legion of old-school gentlemen. He was associated for twenty years here with Captain McVeigh, was for two years county judge, helped to organize the Bank of Osceola, of which he was vice president, also vice president of the Osceola Cotton Oil Company and secretary of the Tri-State Telephone Company before the sale of that institution.

He was married during the war period to a fourth cousin, Miss Pauline Semmes of Columbus, Ga., who died fourteen years later at Osceola, leaving as the issue of the marriage four children, Paul J. of Osceola; Father Marie Oliver, a Jesuit priest; Mary, wife of M. A. Martin of Henrico, Ark., and Anna, Mrs. W. T. Uzzell of Pecan Point, Ark.

In 1881 he married Miss Frances Morris of Osceola, to which union were born eight sons and daughters, Spencer, wife of T. G. Gibson of Birmingham, Ala.; Frank Morris, Memphis, Tenn.; Catherine M., Nashville, Tenn.; Electra, wife of W. H. Buck of Osceola; Myra, of Nashville, and Lyman, Prewitt and Charles Middleton, at home. Deceased is also survived by sisters, Catherine, Mrs. Luke E. Wright, of Memphis; Electra, Mrs. Pendleton Colston, of Mobile, Ala.; Anna, Mrs. C. B. Bryan, of Memphis, Tenn., and brothers, Raphael of Montgomery, Ala.; and Oliver J., judge in Mobile, Ala.

Captain Semmes was a son of Admiral Raphael Semmes of the Confederate navy, one of the honored names of the Southland. He was an honored member of the Catholic Knights. On account of their high regard for the captain, and in recognition of his distinguished services, his friends had urged his candidacy for county treasurer before the March primaries and he was making his effective canvass for this position when he was stricken.

The funeral occurred this morning, celebration of solemn high mass in the Catholic church here being conducted by Father Doyle, and interment was in Violet cemetery.

Circuit court being held at Blytheville was adjourned by Presiding Judge W. J. Driver in honor of the dead.

DR. RHETT GOODE.

The death of Dr. Rhett Goode on December 22nd deprived Spring Hill of one of her most distinguished and loyal alumni. Coming so unexpectedly after a few days' illness, his death brought a sharp pang of grief to his numerous friends and acquaintances.

Rhett Goode entered Spring Hill in 1865 and during his stay here distinguished himself in many ways. In the catalogues of those days his name figured prominently. Among other schoolboy triumphs there was one which Dr. Goode in later years took particular pride in recalling, that he carried off the premium for excellence in Christian doctrine. Leaving Spring Hill in 1868 he entered upon the study of medicine in the Alabama Medical College, and graduated in 1871. He made a specialty of surgery and soon grew to be considered one of the leading surgeons in the South. Dr. Goode held many important positions during his career, being at various times president of the Mobile County Medical Society, chief surgeon of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, president of the National Association of Railway Surgeons, president of the Mobile Board of Health, and many others.

For several years before his death Dr. Goode was dean of the Medical Department of the University of Alabama, which he raised to a very high degree of efficiency.

At the commencement exercises last June, Spring Hill conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on Dr. Goode.

At the funeral services, which were largely attended, Rev. A. F. Carr said that the death of Dr. Goode was a distinct loss to the community, as he was a man who, throughout life, had devoted his best talents to the good of his fellows; a man of great character, charitable to a fault, with a heart as easily touched as the heart of a child. Dr. Carr referred feelingly to the public services rendered by Dr. Goode during several epidemics and spoke of the honors that had been conferred upon him by his fellow physicians, who, he said, appreciated his sterling worth as a man and wonderful ability as a physician and surgeon.

A handsome wreath from the president and faculty of Spring Hill was placed inside the casket.

To his afflicted widow and daughter The Springhillian tenders most heartfelt sympathy.

J. STANS LANDRY.

J. Stans Landry, superintendent New Orleans Southern and Grand Isle Railway, a native and lifelong citizen of New Orleans, died yesterday morning, January 20, at his home, 1224 North Dupre Street, after an illness of two weeks.

Although his health has been impaired for several years, Mr. Landry remained at his desk until two weeks ago, and his last plans are said to have been for an extension of the New Orleans Southern and Grand Isle Road.

Mr. Landry was born in New Orleans February 14, 1848, and is a descendant of one of the most distinguished Creole families in the history of Louisiana. He received his early education in the Jesuit College, and later graduated from Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala.

After spending several years with the business firm of Jules P. Sarrazin & Co., Mr. Landry embarked into the railroad business, taking up his duties with the Southern Pacific Railroad in Houston, San Antonio and El Paso, Tex. He then came to the Grand Isle Road, of which he has been the superintendent for twenty-one years.

When the white people of New Orleans and Louisiana sought to overthrow the Republican negro domination in the later sixties and early seventies Mr. Landry took an active part in the struggle and the fighting.

The engines of the Grand Isle Road were all draped yesterday afternoon and for five minutes during the funeral today not a wheel will be turned.

The late years of Mr. Landry's life were made very sad on account of the death of two of his daughters. Although Mr. Landry fought to master the grief incurred through the taking off of his children, it is said to have weighed heavily upon him.

Mr. Landry is survived by his widow, who was Miss Julia Sarrazin; three children, Mrs. Rene Marchesseau, of Tampa, Fla.; J. Narcisse Landry and Raoul Landry; one sister, Mrs. M. Barteley, of New Orleans.

The funeral of Mr. Landry will take place this morning at 11:30 o'clock from his late residence. Services will be held in St. Rose de Lima Catholic Church, Bayou Road and Broad Street. Interment will be in St. Louis cemetery No. 3.—New Orleans Picayune.

LLOYD POSEY.

Lloyd Posey, who died on Christmas day, was educated at Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala. After having graduated there with a degree of bachelor of arts he came to New Orleans, where he studied law in a law office and at the University of Louisiana, now Tulane.

Mr. Posey was from a prominent St. Landry family, and was born at Opelousas February 22, 1851, so that he was nearly sixty-one years old.

His great-grandfather, Thomas Posey, was a brigadier general in the Revolutionary war on Washington's staff. Some years ago, when Mr. Lloyd Posey was in St. Louis, he happened to run across the flag which General Posey planted within the ramparts of the fort at Stony Point on the Hudson

river, when that fort was stormed and captured from the British. The flag is now in the possession of the Posey family.

When Captain John Posey, who was General Thomas Posey's father, came to America from England, he settled in Virginia and purchased a farm on the Potomac river, adjoining the farm then owned and occupied by George Washington's father. The two families were close friends. A number of letters written by George Washington to Thomas Posey are in the possession of the Posey family.

General Posey after the war became governor of Indiana Territory, and was also the first United States senator from Louisiana, being appointed by Governor Claiborne to succeed William Brown, who, although elected, never took his seat in the senate.

Mr. Lloyd Posey's mother was a grandniece of Dryden Tyler, ex-president of the United States, and her father, Simon Taylor, was a brother of Zachary Taylor's father.

Mr. Posey figured prominently in politics in Louisiana. He was in the 14th of September fight against the carpetbaggers and metropolitan police, and was in the company that captured the old Cabildo.

Later, in 1888, Mr. Posey was elected to the state senate, and figured prominently in all of the reform movements in this city, Y. M. D. A., Citizens' League, etc.

In reclamation work Mr. Posey was a pioneer, being one of the first to realize the possibilities and opportunities in this field. He exploited the work in the West and was instrumental in bringing many Westerners into this section, who became interested and purchased and developed vast tracts of swamp lands, particularly at Kenner and on the Mississippi river below the city.

As a lawyer, Mr. Posey was recognized throughout the state as a man of exceptional ability.

He was a polished gentleman of gentle mien and dignified bearing; was known to have done many charities in a quiet way, and his whole life is a record which could only be established by one so true, so kind and so able as he himself was.

Mr. Posey married December 20, 1884, Miss Mathilde Cook, of this city, daughter of Frederick H. Cook, who survives him. He leaves four daughters, Misses Ethel, Mathilde, Lena and Rosalie, and a son, E. Lloyd Posey, Jr.; two brothers, W. O. Posey of this city, and F. E. Posey of Baton Rouge, and a sister, Mrs. W. W. Ventress, of Iberville Parish.

The funeral will take place this afternoon at 3 o'clock from the residence and Mater Dolorosa Church, on Carrollton Avenue, and the interment will be in the new St. Louis cemetery on Esplanade Avenue.—New Orleans Democrat.

CHARLES LANGE.

Charles Lange, aged 57 years, a native of New Orleans, and a resident here all his life, died suddenly at his home, 1237 Lafayette avenue, shortly after 7 o'clock Saturday evening, Feb. 3rd. Up to the time of his death, Mr. Lange was in the best of health, and the very same evening enjoyed a hearty supper. He arose from the dining table and before he reached his room fell to the floor, dead.

By his many friends, for he had many, his sudden departure will be received as a terrible shock.

Charles Lange was born in New Orleans some fifty-seven years ago and received his education from private teachers up to the time he reached 14 years, when his father sent him to Spring Hill College to complete his studies. When his college days were over he returned to New Orleans and entered into the junk business, one of the best paying businesses in the city at the time. As soon as his sons were old enough, he took them in with him, and to this day all have remained with the firm.

Although the attention and demands of his family were always his first consideration, Mr. Lange found time to take an active interest in public affairs. Whenever a movement for the betterment of his immediate neighborhood and the general good of the city was started, he was always one of the first to lend his efforts. He was prominently connected in several fraternal organizations.

At the time of his death Mr. Lange held high office in the Sebastian Branch No. 311 of the Catholic Knights of America, and was appointed a delegate some weeks ago, to go to the Lake Charles convention during May of this year. He was a prominent member of No. 30, Benevolent Order of Protective Elks.

Besides his wife, who was a Miss Annie Bose, he leaves nine sons, August, John, Joseph, Charles, Jr., Theodore, Paul, Benedict, Clemence and Leo Lange, to survive him. Due to his being the eleventh son, Leo was called familiarly by his parents and friends, 'Leo the 11th.' Two sisters, Mrs. B. Hecker, and Mrs. T. Kraemer, and two brothers, John and Frank Lange, also survive.

Mr. Lange, a loving father, a good friend and one who has done much for the poor of the city, was known as being the most generous-hearted man in the community.—New Orleans Picayune.

JOHN R. BURKE, A. B., '87.

Many old Springhillians of the eighties will learn with regret of the death of John Burke. He passed away rather suddenly in Charleston on January 20, at the age of forty-four. The South Carolina and Georgia papers gave

much space to recording the sad event. We reproduce some of the notices here. The Charleston News:

Newspaper workers and a large circle of friends and acquaintances in Charleston were saddened yesterday morning on hearing of the death of Mr. John R. Burke, one of the best known members of the Fourth Estate in the Southeast. Mr. Burke died suddenly yesterday morning in his room at the Argyle Hotel, where he and his family, consisting of a wife and five children, had been residing for some time. The funeral exercises will be held at the Cathedral at 3:30 o'clock this afternoon.

Mr. Burke, according to close friends, was in the best of health up to the time of his death, although he had been confined to his room with a sprained ankle for some time past. He was, however, noticed on the streets on Thursday and Friday, taking interest in everything that came up for discussion and shaking the hands of many acquaintances who were glad to see him in Charleston.

Mr. Burke came here about two weeks ago from Athens, Ga., where he had reorganized the Athens Tribune. He had friends in the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama and other States in the Southeast. Beginning work on the reporterial staff of the Chronicle, in Augusta, his home city, Mr. Burke afterwards occupied responsible positions on the Augusta News, the Columbia Register, The News and Courier, the Macon News, the Athens Tribune and other papers in this section of the country. His style of writing was regarded as peculiarly attractive, with a droll human note in it that won for him friends by the hundreds wherever he resided. He was also liked for his constant cheerfulness, good humor and ready wit.

The Augusta Chronicle, on which Mr. Burke worked for several years, has the following sketch of his career:

John Burke was one of the best newspaper men in the State, and an Augustan.

The announcement of his death was the occasion of a severe shock to his many friends in this city, for there is probably not a man in Augusta who had more friends than John Burke.

The first that was known of his illness here was a telegram Friday night to his mother, stating that he was ill. Early yesterday morning his brother, Mr. J. W. Burke, talked with Mrs. John Burke over the long distance 'phone and was told that Mr. Burke was much better. Notwithstanding this announcement his brother made arrangements to go to Charleston on the afternoon train yesterday. About 9 o'clock yesterday morning there came another telegram announcing: "John is dead."

His mother, Mrs. Margaret Burke, and his brother, Mr. J. W. Burke, left yesterday afternoon on the first train. The funeral will be held at the Cathedral tomorrow and the interment will be at St. Lawrence cemetery.

John Burke was born in Augusta, the eldest son of the late James Burke, August 22, 1868. His early life was spent in this city, where he was popular as a boy among his playmates, and loved by the older ones who knew him. Receiving his education in the Catholic schools of the city to the time he was ready for college, he was considered one of the ablest students of the school here, and later attending Spring Hill College, about seven miles from Mobile, Alabama, where he graduated with honors.

His first work as a young man was in the school room, where he showed such remarkable ability as instructor and a leader of boys that he rapidly rose from one position to another, finally being elected principal of the Central Grammar School in this city.

In this position, which he held for several years, he accomplished a wonderful work, both in establishing the highest grade of work that had been successfully attempted there, and in his management of the pupils, the love of children for him being one of the earliest evidences showing the ability of the young man to make and keep friends wherever he went.

After several years as principal of the Central Grammar School he resigned to enter the newspaper field.

He became associated with the old Augusta Evening Herald, when it was operated by Messrs. Cronin, W. C. Casey and T. D. Murphy. From the time that he entered newspaper work Mr. Burke's ability was displayed. His rise was rapid and soon the young reporter had reached a position of prominence and responsibility.

Mr. Burke afterwards joined the local staff of The Augusta Chronicle, as "cub" reporter, under the editorship of the late Patrick Walsh, and was associated with Jake Hyams, Oswald R. Eve, Mike P. Walsh and Sanford H. Cohen in the local department of the paper. He filled every position on the paper from "cub" reporter to managing editor, and was recognized as one of the ablest young newspaper men in the South.

His forte was his ability to "uncover" stories. It is said there has never been a newspaper man in this city who could and did uncover more big newspaper stories than did John Burke. As an editorial writer he was forceful and brilliant. As a managing editor he had the love of his staff.

He later became connected with the Charleston News and Courier, and still later came back to Augusta to assume for the second time the managing editor's chair on The Chronicle, when the paper was the property of the Walsh estate. Still again, about eight years ago he was editorial writer on The Augusta Herald.

During his career as a newspaper man he was connected with many of the leading papers in the States of Georgia, having held important positions on the old Columbia (S. C.) Register, and some of the leading papers in Atlanta,

Rome, Macon and Athens beside the papers of Augusta. He was connected with every paper in this city except the Tribune.

His last work was on the new Athens Tribune, an afternoon paper, of which he assumed the editorial helm from the start, and made it for the short time he was connected with it one of the brightest of the afternoon papers in the State.

His health failing, he left the paper and returned to Charleston, where he had married about twelve years ago, and where he had a host of good friends. He rapidly failed. He was not at any time considered really an ill man. His end came almost unexpectedly after a short severe illness. He died from congestion of the lungs.

John Burke was more than a good newspaper man. He was a man of executive ability, and a man whose foresight was of the clearest, and this was well illustrated when, seeing the opening for a fire insurance company in Augusta, he organized the Augusta Fire Insurance Company, which is today one of the most popular and one of the strongest companies in this section of the South.

Mr. Burke was married to Miss Loretta L. Redding, of Charleston, S. C., daughter of the late James Redding, of that city, in 1900, and by the union there are five children. All are living, and with the widowed mother are survivors in grief of the death of a father and husband.

His father has been dead many years and his mother and an only brother—there were but the two children—are also survivors, both living in this city.

In the death of John Burke the newspaper world has lost a good man and a brilliant writer, an indefatigable worker, and a man of the keenest perception in scenting a good newspaper story.

His friends have lost as true a friend as man ever had, and his family have lost a kind and affectionate father and husband, a loving son and a good brother.

Augusta mourns with them, for there was not a man in the city who had more friends than John Burke.

T. D. Murphy writes in The Chronicle:

Mr. John R. Burke died in the very prime of life. He was as true-hearted a man as ever lived. Big of body; handsome of appearance; bright of mind, an optimist always, he made acquaintances readily.

There was the ring of the purest steel about his friendships. Those of us who have tried him—at times severely—know best how staunch he was; how loyal; how tireless and self-denying to advance, serve, help, the claimant on his affection and endeavor. For one in whom he was interested, he would go farther, work harder, give more of what he had, than any person I have ever

known. He meant it when he said it—that he was your friend—and he proved it by his works.

Those of us most intimate with John Burke knew best of his high order of ability. But in our keen distress over his sudden death we have no thought of his business qualifications, or his business trials or triumphs, and recall solely that we prized him only for his impulsive, whole-souled, lovable self—splendid fellow; magnificent friend, delightful companion and warm-hearted gentleman that he was.

We who deplore his death so deeply because we knew him so well and so valued him and so loved him, feel most deeply for his heart-torn mother and his agonized wife, for in his home life John Burke was literally idolized. God keep him! God comfort his loved ones!

The following tribute to John Burke was written by one of his former-long-time newspaper associates in Augusta:

The news of the death of John Burke is a shock to all his friends.

It is hard to think of John Burke as dead. He was so big and strong and boyish—he so abounded in life, that we can scarce think of him as dead. Everybody knew John Burke—big and brainy and light-hearted, he was always the life of the company. Rarely gifted as a mimic and a story-teller, he always kept those about him laughing and applauding, and he made the pathway brighter as he walked among men.

It is saying no little thing of a man in this work-a-day world, with its daily grind, and wear and tear on the nerves and heartstrings of men, that he brightened the pathway and brought smiles and good cheer in his wake.

But John Burke was more than a mere entertainer. He was a man of much more than ordinary ability. When set to any task he could dispatch work with energy and skill, and in his chosen field of newspaper work he was versatile, capable and virile. He proved his ability in promoting enterprises, and it is pathetic that one so strong, so captivating, so potential should have been handicapped by any weakness.

All of us who were associated with John Burke in the newspaper world loved him. He was an unusually lovable fellow; and in offices all over Georgia and Carolina some former co-worker is penning with genuine sorrow his tribute to the toiler who has lain down life's burdens and fallen on sleep. Sweet and tranquil be thy sleep, John, old boy, until you wake on the Eternal morning, when freed from earthly dross and human imperfections, you shall walk in newness of life bearing ever on and on the sunshine of your radiant spirit. Though no longer on the newspaper desk myself, as I think tonight on my genial co-worker of other days, I could not forego the privilege of casting my sprig of green on his new-made grave.

(Atlanta Journal.)

A trenchant writer, a genial friend, a man of varied and lovable gifts—this was John Burke, who died last Friday at Charleston.

There are few newspaper offices in the Southeast where he was not personally known and where, in one capacity or another, he has not rendered good service. Broadly versed in the craft of his profession, he was equally at home in tracking a story and at the editorial desk. In Atlanta, Macon, Augusta, Athens and in Columbia and Charleston, S. C., he will long be remembered not only through his journalistic connections, but also for the buoyancy and cheer of his comradeship.

John Burke was typically and essentially an Irishman, with all the ready wit and generous impulse that belong to the Celtic personality. One had to go a long way to find better company or more sparkling talk. If ever there was an apostle of sunshine it was he. He radiated good will and was the friend of all mankind.

Those who knew him on The Journal during his brief service here several years ago, loved him and mourn him.

The following short but beautiful tribute to Mr. John R. Burke appears on the editorial page of the Charleston Evening Post of Saturday:

There never was a more charming fellow than dear John Burke, who passed into the light this morning, suddenly stricken. Care free, generous, rollicking, great hearted, he was always a joy to his friends, and everybody who met him was his friend. Bubbling over with delicious humor, full of playful fancy, giving a droll turn to the dullest things, he was a rare companion. His heart was as big as his body, and he radiated good cheer wherever he went. Many will sorrow at his passing and the world is a little darker that he has been called away.

Exchanges

The Springhillian takes great pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following publications: The Mountaineer, Emmitsburg, Md.; Saint Ignatius Collegian, Chicago, Ill.; Oahuan, Punahou, Honolulu, T. H.; The Purple and White, Jacksonville, Ala.; The Redwood, Santa Clara, Cal.; The Review and Bulletin, Greensboro, Ala.; The Agnetian Quarterly, Mt. Washington, Md.; The Fleur de Lis, St. Louis, Mo.; Gonzaga, Spokane, Wash.; Georgetown College Journal, Washington, D. C.; Marquette University Journal, Milwaukee, Wis.; The Bessie Tift Journal, Forsyth, Ga.; The Fordham Monthly, New York, N. Y.; The Mungret Annual, Limerick, Ireland; Our Alma Mater, Sydney, N. S. W.; The College Reflector, Starkville, Miss.; The Columbia, Fri-

bourg Switzerland; The Scribbler, Hattiesburg, Miss.; The Campus, Guthrie, Okla.; Sacred Heart Echoes, Belmont, N. C.; The Niagara Index, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; U. of Texas Magazine, Austin, Tex.; The Morning Star, Conception, Mo.; The Mercury, Gettysburg, Pa.; The Ignatian, San Francisco, Cal.; The Ephcbeum, Jersey City, N. J.; The Xaverian, Calcutta, India; The Villa Sancta Scholastica Quarterly, Duluth, Minn.; The Angeline, Louisville, Ky.; The Mercerian, Macon, Ga.; The St. Angela's Echo, Dallas, Tex.; Blue and White, San Francisco; The Loretto Crescent, Las Cruces, N. M.; Echoes from the Pines, Chatham, Canada; Loyola College Annual, Baltimore, Md.; St. Mary's Sentinel, St. Mary, Ky.; College Annual, Philadelphia, Pa.; U. of Mississippi Magazine, Oxford, Miss.; The Clongownian, Clongowes Wood, Ireland; The Xaverian, Melbourne, Australia, and others.

Alumni

DELPHIN BIENVENU, A. B., '54.

Under the title of "Oldest Living Graduate of Spring Hill College," the following appeared in the New Orleans Times-Democrat of January 26:

In a brief sketch of Capt. S. S. Semmes, of Osceola, Ark., it was stated he was the oldest living graduate of Spring Hill College. Mr. Delphin Bienvenu, on this subject writes as follows:

New Orleans, Jan. 25, 1912.

To the Editor of The Times-Democrat:

I notice in your columns the announcement of the death of Capt. Samuel Spencer Semmes, who was an old friend and college chum of mine. Although I had seen little of him since I parted from Spring Hill College at my graduation, I had always kept an affectionate recollection of him as of my other college chums, and it pains me deeply to learn of his death.

I observe that you mention him as being the oldest living graduate of Spring Hill College. That is an error—I should say a double error—for not only was he not the only surviving graduate of his class, but there is still living a member of the graduating class which preceded theirs.

Spencer Semmes received his diploma in 1855, and so did Charles de Maurian, who is still living. That is the first error. The second error is that I am certainly not dead, since I am penning these lines, and I am a graduate of the class of 1854. I am the only survivor of my class and of all preceding classes.

Now that my old friend is gone and I can in no way affect his feelings, I assume the title which never belonged to anybody else.

Delphin Bienvenu,
The True Oldest Living Graduate of Spring Hill College.

A look into the records shows that Mr. Bienvenu is and has been for years the rightful claimant to the title of oldest graduate. His fellow graduates of the class of 1854 were: Paul Murphy, New Orleans, La.; Louis Landry, Donaldsonville, La.; James M. Muldon, Mobile, Ala., and William O'Brien, Mobile, Ala.

ALVIN E. HEBERT, A. B., '97.

In our last issue we made bold to predict that Mr. Hebert would be victorious in his campaign for the office of Secretary of State in Louisiana. We take the following appreciative sketch from the Picayune:

This brainy, brilliant young attorney, who recently won the race for the Democratic nomination for Secretary of State, is a Louisianian by birth, having first seen the light of day in the Parish of Iberville, at St. Raphael, the old government seat of Iberville, Jan. 5, 1878. Alvin, as he is familiarly known in that parish to his legions of friends, is the youngest son of Alexander Herbert, who for a period of sixteen years held the position of district attorney of the Twenty-first Judicial District. Young Hebert was educated at the local parish schools and Spring Hill College, receiving the degree of bachelor of arts. Coming to New Orleans, he took up the study of law, simultaneously following a post-graduate course conducted by the Jesuit Fathers of this city, and at the end of the session, Jan. 23, 1908, he received from Spring Hill College the degree of master of arts. August 22 he was appointed a notary public. Prior to this, however, in 1899, he was admitted to the bar. He is a prominent member of the Elks, Beavers, Buffaloes, Choctaw Club, Knights of Columbus, Woodmen of the World, Palmetto Camp No. 21, and many other organizations. On Jan. 6, 1909, he was happily married to Miss Beatrice Berthelot, daughter of the late Victor Berthelot, a prominent sugar planter of Iberville Parish. This union has been blessed with two children, Alvin Edward, Jr., and Beatrice. The family is pleasantly domiciled at 2234 Marengo street, Twelfth Ward. Four years ago Alvin Hebert made the race for the secretaryship of State against Hon. John T. Michel. Although at that period Hebert was practically an unknown quantity, he carried seventeen parishes and received a vote bordering on 33,000 throughout the State, being defeated by 18,000 votes.

Mr. Hebert's Democracy is of the militant type. His persistency is gratifying and his views candid and outspoken. Patriotic and full of love for Louisiana, he is in sympathy with every effort to ameliorating the condition of her people. To lighten their burdens, to promote their welfare, to advance their interests, he would bring into requisition all the resources of his practical mind, and he would wisely plan those purposes which tend to lift the people up and to strengthen the foundations of their prosperity and material welfare. He has an excellent command of the English and French languages,

and his burning words of eloquence capture and hold enthralled his audience. There is a magnetism about the man that attracts and causes one to become interested in him. Men have sought in vain to put their finger upon the secret of Hebert's success in life, but the art which gained it and the ability which holds it have always defied analysis. For one thing, one need not travel far to learn that he is a man of unflinching principle; that he is devoted to his devoted to his friends; that his word is as good as a trust company's bond, and that he has never been known to desert a friend in the hour of need. Despite his taciturn exterior, his is a warm heart. Suppression of the expression of the emotions has become such a fixed habit with him that he has not received credit for the deeds of kindness to which many New Orleans men could testify. His charity is broad and he does not permit his left hand to know what his right gives, nor his lips to speak of it. Among his most endearing social characteristics is his charitable fidelity to his friends. He is plain and direct with them in prosperity, but he will stand by them in adversity like a Roman. Men are fond of Alvin Hebert and like to follow where he leads, because they know that he is fearless and will fight to the bitter end, no matter what the odds are against him. Unlike many men in political life nowadays, he finds no attraction in babbling for publication and is averse to the conspicuity of type, and it is as difficult to interview him as the king of England. Meanwhile Alvin Hebert will continue to be the conspicuous figure among the Democrats of the Pelican State. The future holds in store for him political honors higher than any he has sought in the past. It is expected that much will be heard of Hebert of Louisiana in years to come. It must not be forgotten that it was through his instrumentality that the reduction of the fees was made in the office of Secretary of State, from \$26,000 to \$5,000 per annum. Governor Heard appointed him notary public Sept. 25, 1902. He is advocate K. C. Mr. Hebert's offices are at 419 Godchaux building, and his country residence in Plaquemine, La. His city residence is 2234 Marengo street.

RICHARD B. OTERO, A. B., '88.

"I expect to be a candidate for Congress from the First Congressional District to succeed General Albert Estopinal," said Judge Richard B. Otero, of the Eighth Ward, yesterday, in confirmation of rumors that had been going about for some days.

Judge Otero has been identified with State and city politics ever since he became an elector. He served as judge of the Second City Criminal Court, and he was one of the original primary men. With the exception of once when he contested the leadership of the Eighth Ward with Captain William McCue, he has always made his fights within the lines of the regulars. In the last State fight he and Leader McCue worked in accord, save that Judge Otero

was one of the strongest supporters Congressman Robert F. Broussard had in the city. He was greatly interested in Broussard's success.

Born in this city, Mr. Otero was reared and educated down in the old Third District. He attended Spring Hill College at Mobile, and took the highest degrees offered by that institution. He then graduated in law from Tulane, and entered upon the practice of his chosen profession. He is now 41 years of age. —New Orleans Picayune.

ROBERT L. LEVERT, A. B., '08.

The marriage of Miss Marie Olga DeBuys, daughter of Mrs. Lucien DeBuys, to Mr. Robert Louis Levert, was beautifully celebrated Wednesday evening, Feb. 7, at 5 o'clock, at the residence of the brother-in-law and sister of the bride, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Maginnis, in Marengo street, when a number of friends and the large family connection of the bridal couple were present at the ceremony, which was performed by Archbishop Blenk, assisted by Rev. Father Kavanaugh. The event was of much interest socially, both the bride and bridegroom being prominent members of the fashionable world.

Mr. and Mrs. Levert will spend their honeymoon in Cuba and at Palm Beach. On their return in March they will occupy apartments at the Arcadia at St. Charles avenue and Sixth street.

JULIUS L. MARX.

New blood was put into the affairs of the Marx Banking Company, of Demopolis, Ala., Thursday at the annual meeting of the board of directors. At that time Jake Marx, of New York, retired as president, and J. L. Marx, of this city, formerly cashier, was elected to the position.

JULES D'AQUIN, A. B., '95.

We recently enjoyed a pleasant visit from Mr. D'Aquin, the well-known pharmacist of Biloxi, Miss.

DR. E. B. DREAPER, A. M., '07.

Dr. Dreaper was appointed surgeon in charge of the United States Marine Hospital during the absence of Dr. R. H. Von Ezdorf, in Dallas.

FRANK L. BARKER, A. B., '09.

The wedding of Miss Helen Florence Vizard, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Vizard, formerly of Mobile, to Mr. Frank Leon Barker, was an interesting event of the week in New Orleans, says the Times-Democrat. It was cele-

brated at Mater Dolorosa church in the presence of a large gathering of friends and relatives. The attendants were: Mrs. John Finney, as matron of honor; Miss M. Barker, as maid of honor; the ushers, Messrs. Delvaille Theard, Prentice Edrington, Lawrence Fabacher, Jr., and Dr. Charles Baker. The decorations were elaborate and lovely. The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Anthony Vizard, and Bishop Meerchaert, of Oklahoma, assisted by Father Prim and Father Mattingly, officiated. A reception at the home of the bride's mother followed the ceremony. During the reception Professor O'Connell's orchestra played numerous lovely selections. Mr. Barker and his bride left on a short bridal trip and on their return will reside with the bride's mother. Among the out-of-town guests at the wedding were Mr. and Mrs. William Vizard and Mrs. Sarah Doyle, Miss Etta Doyle, all of Mobile, Mrs. A. C. Seull of Gulfport, Mrs. Helen Van Sant of Somer's Point, N. J.

C. HENRY ADAMS, A. B., '09.

St. Louis, Dec. 27.—One of the notable weddings of the week was that of Miss Marguerite Desloge Bain, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert E. M. Bain, and Charles Henry Adams, of New Orleans, which took place at 9 o'clock this morning in St. Margaret's church. Father O'Brien celebrated the nuptial mass and performed the marriage ceremony in the presence of a large and fashionable assembly of friends and relatives of the young couple. The bride was given in marriage by her father, and was attended by her sister, Miss Lucile Bain, as maid of honor.

Louis Adams, of New Orleans, the bridegroom's brother, acted as best man. Members of the bridal party and relatives of the young couple were entertained at breakfast at the home of the bride's parents immediately after the service.

The couple departed at noon for a short wedding journey, after which they will go to their new home in New Orleans. The bridegroom is a student in the law department of Tulane University, New Orleans, where he will be graduated this spring. His marriage is the result of a romance begun while he was a student at the St. Louis University. Among the out-of-town guests were the bridegroom's mother, Mrs. N. Z. Adams, and his brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. E. Z. Adams, of New Orleans. Mr. and Mrs. Adams are now residing at 2722 Marengo street, New Orleans.

MAURICE E. REILLY, A. B., '07.

Notre Dame de Bon Secour church was the scene of a beautiful marriage ceremony on Wednesday, Jan. 10, when Miss Gladys Schilling, the young daughter of Mrs. Christine T. Schilling, was united to Maurice E. Reilly, a

rising young business man of this city. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Fother Hochard, C.S.S. R., and Rev. Phillip J. Murphy, S. J., delivered a most impressive address to the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Reilly left for a short bridal tour, visiting several points of interest in the South, and in a fortnight will be at home to their friends at 1814 Carondelet street.

GEORGE F. McDONNELL, A. B., '99.

At the reception tendered Right Rev. John E. Gunn, D. D., Bishop of Natchez, by the Jackson Council, K. of C., the address of welcome was delivered by George F. McDonnell, past State deputy.

JOHN WOGAN, '09.

In acknowledging the receipt of **The Springhillian** and sending in his subscription, John Wogan writes interestingly of his life at the United States Military Academy, West Point, which he entered last June. We wish him all success in the career on which he has entered.

EDWARD LEBEAU, A. B., '10.

The Pensacola Journal notes that the friends of Mr. Edward Lebeau, formerly of Saint Louis, but who has since his graduation from Spring Hill College in Mobile made his home in Pensacola, will regret to know that he will enter business in another city. Mr. Lebeau left on Monday night for Galveston and will probably locate there or in some other Texas city.

AMADO VILLAMIL.

Students of the second half of the nineties will remember the three Villamils, Luciano, Amado and Juan. We had a pleasant visit from Mr. Via, who is in partnership in the lumber business with Amado, and of whom he spoke in the highest terms. We were grieved to learn of Luciano's death. Juan is engaged in business in Havana.

Spring Hill College

Mobile, Alabama

SPRING HILL COLLEGE is built on rising ground, five miles distant from MOBILE, and elevated one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. It enjoys a constant refreshing breeze, which renders its situation both agreeable and healthy. The surrounding woods afford the most pleasant summer walks. A never failing spring at the foot of the hill, and within the College grounds, furnishes an abundant and lasting supply of water to the beautiful lake where the students may safely enjoy the beneficial exercise of swimming. Long experience has proved that, owing to its position, the College is entirely exempt from those diseases which prevail at certain seasons in the South.

The College was incorporated in 1836 by the Legislature of Alabama, with all the rights and privileges of a University, and empowered in 1840 by Pope Gregory XVI. to grant degrees in Philosophy and Theology.

The directors of the institution are members of the Society of Jesus, which from its origin has devoted itself to the education of youth. They will endeavor to show themselves deserving of the confidence reposed in them by evincing on all occasions a parental solicitude for the health and comfort of those entrusted to their charge, by sparing no pains to promote their advancement and by keeping a careful and active watch over their conduct. The exercise of their authority will be mild without being remiss, in enforcing the strict discipline and good order so essential for the proper culture of both mind and heart. By this two-fold education, which is based on Religion and Morality, they will exert all their energies not only to adorn the minds of their pupils with useful knowledge, but to instill into their hearts solid virtue and a practical love of the duties which they will have to discharge in after life.

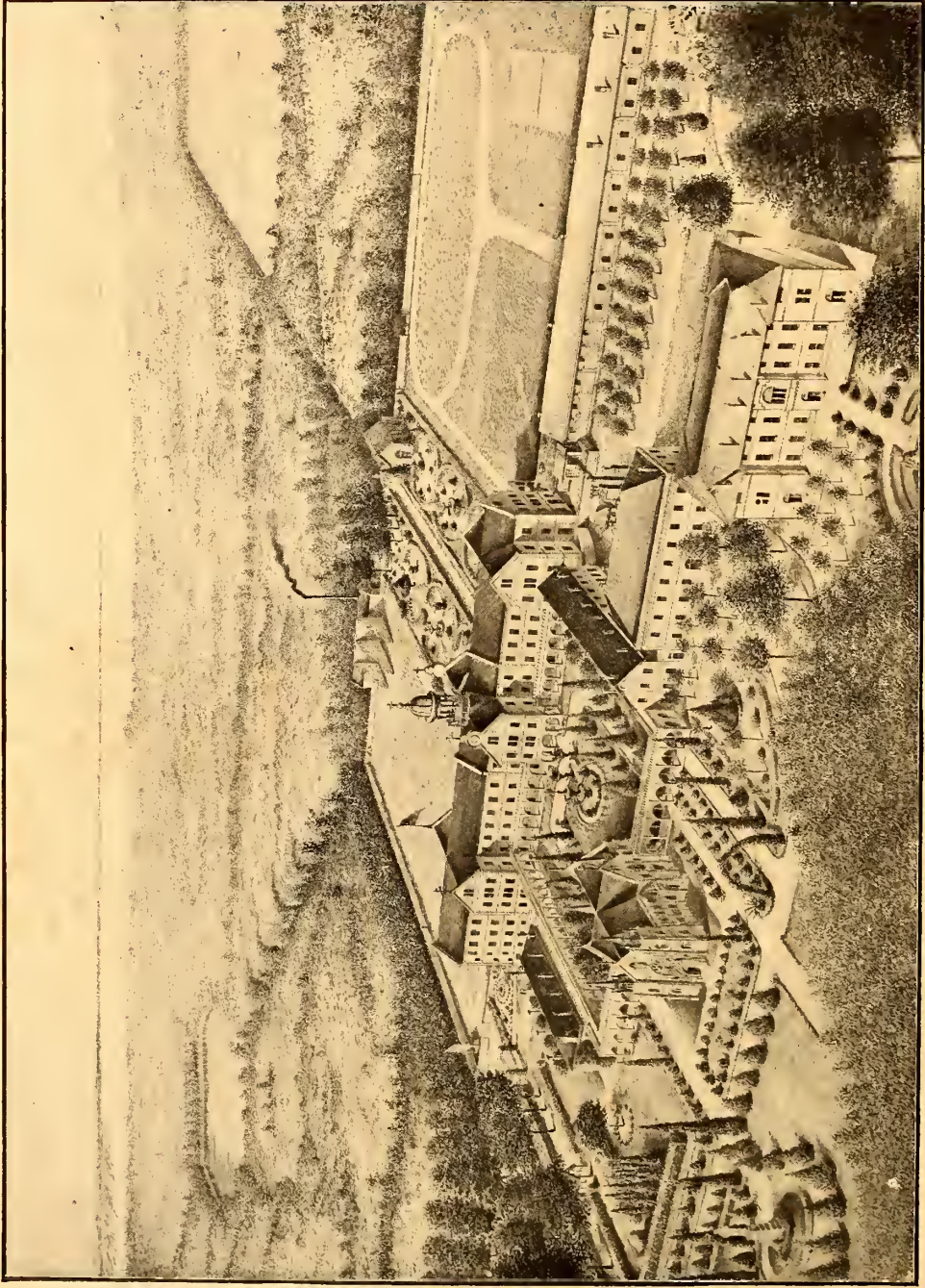
The public worship of the institution is that of the Catholic Religion; however, pupils of other denominations are received, provided that, for the sake of order and uniformity, they are willing to conform to the exterior exercises of worship.

The plan of studies is established on a large scale, and is calculated to suit not only the wants but the progress of society. It consists of three principal courses under the name of PREPARATORY, ENGLISH and CLASSICAL.

French, German, Spanish, Italian, form separate courses, are optional, and are taught without extra charge.

Extensive grounds, spacious buildings, commodious class-rooms, library, reading rooms, billiard and recreation rooms, and the largest and best equipped college gymnasium in the South, every facility for the self-improvement and physical well-being of the student.

For Catalogue, etc., apply to REV. F. X. TWELLMAYER, President.



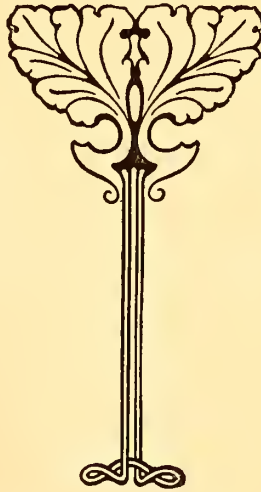
Original drawn by P. C. Boudousquie

BIRDSEYE VIEW OF THE COLLEGE

A. M. D. G.

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

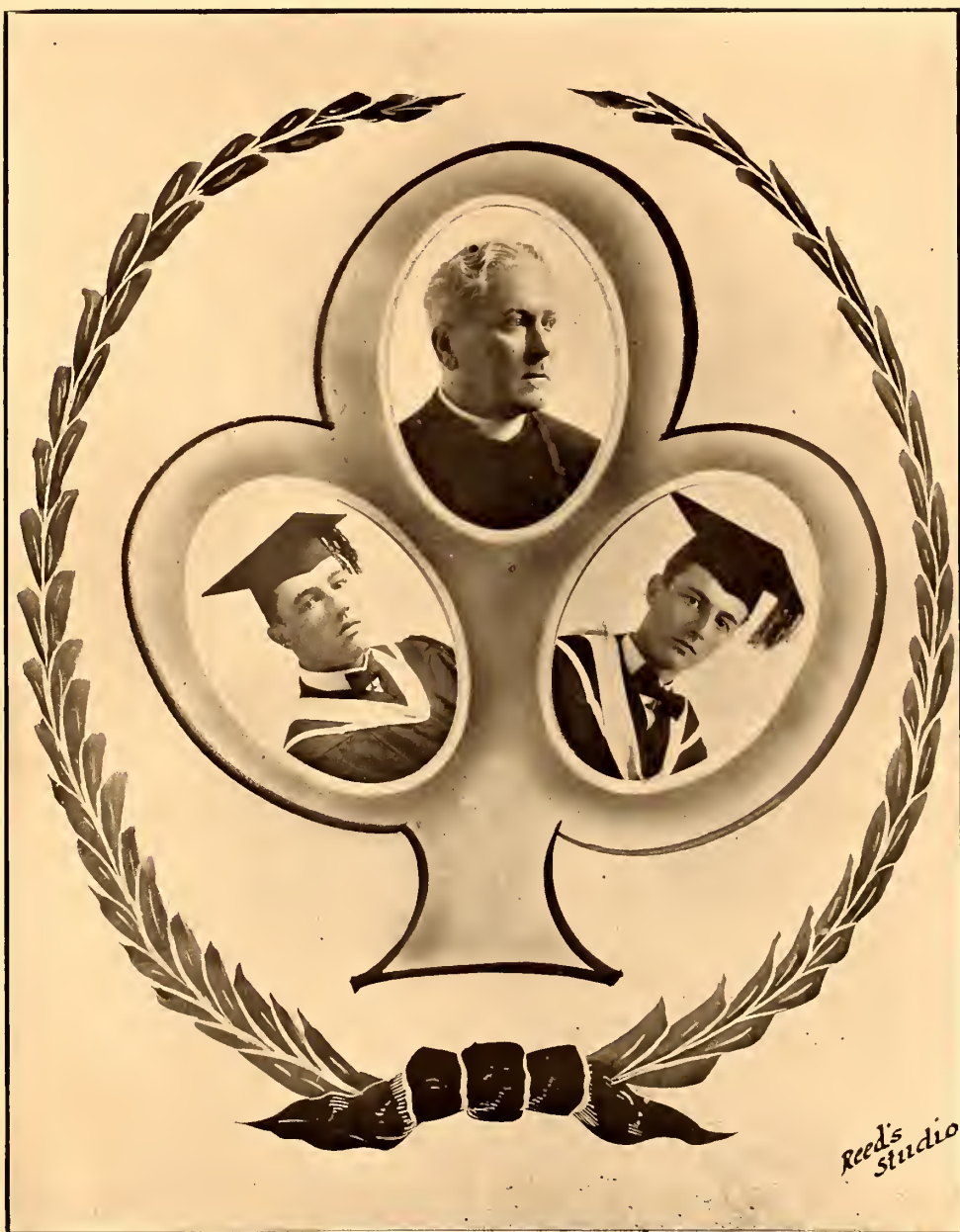
SPRING HILL COLLEGE
MOBILE, ALABAMA



The object of THE SPRINGHILLIAN is to record College events, to stimulate literary endeavor among the students, and to form a closer bond between the boys of the Present and the Past

CONTENTS

	Page
Morning—A. C. M.	181
The Progress of Catholicity in the United States—M. Mahorner, Jr., A. M., '05.....	183
Nature's Felicitous Influence—T. Howard Kelly, '14.....	187
Rounding the Horn—Charles Youree, '15.....	188
The Mocking Bird—A. C. M.	190
My First Underground Trip—Joseph Franklin, '15.....	191
Saved by Fire—Emory Brooks, '14.....	192
Baseball Nursery Rhymes—.....	194
The Murderer—B. A. Brulatour, '15.....	195
The Making of Jack Marlowe—R. Howard Sheridan, '14.....	196
"Uncle Mul".....	202
Baseball Jottings—P. J. Becker, '13.....	223
The White Ship of the North—E. I. F.	204
Jottings—Frank Prohaska, '13.....	206
Alumni Notes	211
Second Division Items—J. Frank Gillespie, '15.....	218



GRADUATES 1912.

Rev. E. C. de la Moriniere, S. J.

Francis A. Meyer, A. B.

George L. Mayer, A. B.



THE SPRINGHILLIAN

OLD SERIES—VOL. XVI., NO. 4

JULY, 1912

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV., NO. 4

Entered as second-class matter, October 29, 1910, at the post office at Spring Hill, Alabama, under the Act of March 23, 1879

Morning

A. C. M

How long, how long
The whippoorwill's song!
Will the night-bird never be dumb?
O mocking-bird's strain
At my window pane
O tell me that day-break has come!

The gentle spray
Of the morning ray
On brook and bracket and bower
Came softly over
The field of clover
And dropped her silvery shower.

And oh! the joy
Without alloy
As she rained down glory untold,
And the splendor fell
On hill and dell
And the flowers were floating in gold.

And Nature awoke
With the magic stroke
And sprang in the golden spray.
She cried and laughed
On reef and raft,
As she bathed in the break of day.

Thus on the mind
Fall, gentle and kind,
The fountains of light that live;
On the human soul,
One ray of the Goal
And a joy that man cannot give;

One drop of the love
Of the land above,
Where weariness cannot sever;
Where the morn is day
Forever and aye,
And the shower of light is forever.

Just one deep thought,
All heaven-wrought,
Just the spray of celestial things—
And the catacomb cave
Of the Christian slave
Is lit with the glory of kings!

The Progress of Catholicity in the United States

M. MAHORNER, JR., A. M., '05.

Address delivered before the Louisiana State Convention of the Confederation of Catholic Societies, at New Orleans, April 28, 1912, by M. Mahorner, Jr.

I greatly appreciate the honor conferred upon me by the invitation to address this convention on a subject of such great interest to its members. Of interest to you, first, because as sons of Mother Church, you cannot but feel a pride in all matters pertaining to her welfare. Of especial interest to you, because it can be justly said that nothing has contributed more towards the advancement of Catholicity in America during the recent years, at least, than the work of the lay organizations which pledge their allegiance to the Church, and which by their open recognition of and obedience to her divine laws and doctrinal teachings have daily strengthened her position in the great battle for religious supremacy that is being waged on the Western Continent.

The bonds of benevolence and brotherly love which so inseparably link together our members, the strength and harmony acquired in their unity of loyal purpose, the moral courage engendered by the spirit of good fellowship and social intercourse, and, above all, the admiration so universally won by the Catholic societies of the United States because of their patriotism and general civic worth, have all eliminated many of the prejudices against Catholicity and consequently removed many of the most formidable obstacles that so long stood in the way of the Church's advancement.

It has been well said that "fraternalism involves a great social plan which merges the individual into the mass, and puts behind man standing alone, the immeasurable strength of man standing together." It is this immeasurable strength that has, in no small degree, helped the Church achieve the success that she has won in this great country, and therefore one could hardly imagine a more opportune or auspicious occasion for an address upon "The Progress of Catholicity in the United States" than before an assembly of the representatives of Catholic societies.

The greatest difficulty I have had with the subject assigned to me was to gather into intelligible shape for a brief discourse, a concise and somewhat worthy summary of the history of the Church among us since first she brought the light of faith to the shores of the new world.

The wonderful record of her progress is so closely associated with every epoch of American history—every page of American history is so brilliantly

illuminated with the glorious achievements of Catholicity, that we cannot recite the story of one without recounting the annals of the other.

It began when the great explorer, Christopher Columbus, unfurled the banner of Catholicity to the tropical breezes of the West Indies and celebrated the eventful occasion with a solemn mass of thanksgiving and the sacred notes of the *Te Deum*. It harks back to the very opening of the gates of the western empire, to the time when Ponce De Leon in 1513 sought the eternal spring of youth where is now the State of Florida; to the day when one hundred and twenty years before the Puritans landed on Plymouth Rock, the Cabots planted the Cross on the bleak and barren coast of Labrador; to the time when the Calverts established religious freedom on the shores of the Chesapeake; to the first exploration of the great St. Lawrence and Mississippi valleys; to the period when the Fleur de Lis cast its imperial shadow over this genial land of the South. Tracing it back through the more than four hundred years of American history, we find it has its conspicuous place in every chapter—its part in every phase of American development. It is linked inseparably with every advancement of western civilization, and it is today recording statistics which show that its subject—the Catholic Church—is recognized as the greatest institution on the western hemisphere.

Aye, like a wonderful romance runs the story of Catholicity in the United States, following closely civilization's westward march of conquest, led by the dauntless explorers, Father Marquette, De Soto, La Salle, Iberville, Bienville and others who intrepidly bore the standard of the Cross hand in hand with that of their country. Onward its interesting career carries us from the earliest settlements along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts, through the unexplored, fever-laden valleys of our great rivers, and still onward over the barren wastes and rugged slopes of the golden west, leaving us to be charmed by no less interesting and thrilling accounts of the old Franciscan missions of New Mexico and California.

But it is not only told in romance, for the Church in America has furnished her martyrs and contributed her share of characters in the great tragedies of our country. Many of our first missionaries as truly braved death for the good of Christianity as did the early followers of the faith who shed their blood upon the sands of a pagan arena to make a Roman holiday.

Of the sons of St. Francis, who have the credit of establishing the first mission in the United States under the leadership of Father Suarez, who came in 1528 as the first Bishop of Rio de las Palmas, or Florida, a majority fell victims to Indian massacre, Father Suarez himself dying of starvation on a lonely island. Fathers Corpa, Rodriguez, Anon, Banajoz and Velasco were likewise murdered by the savages during the early period of the mission work,

and as late as 1704, when nearly fifty thousand Indians had been converted to Christianity by these heroes of the Franciscan Order, Fathers Juan de Parga, Marco Delgado and Manuel de Mendez suffered martyrdom for the cause. And those above mentioned are but a few of the Franciscans alone who gave their lives in the propagation of the faith in certain sections of the country.

Of that great order which has contributed so much to history in every land—the Society of Jesus—Marquette, worn out with sickness, knelt down and died upon the beach of Michigan; Menard perished in the wilderness of northern Wisconsin; Gravier received his death wound in Illinois; Souel was massacred by the Indians in Arkansas; Doutreleau, near the same spot, poured out his life's blood on the chalice while saying mass; Senat, who refused to escape without his flock, was burnt at the stake; Alneau was slain by the savages of northern Minnesota; Rasle was murdered and scalped by the English from Boston, who evidently found the Indian methods well adapted to their idea of refined Catholic persecution; and these, too, were but a few of the many Jesuit martyrs whose blood was spilled in heroic sacrifice in the first efforts to Christianize this great land of ours.

The Augustinians, too, furnished their quota of Christian warriors who went down in glorious death beneath the conquering banner of the Cross in the new world.

And from the pages of history there shine forth many other immortal names of martyred Catholic missionaries, who bravely went into the wilds of unexplored America, not as members of any religious organization, but out of the laudable desire to share in Christianity's most difficult tasks.

Thus we see the early progress of the Church in America marked by a trail of sacrificial blood, and only the incredible perseverance of those who first carried the sacrament into the western wilderness could have given us in the United States the great religious body of which we so proudly claim to form a part.

So, while engaged in an optimistic review of her glorious conquests, let us not overlook the fact that the high place which the Church has attained on the western continent was only won by the bitterest sacrifices. Let us not lose sight of the great struggles through which she has passed, and the enormous debt of gratitude that we more favored ones owe to her earlier champions. Let us not forget that the same religious persecution that harassed her on the continent followed her relentlessly to the shores of the new world, and that only by divine courage and Christian inspiration was she enabled to gain a foothold on the land which had been discovered and first explored by her sons.

The St. Augustine mission, owing to its location away from the centers of activity, never attained the dignity of a colony. The numerous other Catholic

settlements along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts were of local importance. Not until Lord Baltimore obtained letters patent to the Maryland territory in the latter part of the seventeenth century, did the Catholics find a congenial clime for colonial development.

A full century later, after the Revolution, we find only 15,000 Catholics in Maryland and about one-half that number in the rest of the States. It was as late as 1789 when Father John Carroll, of immortal memory, was appointed as the first Bishop of the United States. And let those of other faith who are wont to use as a political argument against Catholicity the fear of creating unity between church and state, be charitable enough to remember that it was in the first Catholic colony in America that religious liberty found a home—its first and only home in the wide world; that it was through Father Carroll's activity that the first United States Congress enshrined a guarantee of religious freedom in the organic law of the land—the American Constitution. Of that G. L. Davis, a Protestant historian, has magnanimously said: "Let not the Protestant historian of America give grudgingly. Let him testify with a warm heart and pay with gladness the tribute so rightly due the memory of our early Catholic forefathers. Let their deeds be enshrined in our hearts and their names be repeated in our households. * * * In an age of credulity, like true men, with heroic hearts, they fought the first great battle of religious liberty, and their fame, without reference to their faith, is now the inheritance, not only of Maryland, but also of America."

The reins of church government being once firmly placed in the guiding hands of Archbishop Carroll, he devoted his energies towards the establishment of seminaries for the education of priests, in order to better supply the growing demands of the scattered Catholic population.

Then came our schools, and in the year 1788 the foundations of Georgetown College were laid. Shortly after, in the early part of the nineteenth century, the Sisters of the Visitation and the Sisters of Charity established their communities in Maryland, and began the wonderful work of charity and education that has contributed so much towards the good of Catholicity and humanity at large in this great country of ours.

It was not until the year 1906, that the Baltimore Cathedral—the first in the United States—was begun. It was as late as 1908 before it became necessary to create other dioceses to serve the spiritual wants of the small, scattered Catholic population of the States.

So we see how, slowly but surely, the Church laid her foundations in the United States; how for more than three hundred years she labored and wrought, without show of glamour. For generations she fought her way, step by step, hemmed in by political and social prejudices, hounded by persecution, but never shaken in spirit nor wavering in the courage that was destined to eventually raise her to the spiritual leadership of the nation.

Today she numbers over 15,000,000 among the faithful in the States alone—an increase of nearly 400,000 over the census of 1910 and a growth of over 4,000,000 in the past decade, and practically double the Catholic population of the country of twenty years ago. She has 18,000 priests, 13936 churches, 14 archbishops, 97 bishops, 3 cardinals, over 6,000 students preparing for the priesthood, 229 colleges for boys, 701 academies for girls and 289 asylums, where more than 47,000 orphans have found a home.

These figures alone eloquently tell the wonderful story of her progress, and conclusively show that the Catholic Church in the United States is a powerful factor in the upbuilding of the greatest nation on earth.

The Church's conservatism in temporal affairs, her consistency in doctrine, her certitude in all matters in which she declares herself, is appealing to the intelligence of the United States. The day has passed when it becomes necessary for Catholicity to defend itself against the feeble, futile attacks of its maligners. The American public is becoming an educated public, a thinking, fair-minded public, and the old hackneyed libels against Catholicity are at once recognized as the dying gasps of a passing prejudice.

The bitter, anti-Catholic billingsgate of a Tom Watson is heard as the puny, puerile disputations of a diseased brain. The Church's place in this great country of ours is secure, her continued advancement assured. She moves into the future as a leader in the changing age, guiding the destinies of her people on an upward trend and proclaiming a standard of righteousness that alone can save our nation from the turmoil of a social and spiritual unrest.

Nature's Felicitous Influence

T. HOWARD KELLY, '14.

The funeral of my father was over and I returned, sad and sorrowful, to my once happy home. Five years before, my mother departed from this life, and now my father had followed her to the great land of Eternity. I was alone in the world, my only relatives resided in New York, which was a matter of a thousand miles away.

The close of the summer's day was near at hand. In the golden-flooded west the crimson sun was slowly sinking to rest behind the tall, waving palm trees; his dying rays of splendor changing the waters of the Amelia River into a stream of sparkling gold.

I sat, and with a heavy heart watched the fading day pass into the twilight hour. All nature was silent and serene, as if in reverence for the part-

ing day, and in the silence of this darkening hour, my hopes of life sank into the encompassing shadows of approaching night.

My favorite haunt of a summer's evening was a tropical bower on the river's bank. There, amid the shadows of the dense, varied Florida foliage, and under the wide, green leaves of tall, stately palms, I was wont to sit and gaze upon the murmuring Amelia, as it glided gently by the white shore on its way to the broad Atlantic. And now, to this place I decided to go, there to be alone in my sorrow and woe.

As I strolled sadly through a sweet-scented pine grove, the darkness of night fell about me. The twinkling stars rushed out; and over in the east the pale light of the rising moon spread over woodland and streams.

In a short time I reached my destination. The scene before me was sublime enough to inspire any heart, even one as sad as was mine, with the beauty and grandeur of nature.

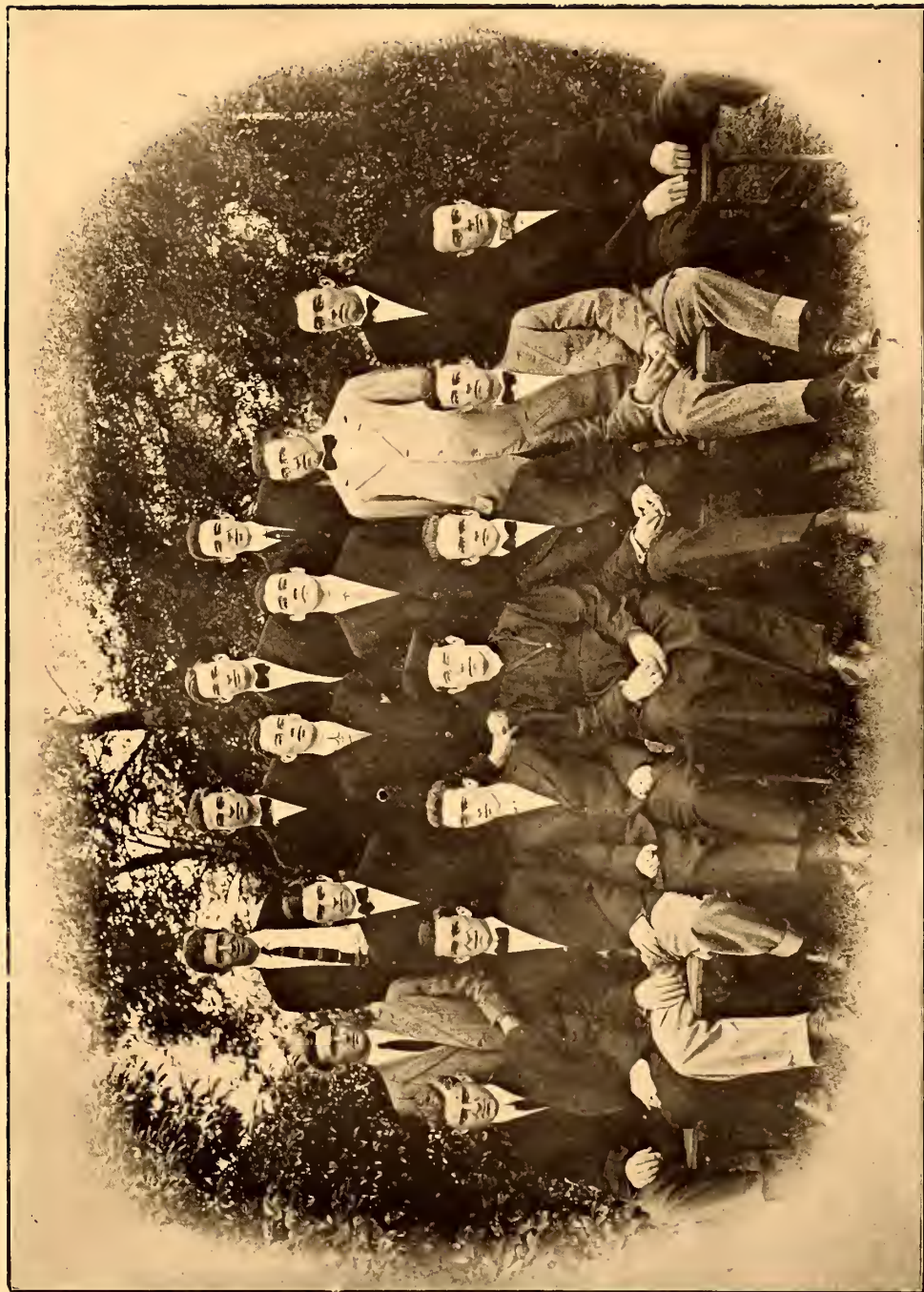
The soft beams of the June moon fell in silvery flakes over the surface of the reflecting river. Sweet music from some anchored yacht, borne upon the evening breeze, floated over the rippling stream of flowing silver, and lighted upon my ears with such a harmonious effect that all of my cares and sorrows were for the moment dispatched; and I sat gazing in enraptured admiration of the beauties of life and nature. My troubles vanished as light must before the rays of the rising sun. The happy, bright side of life appeared to me, as I drank in the beauty of this scene.

The charms of nature had always appealed to me, and now as I sat by the river side, my spirit bowed under the heavy cross of my recent bereavement, her splendor and glory lifted me from the depths of my sorrow and caused me to realize that with such a beautiful world around me, life would always hold something for me to live for. And with this realization I raised my head and heart above my grief, and resolved to meet the future with resurrected spirits and energy.

Rounding the Horn

CHARLES YOUREE, '15.

I am second mate on the liner Vulcan, and at the time of writing we are in the south seas, intending to round the Horn for New York. Before reaching the Horn, however, we find ourselves in a dead calm; the sea is as brassy and horrible as if we had shot the albatross. We berate the luck that brought us such weather, when as if in answer to our curse a gale sprang up that resolved itself into the most violent hurricane that I have ever experienced.



PORTIER LITERARY SOCIETY.

Top—M. F. Neale, H. Gervais, J. J. Druhan, R. H. Sheridan. Middle—C. A. Adone, W. B. Slattery, J. J. Gilmore, L. A. Plauche, J. A. Franklin, F. A. Meyer. Sitting—C. B. Walmsley, P. J. Becker, M. R. Woulfe, Rev. E. I. Fazakerley, S. J., F. L. Prohaska, G. L. Mayer, F. S. Tarleton.

We soon found that our good ship was not invincible, as we thought, for she sprang a leak and a moment later found all hands laboring at the pumps. Seeing the impossibility of saving our ship, we manned the lifeboats, and put the women aboard them and were beginning with the men when our ship showed signs of taking a dive, for she was rapidly filling. Then I began to busy myself with some means of providing for my own salvation. I soon constructed a rude raft with a piece of spar and a barrel or two, and with a prayer gave myself into the hands of the water.

When I awoke it was to find myself upon a beach with beautiful birds of rare colors overhead, and the faithful sun kissing my cheeks through the bright green foliage. After giving due praise for my marvelous escape from a grave at the bottom of the ocean, I turned my thoughts towards procuring some consolation for the inner man. Advancing some fifty yards I came, to my great surprise, upon a band of natives. They were typical head-hunters; I readily recognized them, for I had often seen their fellows in New York,—admission ten cents. They were the genuine variety; there could be no mistake about it. To my utmost astonishment they offered me no harm, but beckoned me to follow them to their village. When we reached there I was ushered into the presence of their queen, and such a magnificent specimen of an Amazon I had never dreamed of. She sat majestically on her throne, surrounded by her natives, a small black slowly waving a fan over her. Her color, unlike that of her subjects, was cream, her eyes were jet black and went through me like an electric current.

The queen, after observing me for a few moments in absolute silence, said in even tones: "Where um come?" My surprise at her extensive knowledge of the English language was very great. When I came to, I answered: "American—boat sank." She gave a few orders to her immediate attendants, and I was led away, but not without a smile from my Amazon.

They took me to a thatch-covered hut, where I was comfortable enough, but still without anything to eat. I suppose my beautiful Amazon forgot that Americans lived on food, and I plainly saw that I must search for nourishment on my own account. I left the hut when no one was watching me closely and was making my way unmolested when I was suddenly attacked, bound and tied to a tree. The chief of my captors, a veritable giant, addressed me, saying: "Medicine man bewitch um queen; me kill um." At that he brought from his scanty garment a murderous-looking creese. Placing it to my side he put a slight pressure to the knife, and slowly pressed harder and harder. I saw that my death was only a matter of a few moments, and then all my past life came up before me. How I wished I could live it all over again! What excruciating pain! A moment longer, and the pain would have driven me mad, when—"All right! Get up! It's five forty-five!" "Yes, sir! I'm awake."

The Mocking-Bird

A. C. M.

Come, Mocker, come
And sing me some
Of the day-break songs of yore!
I'm tired of the tale
Of the whip-poor-will's wail—
May the night-bird come no more!

Of thy tiny throat
The careless note
Can drive away the Night.
Now, warbler, say,
Canst thou drive away
The wail of the wailer for Light?

Say, Mocking-bird,
Thou sweetest e'er heard,
To the tune of the day-break above.
Singing softly with you,
There's Another more true,
Give the soul her calm and love?
Little bird, couldst thou
Else how, yes how,

Thy note so melodious and free.
Is helping along
Aye, the Author of Song
Is Another singing with thee?

My First Underground Trip

JOSEPH FRANKLIN, '15.

Clad in a suit of old overalls, a strong pair of water-proof shoes, with a miner's cap and lamp, I was ready to make my first trip into an ore mine under the care of the superintendent,—a very jolly man about thirty-five or forty years old.

We waited until the hoisting engine had let the tram-cars down the steep and slippery incline. Then we made a quick entrance into the dark and muddy mine. About sixty feet down the incline we turned into the first room on the right, so as to avoid the cable and cars which have killed and injured many men. Slowly we went through the air-ways from room to room, stopping several times to rest, as the half-stooping position one is compelled to assume tires the back, especially when you are not used to it.

The temperature was very cool and pleasant compared to the hot rays of an August sun, which we left a few minutes ago. While we rested I could see the crystal water gently trickling through the crevices in the dark brown roof. The reflection from our lamps made the roof and sides resemble an oriental palace bedecked with precious gems. Everything was very still, except the continual rattling noise of the drills hundreds of feet away in the headways, which sounded like burglars trying to break into your room at night.

On either side of the incline, at intervals of fifty feet, are rooms called "headings." A miner is given one of these places and contracts to get out a certain amount of ore every day for the company.

The heading we entered was Twelve Right. We walked about four hundred feet from the slope before we came to the end. Here the ore was being loaded into the cars by four burly men. A fifth man was at work running the drill, which made such a loud noise that it was impossible to hear one speak until it was shut off. The superintendent explained to me the method of drilling. In order to "pull" the ore the holes must be drilled at certain angles and a certain number of feet deep before they are loaded with dynamite. As they were about ready to shoot, we retraced our steps towards the incline. Soon one of the muscular giants who was loading the cars came running to the slope and shouted, "Fire, Twelve Right!" The other four men followed close behind him, and every one near the heading secured a place of safety. The superintendent and myself were standing on the slope close to the wall between the twelfth and thirteenth heading. Soon there was a terrific explosion,—small pieces of ore came flying like hail-stones all the way to the slope.

I felt the whole earth jar suddenly, and before I got over my fright a gust of wind caused by the explosion blew out our lights, leaving us in total darkness. I now heard a loud, rumbling sound and thought the mine was falling in, but it only proved to be a string of loaded cars that shot by us at a rapid rate. The sound gradually died away in the distance.

On regaining my composure I inquired what we were to do in such a predicament. I couldn't see my hand before my face, and the smell of powder started my head to aching. I began to wish I had never ventured so far underground,—at least before I was due. But since then I have found out that an "old head" always enjoys a little fun with one on his first trip into the mines. So, the superintendent pretended to be as frightened as I was, which got things into an awful tangle. Well, since it is all over, I won't burden your mind with what happened during the fifteen minutes we were in the dark. But they say I acted very foolishly until we secured a light from two men on their way to the top.

But I'll tell you I made several solemn promises that if ever I set my foot once more on the surface with the clear blue sky above me, I would be a better boy. My prayer was answered and we reached the top safely just as the last rays of the setting sun painted the western sky with a crimson glow.

Saved by Fire

EMORY BROOKS, '14.

It was a cold and dreary night in a great city. The fog was chilly, exasperating, tedious. People bumped against each other without apology. Horses, carriages, wagons and the like swept around the corners with magnificent carelessness. Many a poor, forlorn vagabond would have given ten years of his vague life if he only had at his command a warm bed for this horrible night.

Out in the west end of the city stood an apartment house, some five stories in height. On the top floor was a suite of rooms extraordinarily cheerful; electric lights, a nice fire reflected from gleaming brass, the luxury of carpets and upholstering formed an alluring contrast to the dull yellow glare of a solitary lamp in the outer obscurity. In a big, comfortable chair sat a motherly-looking woman reading a book to a little, curly-headed boy, sitting beside her. They little thought of the poor husbands who are supporting their families on starvation wages, or the beggar who has no home at all and is unable to get a position.

An hour later the little flat was in total darkness, with the exception of the rays of light which were thrown out by the fire, that was reflected in every corner of the room, especially on the furry rug lying before it. The mother, after sending her beloved boy to bed, took a few hair-pins and other articles from her hair and following her son's example, retired to finish the night in sweet slumber and happy dreams.

The men in number four's fire house were on their nerves' end that night. No one could explain the cause for this excitement, but they could not get it out of their heads that they were going to have their dreams broken by the clang of the great bell that hung upon the wall. The first man took his watch, which lasted until two. He was nervous. He didn't know why. The horses stamped and pawed the floor as if their sleep was being interrupted by horrible night-mares.

Time was dragging slowly on the watchman's hands. He nodded time and again, always waking with a start. At last he dozed off. He could not tell how long he had been in that state, but he was awakened suddenly by a startling clang! clang! clang! He knew it was the alarm.

Looking upon the little flat again, you will find everything in dire stillness, except the noise made by the spluttering fire in the grate that cracked continually. Not more than an hour after mother and child entered dream-land a piece of coal that had become tired of cracking, I guess, gave a loud crack, bursting itself into many parts, sending them hither and thither all over the room. One flaming piece lit on the great rug that lay in front of the hearth. The flame grew larger and larger until the whole room was illuminated by the great blaze. When the flame grew taller it came in contact with the lace curtains, which sent out flames that kissed the ceiling. The room was now as bright as day, still mother and child slept blissfully on. A passer-by saw what danger the building was in and of course turned in the alarm.

At last number four's truck and engine arrived at the scene. Hose was attached to the fire plugs. Engines were heard groaning as if they were on their death-bed. Men were running here and there. Cars were blockaded on account of the hose being thrown across the thoroughfare. Policemen were seen trying to hold back great mobs of people whose eager eyes wanted to see everything.

The whole top of the building was one great illumination. Fire shot out of all the windows. All of a sudden a woman's voice was heard above the roar of the engines below, calling for assistance. She was standing with a child in her arms, on the edge of the window, ready to jump, when one of the fire-fighters bade her keep still. It seemed like hours to the spectators, but it was only a few minutes when one of the brave firemen was seen climbing

slowly but surely to her rescue. The woman seemed to be all in agony. The white robe she wore was scorched in many places by the tongues of fire.

Would she be reached in time was the question that confronted all. The fireman was somewhat nearer, but still far away. It looked as if he would never reach her, but he finally accomplished the feat just in time to catch her numb body as she fainted and swayed as if to fall.

Mother and child were brought to the ground in a smothered condition. An ambulance was called and they were hurried to a hospital not far away.

Having recovered entirely by the aid of the good Sisters, who attended them, they were released from the hospital. But not before they had received salutary advice from their devoted nurses. Instead of her fairy tales the mother now has the Holy Scripture to entertain her dearest possession on earth, her little boy.

BASEBALL NURSERY RHYMES.

Tom, Tom, the batting sun,
Nobly swung for a circuit run,
His Baker hit gave all a fit,
It went right through the catcher's mitt.

Peter, Peter, none was neater
At a bunt, but couldn't beat 'er;
Safely though he spiked the sack,
Umps Yourout would wave him back.

Jack and Jill raced for the pill
That soared the air between them.
"Mine!" shouts Jack; "Got it!" came back—

* * * *

The crowd since then hasn't seen them.

The Murderer

B. A. BRULATOUR, '15.

Stephen Raymond plowed his way through the desert sand, sobbing, straining, cursing his luck, Nevada, the cards, and the man who had felt his knife. The hot blood was still on his hands, and the scene yet bright in his eyes;—the man, clutching the table and sinking slowly to the floor; the rolling chips and the scattered deck; the startled faces; the infinite instant of silence; and then the great roar of vengeance which turned the town mad behind him.

"All hell's broke loose," he sneered, turning aside in the darkness to see if he were followed.

On and on he ran, until he thought his lungs would burst. His knees growing weaker and weaker, he could run no longer. He stopped a second to catch his breath. And in that second, as though it were natural, he thought of his God and then to pray. He knelt, but then another thought occurred to him, as it does to all who lead a godless life,—that a murderer is an exile in the eyes of God. That this was so he had no doubt. Raymond arose silently and with a smothered oath, wormed his way onward.

He had despaired of God's mercy, and now as he fled silently, beast-like, under the dim light of the stars, an open enemy of all human society, and a doubter in God's goodness, a thought came to him which made him shudder at first, then with an oath he yielded. Thoughtlessly as every murderer acts in this moment of despair, he prayed to the devil. Once this preternatural entreaty had been muttered, an icy atmosphere enveloped his body, he stood on the broad sands of the desert shuddering, for he now feared his own shadow. He feared everything, even death, which at times relieves so many of their sufferings. He had an uneasy apprehension of some lurking danger, yet he felt certain that no one had followed him. Stephen Raymond was thus meditating, when his eye rested on the shadow of a cactus, which, as he looked at it, began to lengthen until it was separated by the light of the moon; then his heart took a bound, for this second collateral form of shade, proved to be that of a man.

When Stephen discovered this his heart stopped for a second, and instinctively his right hand slipped to his belt and a long, sharp blade, at level, glistened in the pale light of the moon.

"Hold," said the man, "I haven't a weapon."

"Then what the thunder did you take after me for?" demanded the murderer, lowering his knife. The shadow shrugged his shoulders.

"It don't matter much, anyhow; I want you to come with me."

"Where?"

"To my shack over on the edge of the desert."

Stephen Raymond drove the heel of his boot into the sand, then glanced at the shadow again.

"Who are you," he growled, "and what do you take me to be that I should put my neck in the rope at your bidding?"

"I am Bram Balday," the other said simply, "and my hut is off there on the edge of the desert. I don't know who you are, but you've thrust the soul from a living man's body—there's the blood on your sleeve—and, like a second Cain, the whole human race is against you, and—"

"Hold your say," shouted Stephen, "or I'll make you a second Abel for the joy of it."

The other attempted to continue, but Raymond had prayed to the devil, so with fire in his eye he sank his ugly knife into the throat of Balday. The man stiffened, then relaxed and fell limply to the ground.

The murderer as if awakening from a dream, gasped at the sight. He was a child of Satan now, and it troubled him. In his intense agony he once more looked up toward the sky, but only stars returned his gaze.

Then on that dark desert, before dawn could enwrap the world in its glorious colors, a gun flashed, and a murderer went to face his Maker.

The Making of Jack Marlowe

R. HOWARD SHERIDAN, '14.

Jack Marlowe ascended the stone steps that led to his home on Fourteenth street, Philadelphia, happy and light-hearted. The day previous he had just graduated from Salem University with highest honors, and was now about to enter the home he had not seen since Christmas.

On account of the serious illness of his uncle, his father and mother were prevented from being present at his graduation, but wishing to have him happy and composed on the last day of his school life had given him another reason for their not attending.

Reaching the door he rang for admittance and was ushered into the presence of his father and mother, who were overjoyed to see their son, and elated at his great success. They told him how well he looked,—how proud they were of him,—how splendidly he had succeeded,—and how sorry they were that they could not have been present at his graduation. Jack never remembered



SECOND DIVISION BRASS BAND.

Top—L. Simmet, W. Walmsley, W. Stauffer, A. Signere, F. Schimpf. Middle—A. de Regil, F. Morere, J. Van Henvel, C. Ricou, B. O'Brien, E. Herbert, A. Douglas, R. Murray.. Sitting—L. Hickey, H. de Bonneval, C. Pearce, Mr. F. Cavey, S. J., Prof. A. Suffich, Mr. W. Reagan, S. J., R. Touart, H. Chalin, C. O'Leary.

having been so happy before. But his happiness was not to last long, for his parents were now forced to tell him the true cause that prevented them from being present at his graduation.

When Jack heard this, and that little hope was entertained for the recovery of his uncle, he became very melancholy, and asked to see him at once. This uncle was very fond of him, and being a bachelor, always treated him as a son of his own. He loved his uncle dearly and regarded him more as a father than an uncle.

When he entered the sick man's chamber he saw at a glance that he was very low. He approached the bedside, and his uncle immediately brightened up when he saw him, but was unable to speak. Jack was deeply grieved, but tried to look as cheerful as possible, and, seeing what condition his uncle was in, he retired to the library, and strive as he would he could not keep back the tears.

The doctors arrived, held a consultation, and said the dying man had a fighting chance. But during the night the Angel of Death descended and bore his soul to his Maker. He was surrounded by his brother and nephew, and many of his relatives, who saw him pass peacefully, with a smile on his lips to the great beyond.

The next day the funeral was held, and was attended by a large concourse of sorrowing friends, and with a magnificent array of carriages and flowers.

After the funeral the will was read and produced a universal shock. The dead man left all his vast wealth to various charitable institutions, and the city hospital. By the reading of the will this way his brother and family were rendered absolutely penniless.

Mr. Marlowe was deeply grieved at the death of his brother, but this completely upset him and he was forced to his bed. He could not understand this strange act of his brother. He and his brother had always been very fond of each other from their earliest days. One day Jack's father, who was the elder of the two, had some misunderstanding with his father. This led to a quarrel and as a consequence the son left home, and was disinherited. When their father died he left all his wealth to Jack's uncle, on condition that he would not give any of his wealth to his brother, so bitter was the feeling towards his older son.

As soon as he came into possession of the money he looked up his brother, and was astonished to find him married, and with a small son. They were in comfortable circumstances, but with few of the luxuries of life. He insisted that his brother cease work and come and live with him as half his wealth was his anyway, although he could not give it to him. Jack's father ever afterwards lived with his brother, who informed him that when he died he would

leave his entire fortune to him and his son. No wonder Mr. Marlowe received such a shock when the will was read. The only reason he had for thinking his brother would make such a will was that once they had quarreled over a trivial matter, but this had long since blown over.

Mr. Marlowe had not worked for so long, and the will so completely upset him, that he was now unable to work. Jack, who had borne up under this great cross that was thrust upon him and his parents, seeing what a responsibility fell upon him, bravely undertook to meet it, but never having been in the business whirl, it was doubtful if he could succeed.

Colonel Johnson, who had always been a great friend of Jack's uncle and father, gave him a position at his large real estate office. Jack worked from early morning until late at night in order to familiarize himself with the business, and provide for his parents.

In a year they were in fairly comfortable circumstances, but nothing compared to what they had previously enjoyed. Every night his mother thanked God for having given her such a son.

At the end of four years Jack was still with Colonel Johnson, not as an employee now, but as the junior member of the firm of Johnson & Marlowe. He was also engaged to Miss Laura Johnson, the youngest daughter of the Colonel, the wedding to take place in June. His parents were now in comfortable circumstances, due to the constant and persevering labors of their son.

June the twenty-first was the day set for the wedding, and by a coincidence this was the same day that the property of the deceased Mr. Marlowe was to be made payable.

The lawyer in going over the will of the deceased and some of his personal papers, found a later will stating that he left all his property to his brother and dear nephew, and also declaring the other will to be null.

The lawyer immediately hurried to the residence of Mr. Marlowe and reported the glad tidings to him. Mr. Marlowe was elated at this joyous news and became very cheerful, and felt now kindly disposed to his dead brother. But at his request not to make the good news known to Jack until after the wedding, the lawyer promised silence.

When the ceremony was over, Jack's father approached him and told him all. He was overjoyed,—more for his father's sake than his own, and declared it was certainly a fitting wedding present.

Jack still claims to this day that the first will was the making of him, for he did not think he could cope with the world under such distressing circumstances, but knowing what a responsibility was his, set out with the determination not to be overcome, and to do his best to succeed.

Amos Hopstone

JOSEPH A. BERTHELOT, '14.

One day while seated in my office reading a learned work entitled, "Pedigrees and How to Hush Up Troublesome Ones," I was greatly surprised, as business was dull, to hear a heavy pair of boots rhythmically ascending the stairs. I quickly put aside my volume, but hardly had I done so when, without invitation, a long-legged, cadaverous creature entered. He seemed to be a specimen from some backwoods country. He wore great, heavy boots, buckskin breeches, a red flannel shirt and a large, rusty gray slouch hat. At his belt were placed a brace of pistols and a deadly looking Bowie knife, while slung over his shoulder was a rifle and a well-filled powder-horn.

He gave me a long, wistful look and said: "Stranger, yer musta heard of me. My handle is Amos Hopstone, and I hail from Kaintuek. Give us yer feeler."

I at once assured Mr. Hopstone that his reputation had preceded him, and indeed it had. The Hopstone-Gibsmith feud was notorious, even in New York. It had started by Pete Gibsmith averring that he had witnessed a wagon run without visible motive power. This same Amos Hopstone was reputed to have killed twenty-nine Gibsmiths in twenty-eight days. Having then introduced himself, he drawled out: "I heerd tell that you find where a fellow is and who he is. Wa'al, I wiped out twenty-nine Gibsmiths in twenty-eight days. I'm gona beat the record of Bill Gibsmith, who put holes into twenty-nine of our gang in twenty-six days. But the opposition is pretty well thinned out, though I branched off into the kinfolks and wiped out the Smythe crowd in two months. Some guy slipped me that the Gibsmiths migrated from Noo Yawk, and I want yer to hunt up some of the clan in these diggin's."

I, seeing that the man had a desperate look, agreed, and upon my asking for compensation, he ejaculated: "You get me a job where I'll get my feed and I'll give yer my whole salary."

With this the deal was closed, and the next day saw Mr. Hopstone installed in the service of Mr. James Smith, as general man-of-all-work. The Smiths were good friends of mine, especially as I had "cast sheep's eyes" at Jimmy's sister, Evelyn, who in some measure seemed to return my affections.

However, when on Saturday night Amos brought me his wages he appeared to be dispirited and cast down. After commenting on the state of the weather, he said: "Mr. Jones, I don't mind work, but some things do rile a feller considerable. They sure do."

"For instance?" I queried.

"Yesterday I was through feeding the goat and about half-way finished combing and brushing the hoss's ha'r when the door-bell rang and I had to run to the house, put an apron on over my overalls and slick up my ha'r. Then I let the visitor in, hoping that it was you with good news. Believe me, I let him out faster than he came in when I see it was a book-agent. I don't mind waiting at table, either, but when it comes to tending the baby, ding bust it, I sure get mad."

I cheered him up by telling him that my researches were in a progressive state. The truth is that I had learned more than was congenial with my position.

After Amos had been working for nearly a year, his clothes began to hang about him in rags, he needed a hair-cut and he was gifted with great hirsute adornment on his face. I advised him to clean up, declaring that it would incalculably improve his personal appearance. Nevertheless I was surprised on his next visit to note that, although he had always worn his armament, he was now possessed of no war-like instruments. He vouchsafed this explanation: "Wa'al, yer see, I wuz gettin' seedy, so I went to 'Uncle' and Benjamin swapped me some second-hands, with a dollarn a quarter to boot, against the weepens."

Now, a word about the Smiths. The friendship that existed between Jimmy and me might be called a family one, for our forefathers had always been neighbors. My grandfather Jones and Jim's grandmother Smith owned farms which were in juxtaposition. They were so very amiable that when a picket on the fence was broken loose neither took the trouble to have it repaired. About the middle of August Grandfather Jones' well ran dry. This would have been a small catastrophe had he not lived so near Mrs. Smith. However, as his calf seemed rather thirsty, he led it over and after the animal had quenched its thirst, turned it loose. Grandmother Smith's wash was out on the line. The calf proceeded to eat a sheet. While it was still bent on destruction it was espied by Mrs. Smith, who, though ripe in years, was still agile. Firmly grasping a broom she sallied forth and lustily assailed the bovine until it was put to flight. Farmer Jones then took his Bible oath that he would never again speak to Mrs. Smith. She not only resolved not to hold converse with him, but moreover determined never to allow the calf on her side of the fence. Acting on this resolution, she chose a point of vantage near the fatal picket hole, armed with knitting needles and yarn. Mr. Jones established himself on the other side of the barrier, in order to water his calf whenever his erstwhile friend was forced from sheer weariness to recuperate her strength. After she had knitted for a few days, the sport palled on her and, bringing out the family phonograph, she played the latest rags. This would

have been a great idea, were it not for the fact that while she had to wind the machine, Farmer Jones had only to sit and listen to the harmonious sounds produced by the squeaky instrument. This state of affairs having been communicated to Jimmy, our friendship was broken off and I received an engagement ring and a packet of letters from Evelyn. As I had been instrumental in getting the position for Amos, so now I was the cause of his discharge. I was angered at my former friend's action, and upon my client visiting the office I explained the situation to him. I had discovered that "Gibsmith" was a contraction of Gibb Smith and that the feud had grown to world-wide proportions, as a person of that name is found in every clime. Amos' mind was immediately made up. "I'll wipe out every Smith in the States," he thundered, and left my office in great joy. Left to myself, I was at first pleased to think that Jimmy would be cut off from these realms of trouble here below. Then I realized that his sister Evelyn was also designated by the not too uncommon name of Smith. Before I knew what I was doing I had overtaken Amos, who was well on his way toward a hardware store.

I give our conversation:

"Amos, you should not be too hasty in this matter. Couldn't you drop the feud now that you have killed all the Gibsmiths?"

"Now, stranger, fergit it. I'm out on the warpath, I am, and I'm gona raise sand."

"But, my dear sir, since you are so bent on totally destroying the Smiths, you should at least have a little system in your methods. To have the pleasure of exterminating the whole family, you should start with the eldest member. Otherwise that eldest member might die before you were able to satisfy your vengeance. Now, I know where the oldest Smith abides. Moreover, to prevent you from taking a rifle without the owner's permission, I will present you with mine."

After Amos had taken the musket with which my great-grandfather had fought at Bunker Hill, he most profusely thanked me and departed on his journey to the home of Jimmy's grandmother. A few days later Jimmy received this letter from his aged relative:

"Dear James:

"I have not yet received your last letter. Maybe you did not write it. That nidding blatherskite Jones still aggravates me with his perverseness. A funny man with a gun is standing in the road shooting in this direction. While I was in the yard his gun seemed to be pointed toward me. He has wounded a chicken. I do really believe that he is actually firing at me, for he has come into the yard, and with his rifle resting on the window-sill is shooting.

Sincerely,

"Your Grandmother."

Of course I did not see this epistle until Jimmy and I were friends once more. However, I did not need to see it in order to know what was happening, as I also received a letter:

"Dear Jack:

"I am suffering from a bullet wound in my hat. As you may imagine, it isn't very painful. I was shot by a creature with long legs. He also killed that bone of contention, my calf. Since the animal's demise, Mrs. Smith has come around and we are now "hand in glove." The creature with the long legs has just thrown down his gun and seems to be leaving. He has been shooting at the air for two weeks.

"Your Grandfather."

When I had digested this voluminous billet, I boarded a car and soon found myself at my friend's office. As soon as he had learned the purport of the note we were comrades once more. Of course I soon saw Evelyn, and in a few weeks we were made one.

The last news that I ever heard of the worthy Hopstone came in this form: "Dear Stranger:

"I quit. **She** is unshootable. I warn't no taters. I used fifty pounds of buckshot. I'm gona go back to Kaintuck where folks die natural and not from old age.

"Hoping to always be a pal of yourn, I quit.

Amos."

"Uncle Mul"

(This edifying narrative has an added interest from the fact that the saintly man referred to was the father of one of our fellow-students.—Ed.)

"Uncle Mul's religion, that's the religion for me."

It was the victim of a railway accident who spoke. He was lying back in an invalid chair, the left side of his face bore marks of scalding, his right arm had been broken in three places. His words were keenly earnest.

"Yes, sir, Uncle Mul was a good man."

"Eighteen years ago I fired for Uncle Mul" * * * the listener grew interested for Uncle Mul had given frequent and varied evidence of being no ordinary Catholic.

"I used to be fond of cursing, but Uncle Mul would let no cursing on his engine. No, sir!"

"If I did break out, I heard him shout: 'I say! I say! no cursing on this

engine; if there's any cursing to be done, I'll do it!' ' The speaker smiled and added: "That meant there was going to be no cursing at all."

"Yes, sir, I want to be a Catholic like Uncle Mul, and I want my wife and my child to be Catholics."

The Uncle Mul of the preceding anecdote died recently from the effects of a scalding received in a railroad wreck. He was a Catholic who never in his life, through his fault, missed mass on Sunday, and who never, even when worn out with fatigue, broke the abstinence of Friday. To call him a practical Catholic would be only half the truth; he was earnestly and constantly devout, so devoted to Our Divine Lord in the Tabernacle that some assert that he never boarded his engine without first paying a visit to the church. * * * This may be a slight exaggeration, but it is true that many of the congregation thought so, and he certainly was often found kneeling before the tabernacle, his grip by his side, his eyes fixed on the "Prison Door." Again when he returned, after having guided the G. S. & F. to Palatka, Fla., and back to Macon, Ga., he would come, sometimes alone, sometimes with his little Romalda by the hand, who, mute as a mouse, seemed to share her father's realization of the Real Presence.

One of the priests attached to the church where Muldowney preached by edifying, yet unostentatious, example, tells of an incident, (one among many), that shows the strong faith of a strong man.

One day, for special reasons, all the church doors had been locked. Mr. Muldowney came as usual for his visit to the Blessed Sacrament, but he tried door after door, all were closed; he came round to the sacristy and found it open: little Romalda was with him. He entered, found the priest there saying his office. He whispered: "May we go and pray?" The priest bowed assent and went on reading his office; he had finished Small Hours, Vespers and Compline, when he looked down the church and saw that Mr. Muldowney and his little one were still there, his big eyes fixed on the altar, her little face with a gaze that was preternaturally composed. She seemed to have been on her knees all the while. How long they would have remained is hard to tell, had not the departure of the priest aroused the man of prayer and he came forward. When they came outside the edifice, the "Knight of the Throttle" told of some incident of his trip. He had always an anecdote ready, generally of some hair-breadth escape, for, during his long years, he had never had a serious accident until he experienced the one that was the cause of his death; this he attributed to a Special Protection of Providence in answer to constant prayer.

Then there were days when he would exult over his word-battles for the faith. Everyone on the road knew that Uncle Mul was a Catholic, and that the one man he prayerfully pitied was a cowardly Catholic.

This sketch is a leaf from the life book of a working man, who was at once a model father, a loving husband, a loyal, fervent Catholic.

The writer asks a prayer for the perseverance of "Uncle Mul's" fireman, who is seeking to belong to "Uncle Mul's" religion: the One true Church of the One True God.—R. W., S. J., in Jesuit's Church Calendar, New Orleans.

The White Ship of the North

E. I. F.

Forth from her port she proudly sailed,
Her flags to the breeze unfurled;
No craft before so keen had cleft
The paths of ocean world.

From prow to stern in colors set,
So swan-like in her grace;
So queenly fair, majestic, grand,
The giant of her race.

She sailed away 'mid plaudits wild
From thousands on the shore;
From land to ship, from ship to land,
They rose in deafening roar.

Amid that mass of human freight,
No heart but beat at rest;
The Queen of waters rides supreme
Upon their heaving breast.

No thought of fell disaster there,
But laughter peal on peal;
No storm, nor billow, naught can rend
The Titan's tempered steel.

The winds may howl and crack their cheeks,
The waves may fume and shock;



SPRINGHILLIAN STAFF.

J. F. Gillespie
F. A. Meyer, F.

L. Prohaska, Rev. J. H. Strich, S. J., G. L. Mayer, J. J. Druhan
P. J. Becker

They laugh to scorn their childish rage,
They stand as on a rock.

But lo! from out the Arctic shores,
Another craft we see,
Which stately rides abreast the waves,
In grim, gray majesty.

No loud huzzas her parting greet,
No pilot's at her wheel;
The hand of man shaped not her plan,
Nor fashioned out her keel.

A mightier Architect than he
Has drawn her graceful lines;
The great White Ship of northern climes
Came from a hand divine.

Like myriad diamonds sparkles she,
Amid the dazzling gleams
Of sun's bright rays; a shining mass
Of jewels rare she seems.

Grim harbinger of death she goes,
Her mission to fulfil;
That mission all the world has read—
That God is Master still.

On comes the Pride of England's craft,
She spurns both ice and wave;
But oh! where once reigned joy and mirth,
Despair and horror rave.

God's giant ship strikes but one blow,
Upon the Titan's side,
And like a living thing she reels,
And sinks beneath the tide.

O man! thy awful lesson learn,
From lips that never lie:
"The God of land and sky and e'en
The God of sea am I."

THE SPRINGHILLIAN

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE STUDENTS OF SPRING HILL COLLEGE

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR

SINGLE COPIES, TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

All remittances, literary contributions and business letters should be addressed: THE SPRINGHILLIAN . . . Spring Hill, Alabama

STAFF

FRANK L. PROHASKA, '13, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

GEORGE L. MAYER, '12	PIERRE J. BECKER, '13
FRANCIS MEYER, '12	J. FRANCIS GILLESPIE, '15
BUSINESS MANAGER	JOHN J. DRUHAN, '13

Notings

FRANK PROHASKA, '13.

Summer is always a welcome visitor in these parts. Especially ought its approach to have been so to the physics bunch who were studying light. We are now satisfied that this agent in nature cannot turn corners and do other interesting commonplaces; but nevertheless it takes a mighty sharp man to dodge it in the Exam. But this latter part of the year has gone by swimmingly. Lakeside revelries and picnics began in the early part of May. The Portier Literary Society held their banquet in the College Refectory on May 14th. was one of the season's best. The feature of that evening was the smoker, given after the banquet, for the members by the Rev. Director in Yenni Hall. Ye Editors sat at the festive board in jovial conclave on the evening of May

We find that we are beginning at the end of things. Let us go back to the chronicle where it left off in the Easter number. This is March 29th, when a goodly number went to town to see the New York Giants play Mobile a 0—0 game in thirteen innings. That was the day Daunis pocketed some of the gate receipts. Ask him about it and learn how. But sorrow overtook us ere that week was over. We still hear a faint echo trailing from Lee's Summit, Mo.: "Got a m-m-match?" Shanks left us never to return. That's the tale it tells.

* * * * *

When it comes to speed, sixty per isn't in it with the Remington demonstrator who was out here the first part of April. He was a phenomenal performer on the clicks and gave us a selection in Latin at first sight while conversing in German.

30th.

J. Lawrence Lavretta, '10, sang at High Mass here Easter Sunday. His voice has developed after his fourteen months' study in Europe. That same week (Holy Thursday) the watch dogs broke into the deer park and killed four of the finest.

* * * * *

April 15th, 1 p. m., saw the specials halt at Collage Lane and a noisy crowd of the fellows board them for Monroe Park to witness the season's opening game with Birmingham. It rained towards the last, but that didn't prevent the Count from having his picture taken. The iron nerve of some people!

* * * * *

It took combined Germany to brighten into life what had languished unto death,—tennis. After putting up a bench for their audiences, the Mr. Busches next proceeded to invest in a real outfit, consisting of white pants, shoes, rackets, and balls. The first game went to "Mr." Busch, Sr. However, the ball was set rolling and tennis flourishes.

* * * * *

The medal competitions were features during the past two months. The rolls for them have been well filled.

* * * * *

The hail that fell throughout the State on April 20th was felt here. On seeing it, George (The other Half) was led to exclaim in ecstasy: "Look at the splinters of the Titanic's iceberg just now reaching us."

* * * * *

Carlos Frederic, '10, was around here in April. "Grampas" said he could not go back to Gulfport without some Spring Hill pop. So John Druhan, our obliging store-keeper, treated him to pop. Another "Grad" was out here the day after, but not for pop. This was Flurry Dowe, '11.

* * * * *

We take the greatest pleasure in recording this,—Bill captured second place in Mechanics for April. The Junior class is proud of Bill.

* * * * *

The last night of April was marked by the dedication of the May shrines in the study halls. Father Rector was present and spoke words of congratulation and praise. The College choir sang hymns, and all together the month of May was begun well.

* * * * *

The doings of the Freshman class would fill volumes. Their latest is "Panama" hats (marked down to 9c.). This time they went "back to the farm," and Pop with his corn-cob pipe carries out the idea.

But not to be outdone in Rah! Rah! spirit, the Sophomores donned creamy white hats and pale white pants and sallied forth on the campus, where they had their pictures taken several times.

* * * * *

Our Senior class procured a half-holiday for us on the first Tuesday in May. It certainly was appreciated. Blackberrying parties still continue, at this writing, to scour the farm grounds. The lake never looked so inviting as on May 2nd, when we took a splash in it for the first time this season. The "nat" is only a memory now until next winter.

"Fats" has the winning capacity. A fortunate few saw six "Blue Bells" disappear beneath his capacious waistband in succession on a bet. Needless to say "Fats" won the bet.

* * * * *

On Ascension Thursday a number of candidates for the Sodality made their promises in the College chapel.

* * * * *

We entertained at dinner on May 20th Mr. Paul Sentell, who was the coach for the nine in the beginning of the season. Mr. Sentell is playing good ball on Chattanooga, and while his team was in town he took this occasion to call.

* * * * *

On May 23rd our prefect tendered a banquet to the College nine in the Refectory. The gate-keepers, scorers and a few others joined in the feast. Captain Bob and also the team's manager, Druhan, rose to respond to cries for a "speech." Mr. Walsh gave a short talk.

* * * * *

Heard in Sophomore:

Professor (after a lucid demonstration in Trig.)—Has anyone any questions to ask?

Moon—Yes, sir; I want to ask Potter a question.

* * * * *

On the night of May 25th, Rev. E. C. de la Moriniere delivered a lecture on Hamlet in the College Auditorium, which was tastefully decorated for the occasion. But owing in part to the excessive heat that night, the distinguished lecturer was forced to discontinue when but half through.

* * * * *

The contest for the Jannin Memorial Oratorical Medal was held on May 26th. The entrants were: John J. Gilmore, '13; George L. Mayer, '12; Frank S. Tarleton, '13; and Maurice R. Woulfe, '13. The judges, M. Mahorner, Jr., T. J. Touart and E. B. Dreaper, declared Mr. Mayer the winner, with Messrs.

Woulfe and Tarleton distinguished. The subject of the oration was "Christian Education."

* * * * *

On May 28th, Right Rev. Bishop Allen confirmed a class of about twenty in the College chapel, twelve of whom were from our number. Also on the 28th, John E. O'Flinn, '10, was out here. "Pat" is studying dentistry now.

The day after our grave and reverend Seniors went to Mobile to have their pictures taken in eap and gown.

* * * * *

We have a knight near us all day and do not appreeiate the fact. This is "Doc." Doc rode the goat, elimbed the greasy pole and did other interesting things in a recent initiation of the Knights of Columbus in Mobile on May 14th.

* * * * *

On May 29th the third league (Pinkies and Baby Dolls) finished their series and the pins go to Captain Delahoussaye's men.

* * * * *

Ploch says he was twenty in May. Ploch, "the dog's yours." (Ploch says he is going to quit lying because nobody believes him.).

* * * * *

We overheard this at the elocution contest after the programs had been read over: "Gee! Here's three pieces by Anonymous. He wrote mine and I've been trying to find out who he is."—"The Curse of Regulus" is anonymous. (This might throw some light on the source of such blissful boneness.).

* * * * *

The Collegiate section for the elocution medal attracted the public eye by the brilliant displays of the entries, on the evening of June 2nd. J. Emmett Niland, of Freshman, eaptured the prize on "The Old Aetor's Story," with Mauriee R. Woulfe a close second, and Herman Gervais and John Druhan following.

We notieed the following reeent graduates in the audienee: Sid B. Simon, '08; Toxey Wagner, '09; Chas. Schimpf, '09, and Jas. Duggan, '10. The last gentleman took supper with us.

* * * * *

Concerning the Debate.

Our Departure.—Easter Monday morning was a gala morning for the debating team. For they left that forenoon for New Orleans to win or lose in the debate with Loyola. Spring Hill's ehampions, Messrs. Geo. L. Mayer and Maurice R. Woulfe, together with Messrs. F. Meyer and F. Prohaska, pulled out of Mobile on the 1.30 train on April 8th and were in lots of time for the forensic contest the following Wednesday night.

Our Return.—The team came back to Mobile that Thursday night and announced in person the defeat of the Purple and White. But this was not owing to the two representatives who showed themselves throughout worthy representatives of Spring Hill. This evens up the score, and next year will decide for one term at least which is the premier institution in debate.

The Debate.—The question this year was the "Direct Election of the United States Senators." Marquette Hall was appropriately decorated for the occasion. We quote the following from the Picayune, which is not only a good synopsis of all four speeches, but a fair write-up as well:

"The debate was a whirl-wind from start to finish, and the large and enthusiastic audience which packed the auditorium was kept at white heat until the final decision was announced. As it was, Loyola won by a close margin of one vote. Loyola defended the affirmative and was ably represented by Henry Miller, '12, and Jos. Rault, '13. The negative side was convincingly and oratorically set forth by George L. Mayer, '12, and Maurice R. Woulfe, '13, both of whom represented Spring Hill. Rev. Leslie J. Kavanagh, Associate Justice Olivier O. Provosty, Dr. Morton A. Aldrich, Hon. Clarence S. Hebert and Mr. Solomon Wolff acted as judges; Hon. John St. Paul presided as chairman.

"Mr. Miller opened the battle of argument by outlining the question in detail and then enumerating the evils which the present system of electing United States senators by the State legislatures is causing. He scored the legislative dead-locks which he declared had entangled the senatorial situation in almost every State in the Union, and which had, on account of inability to elect, reduced the representation in congress. Too much time, he deposed, is being spent in legislative halls in settling senatorial disputes, which time ought to be taken up in making laws and bettering the conditions in the State. Bribery and corruption in State legislatures also came in for their share of shafts which the speaker directed at the present system. The senatorial election system today, he affirmed, is based wholly upon a distrust of the people.

"In his vigorous defense of the present system, Mr. Mayer, the first speaker for Spring Hill, declared that corruption among the people constituted the main cause of the bribery evil. He showed how the present system, which was instituted by the framers of the constitution for all time, could be remedied by providing a plurality vote in the legislature, by securing more prompt elections and by purifying a corrupt populace. He took occasion to cite the cases of Oregon and Wisconsin, which, he declared, had tried the election of their senators by popular vote and found the system a failure because it failed to produce any great public men and leaders.

"Mr. Rault, the second speaker for Loyola, strengthened the arguments of his fellow-debater by a splendid and forceful talk. He directed a running

fire against the political corruption which he enthusiastically declared popular election would entirely annihilate, and won a great ovation by his witty remark: 'It is much harder for a poor man to enter the United States senate than for a rich man to enter Heaven.' Along this line he mentioned the steel, oil, and railroad senators of which he declared there were great numbers in the United States senate. A popular election, he said, will create a permanent constituency.

"Mr. Woulfe, of Spring Hill, closed the debate proper by a dramatic and effective appeal to abide by the constitution of the first congress at Liberty Hall. He summed up the points of the negative in a clear, concise demand for conservatism, which the popular election will tend to obliterate, influenced as it would be by public fancy and passion.

"All four speakers presented snappy arguments in rebuttal, and it was plain to be seen that the judges were to have a difficult time in arriving at a decision."

* * * * *

And now a few words in conclusion. The Second Leaguers have finished their series and Capt. Becker's men will sport their pins this summer. The premiums will be given out the evening of the 18th inst., and the crowning event of this year will be commencement on the 19th.

The board of editors wish all a pleasant vacation. May we all have some gay tale to tell in September when the Pink-tea Set reorganizes and the Bum's Corner fills again.

Alumni Notes

The following interesting letter has been received by Rev. F. X. Twellmeyer, President of Spring Hill, from **H. Gibbes Morgan**, a student in the sixties:

New Orleans, April 25, 1912.

Reverend Father:

May I be permitted, as an old Spring Hill boy, to congratulate your faculty on the admirable manner in which your representatives handled the negative—and in these days the most difficult—side of the debate held two weeks ago, between Spring Hill and the Loyola contestants at Marquette Hall in this city? I would have expressed my appreciation of this interesting debate earlier, but a press of important business made it impossible until now.

The subject, "The Election of United States Senators by Direct Vote of the People, or by the Legislature," is one of general interest in this country

at the present time, and at first blush, the average man would say, rather an ambitious one for undergraduates. Before, however, the discussion had proceeded very far, the audience realized to their surprise, that the four debaters were masters of the situation, and were handling the subject with great credit to themselves and to the institutions they represented. Indeed, it is not saying too much to declare that their forceful arguments, pro and con, would have done credit to debaters in either house of Congress who daily wrangle over the affairs of the nation.

While each in his degree did well, and while I am loath to envy Loyola her victory, candor compels me to say that had I been one of the judges I would have awarded the laurels to Spring Hill, and in so doing, I do not believe I would have been actuated by any unfair feeling of preference for my old Alma Mater, whose sacred halls I left in the early sixties in response to the call that summoned the manhood of the South, old and young, to defend the rights of the States, as it was given us to see them.

After an absence of half a century, my heart still thrills with pride at the memory of old Spring Hill's glorious traditions, and I look back with joy at the years I spent there, under the fatherly care of the good, learned and great men, who shaped her destinies and the lives of those under their tutelage.

In conclusion, let me exclaim with the poet:

"Ah! happy years! once more who would not be a boy."

Very respectfully yours,

H. GIBBES MORGAN,

* * * * *

Hon. Alvin E. Hebert, A. B., '97, has entered on his duties as Secretary of State of Louisiana. His election to office has been regarded in the nature of a triumph by his friends. Mr. Hebert began and carried on his campaign as an independent Democratic candidate, without having formed any political alliances. His majority over his opponent was 11,641, one of the largest registered for any candidate. At the coming commencement Spring Hill will confer the degree of LL.D. on Mr. Hebert, whose successful career has been a source of pride to his Alma Mater.

* * * * *

Hon. Charles J. Theard, A. B., '76, A. M., '78, LL. D., '05, was elected president of the Citizens' Bank, New Orleans. The Picayune of May 15th, says editorially:

The announcement of the retirement from the presidency of the Citizens' Bank, one of our leading financial institutions, of Mr. George W. Nott, and the selection as his successor of Hon. Charles J. Theard is a matter of great interest to the entire community. The Citizens' Bank is one of our oldest banking institutions and has had a distinguished and successful career.



SCHOLARSHIP LEADERS

Standing—Hector Hale, 3rd Eng.; Walter Stewart, 2nd Eng.; Joseph Chenevert, 2nd Ac.; Louis Roussel, 1st Ac.; Scudday Roussel, 3rd Ac. Sitting—Paul Mackin, Intermediate; Joseph Cassidy, Sophomore; George Mayer, Senior; Rev. C. D. Barland, S. J., Vice-Pres.; John Druhan, Junior; Michael Watters, Freshman; Christopher Timothy, 1st Eng.

In the selection of Mr. Theard as president the shareholders and directors of the bank are to be congratulated upon having secured the services of one of the ablest as well as most distinguished of the young men of the community. Mr. Theard is a native of this city, and comes of an old and distinguished family. He enjoys the distinction of being one of the ablest lawyers in the state, and has always been prominently identified with public matters. He is known as a man of unswerving integrity and of high character, and his large legal practice has given him a wide knowledge of men and affairs.

The Picayune extends its warmest congratulations to the shareholders of the Citizens' Bank on their good fortune in obtaining so brilliant, able and substantial a man as Mr. Theard as president of the institution. Under his management the bank is certain to increase both its activities and its profits, and add, if that were possible, to the high reputation it has long enjoyed for strength and solidity.

* * * * *

In the recent election in Louisiana, **Hon. Walter J. Burke** was chosen as senator from the Thirteenth district. Mr. Burke has two sons in residence at the College.

* * * * *

James D. Hanlon, B. S., '92, of Bayou Goula, La., was married at a nuptial mass to Miss Annie Rafferty in Mater Dolorosa Church, New Orleans, on April 16th. On their wedding tour Mr. and Mrs. Hanlon spent an evening at the College.

* * * * *

Biloxi, Miss., April 18.—**Phillip Prieur, A. B., '95**, a prominent merchant of Biloxi, and Miss Eliska Marie Elliott, of New Orleans, were married at St. Ann's Church, in New Orleans, yesterday morning at a nuptial mass at 10:30 o'clock by Father Bogaerts.

Henry Prieur, a brother of the bridegroom, assisted the groom, and Miss Evelyn Elliott, the bride's sister, was maid of honor. Ushers: A. M. Carriere, F. M. Carriere, Francis Elliott, Edward Durel, H. Courturier and F. Comma-gere, of New Orleans, and Gaston J. Wiltz and Leon J. Roy, of Biloxi.

A reception followed at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Filmore Elliott. The couple returned yesterday to Biloxi. They will reside at 1046 West Howard avenue.

* * * * *

Prof. A. J. Staub, Mus. D., has been the recipient of very flattering compliments for the able manner in which he conducted the concerts of the Mobile Saengerfest.

* * * * *

A feature of the commencement exercises of the University of Alabama

School of Medicine, Mobile, was the presentation by Very Rev. Fr. Twellmeyer, President of Spring Hill, of the **Rhett Goode** Prize, donated by Mrs. and Miss Mabel Goode in memory of a devoted husband and father. Eloquent tributes were paid to the late dean of the school by the various speakers.

* * * * *

At the annual meeting of the State council of the Knights of Columbus, held in Mobile May 14, **Frank D. Kohn, A. B., '89**, was elected State Deputy, and **William Cowley, A. B., '95**, State Advocate.

* * * * *

Matthias Mahorner, Jr., A. B., '94, A. M., '05, is in constant demand as an orator. In a recent address to the graduating class of Barton Academy, Mobile, he said in part:

"Today, educated and equipped by the highest standard of academic training, you form the true grand army of the republic.

"You have the spirit of the greatest nation on earth, the spirit of democracy and independence, backed by the advantages of refinement and education, though let me remind you to ever cherish in your hearts a feeling of discontent with yourselves, your life, for so long as you do you will ever strive upwards and profit by the many noble examples that our fellow man is setting for the best of us. A contented peasant may be a country's pride, but a contented peasant will never be anything but a peasant.

"Let your education be a means of elevation to the higher ideals of civilization. Use it as a foundation upon which to build for the future. Do not make the mistake of considering your studies complete—but continue to read. Cultivate a taste for history and biography in order that you may better know the wonderful story of the human race and thereby better understand yourselves.

"For you then the race has marched its westward course; the scholar has trimmed his lamp; the warrior unsheathed his sword; the martyr died; for you the singer has sung his song; the author told his story; for you the earth has been explored; the heavens measured; the sea sounded. Yours is the heritage of all the past; you are the heir of all ages."

* * * * *

Mr. Clarence Kearns, S. J., will be raised to the holy order of priesthood at St. Louis University on June 27th. Mr. Kearns was a member of the class of '99, and later for some years a very successful director of athletics at the College. **The Springhillian** offers sincerest congratulations. On the same occasion **Mr. Thomas Carey, S. J.**, who will be remembered as a teacher and prefect in Yenni Hall, will be ordained a priest. **Mr. Thomas H. Bortell, S. J.**, who taught here '99-'00, will be ordained in Montreal, Canada, on July 25th.

At the recent Democratic primary in Mobile county **M. J. Vickers** received the nomination as a member of the School Board.

* * * * *

Dr. H. P. Hirshfield, A. B., '75, was again elected coroner of Mobile county, a position which he has held for many years.

* * * * *

During the convention of the Alabama Bankers' Association, **Mr. John P. Kohn, A. B., '85**, president of the Sullivan Bank and Trust Co., of Montgomery, paid an appreciated visit to his Alma Mater.

* * * * *

The Springhillian was honored with copies of the Houma Daily Chronicle, a new figure in the journalistic world, of which **Emile W. Dupont** is the business manager. Success and length of days!

* * * * *

C. Henry Adams, A. B., '09, a recent graduate of the law department of Tulane, will pursue the practice of his profession in St. Louis.

* * * * *

Among the graduates of the Georgetown University School of Law we find the name of **Sidney J. Bourgeois, A. B., '09**.

* * * * *

Samuel L. Kelly graduated on June 11th in the law department of the University of Texas at Austin. During his stay at the College Mr. Kelly was a member of the editorial staff of **The Springhillian**, and has since favored us with an interesting contribution. He has been engaged in journalistic work in Texas and was business manager of the University Magazine. **The Springhillian** wishes Mr. Kelly a long and successful career in his chosen profession.

* * * * *

William A. Staehle, B. S., '04, came over with the Loyola baseball team to renew his acquaintance with the scenes of his college days. His friends will be pleased to learn that he has recently become a member of the Church.

* * * * *

E. E. Escalante, B. S., '09, was one of the graduates in medicine in Tulane at the recent commencement.

* * * * *

J. D'Hamecourt Fossier, A. B., '10, more generally known as "Mike," graduated in the Tulane School of Pharmacy. In his leisure hours he has found time to keep up the great record he made on the diamond while at Spring Hill.

* * * * *

Nelson Woody, who was in residence here some years ago, was one of three who were graduated with distinction from the Tulane Law School, hav-

ing made a record of over 90 per cent. in all of the courses for three years.

* * * * *

The wedding of **Lawrence B. Fabacher, Jr., ex-'09**, to Miss Clementine Trorlicht, took place on April 11, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, St. Louis. The ceremony was performed by Very Rev. Albert Biever, S. J., President of Loyola University, New Orleans, in the presence of a large gathering of friends. During the day a cable was received from Father Brandi, in Rome, conveying the blessing of the Holy Father to the young couple. Greetings were also sent by His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons. Mr. and Mrs. Fabacher have taken up their residence at 3 Dunleith Court, New Orleans.

The Springhillian unites its voice with their many friends in congratulating them and wishing them many years of wedded life.

* * * * *

John F. Jossen, ex-'00, is making an extended trip through Europe.

* * * * *

Invitations were received to the wedding of **Solomon H. Frederic** and Miss Louise Marie Champagne, which was celebrated on the morning of June 4th in St. John the Baptist Church, St. John Parish, La. Mr. Frederic entered Spring Hill from Scranton, now Pascagoula, Miss., in 1899. **The Springhillian** sends greetings.

* * * * *

James C. Van Antwerp, B. S., '00, has been elected president of the Item Publishing Co., Mobile.

* * * * *

One of the prettiest weddings of the season was that solemnized at the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Baronne street, New Orleans, Monday afternoon, when Miss Olivette Conboy became Mrs. **Henry Rafael Kevlin** and Mrs. Ruby Conboy-Rowe became Mrs. **Edward J. Kevlin**. The brides are sisters and the grooms are brothers, thus marking a happy romance that began less than a year ago in Mobile when Miss Conboy and her sister met the two young men they married and who were then students at Spring Hill College.

The wedding ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Wallace, S. J., who was the instructor of the young men when they were pupils at Spring Hill.

Miss Conboy and Mrs. Conboy-Rowe are prominent society girls of Mobile. At the request of the grooms the bridal party came to New Orleans to be married by Father Wallace. Present at the ceremony were Mrs. Thomas Conboy, mother of the brides, of Mobile; Mrs. George Neal Marsh, sister of the brides, who came from Seattle to attend the wedding, and Mr. Charles Kincaide, a personal friend of the grooms.

The wedding was a quiet one, only the immediate family of the contracting parties being present.

Following the ceremony a banquet was served the wedding party in the gold room of the Grunewald hotel.

Messrs. Kevlin are prominent exporters of mahogany and hardwood timbers in British Honduras.—New Orleans Picayune of April 30.

* * * * *

At the Sacred Heart Church in Atlanta, Ga., Wednesday morning, April 17, a marriage of great interest throughout the South took place. Miss Mary Clare Moran, the eldest daughter of the late Paschal James Moran, of Atlanta, plighting her troth to Mr. **Paul Edward Rapier**, eldest son of the late Colonel John L. Rapier and Mrs. Regina Demouy Rapier, of this city.

This interesting ceremony celebrated with nuptial mass by the groom's cousin, Rev. Father George S. Rapier, S. M., at 8:30 o'clock in the morning, completes a union of two families prominent not only in the business and social life of the South, but in the journalistic world also, as the bride's father, the late Paschal J. Moran, associate editor of the Constitution until the time of his death, was recognized as one of the best informed and most brilliant journalists in the South, and her brother, Robert J. Moran, by whom she was given away and who is night city editor on the Atlanta Constitution, are not alone noted in the field of journalism—but the groom's father, Colonel Rapier, who was for years president and owner of The Register, was one of the most brilliant and splendid writers and thinkers of his time, a man distinguished in any gathering of distinguished men, and whose opinions and writings always carried truth and conviction. Upon the death of his father Mr. Paul Rapier succeeded to the presidency of The Register.

* * * * *

Francis J. O'Rourke was ordained to the priesthood in the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Chicago, on June 1st, and said his first mass the next day. Father O'Rourke will labor in the arch-diocese of Chicago.

* * * * *

We had a very welcome visit recently from **Frederick Solis, A. B., '00**, his first since his graduation. Mr. Solis is engaged in business in New Orleans.

Second Division Items

J. FRANK GILLESPIE, '15.

When this edition of the Springhillian reaches you, you will be thinking only of home! home!! home!!! Everything will recall home to you and you will be counting the days—aye— even the hours until you will be home once again. Ergo, I also being only a human being am constantly thinking of home. e'en to the point that I am distracted from my studies. (Hm-m-m) The balmy air has wooed us away from our books and beckons us to the cooling waters of the lake. (Those who watched closely will see how skillfully I turned away from the subject of studies. This finesse comes from long experience.)

* * * * *

The national game still predominates in the Little Yard, but I cannot say that it is as organized to the same extent as when the season opened. The 1st and 4th leagues have disbanded on account of reasons unknown or unmentionable, as the case happens to be. The 2nd league is still alive and swatting. At present the teams stand neck to neck. (No betting.) I have at hand statements from both Captains Benson O'Brien and Ed. Newsham, and they say that they are both as confident of winning the pins as I am that June 19th will soon "bob up." This league claims to have the heaviest short-stop on record, in the person of "Fwanthis Mowewe, S. R." The 3rd league race is not quite so close but is as fast, and the teams are as evenly matched as you would care to witness. The 3rd league goes to the other extreme, and offer for their examples of manly physique: Mesdames "Sis" Nall, "Slim Jim" Niland, Ollinger, and "Chesty" Abbott. "Mysterious Rag" Hickey, otherwise known as "Si" Weather-beaten Doc Meyer, and Scudday Roussel, are also members of this all-star aggregation.

* * * * *

The Junior Varsity so far has sailed under favorable winds, having lost only one out of ten, an average of .900. Their season opened on March 31st, when they met the Cardinals of Mobile. The score was 18-1, and, although things were not evenly matched, as shown by the score, the Little Yard had a chance to see their world-winners in action. Captain Gus Timothy showed phenomenal speed on the paths, and at the same time cracking out a juicy homer, and Moon Ducote, too, was right there with the willow.

* * * * *

On April the 28th we were treated to a much faster game and the Junior Nine was again victorious. The team they met, the Myrtles, was easily in our class, but in the long run the S. H. C. Juniors beat them 5-4. In the 8th inning, Emilio Gomez smashed the pill over the right-center fence, with Pat-

tersen on base and cinched the contest. The Sunday following, the Iroquois journeyed down from Mobile for their own slaughter. The innocents went down to the tune of 9 to 0. Captain "Macaroni" Timothy showed us how to do his spectacular aeroplane slide when he stole home in the seventh.

* * * * *

On May 11th the Jesuit High School team journeyed over from New Orleans to meet defeat at the hands of the Junior team. The Mobile papers had the following to say of the three games:

"A narrowly won and hotly contested game was played on the Junior diamond yesterday at 3:30 p. m., when the S. H. C. Juniors met and defeated the Jesuit High School of New Orleans to the tune of 2 to 1.

"The game, which was from the very outset interesting and doubtful as to the final issue, can be called a pitchers' battle. Both Herbert of Spring Hill and Robinson of New Orleans were in splendid form, and pitched air-tight ball throughout, the former allowing four hits and walking one, retiring eight by the three and out route; Robinson allowed but two hits, walked five and fanned eleven. Davey's and Regil's receiving was up to snuff though the latter was wild a couple of times on throws to the second sack. Hebert and Timothy of S. H. C. played their respective positions like old vets, and there was no flies on Nolan and Botto of New Orleans. The man of the hour was "Lefty" Gomez, who scored from second on a high infield fly muffed by the pitcher and recovered the ball at third when Hebert fumbled a bad throw.

The game in detail:

Botto of the visitors was a prey to Herbert's benders. Vaccaro hit a hot one to short and was thrown out at first. Nolan retired the side.

Herbert of S. H. C. walked. Regil struck out, and Herbert, on attempted steal, was thrown out. Gomez made third out by a slow grounder to the pitcher.

In the second inning Robinson gets a life on a slow one to short, steals second, Regil throwing high. Davey hits single to right, Robinson scored and Davey went to second and was thrown out on attempt to steal third. Gueno walked, stole second. Cahill was an easy out to right. Gueno was pegged out by Regil at third.

Ducote took three healthy ones. Patterson got to base on balls. McPhillips advanced him to second by a bunt to third and reached first safely. Timothy walked. Lange and Herbert were victims to Robinson's twisters.

Talbot hit slow one to pitcher. Breslin singled over short. Botto struck out and Regil threw Breslin out at third.

Herbert took three healthy swings, Regil followed suit. Gomez hit to third and got first on bad return of ball to the pitcher. Ducote hit a high fly which

was muffed by Robinson and Gomez rounded third and came home, tying the score. Ducote stole second but was caught napping.

Vaccaro, the first up in the fourth, was an easy out on a fly to third. Nolan popped up to short and Robinson was thrown out at first by Timothy.

Patterson of S. H. C. went out on a grounder to third. McPhillips followed with an easy out to the pitcher. Timothy walked, went to second on a wild throw by the pitcher. Lange retired the side by grounder to first.

Davey opens up by fanning. Gueno retired by a grounder to short. Cahill was thrown out at first on a swift one to third.

Hebert of S. H. C. got first on balls, and Herbert bunted fly to the pitcher, and Hebert was thrown out at first, completing a double. Regil retired the side by a strike-out.

In the sixth Talbot and Breslin were done up in quick order, and the side was retired by a grounder to third.

Gomez was thrown out from short and Ducote made second out by a slow ball to the pitcher. Patterson made third out, three swings.

Cahill starts eighth by hit to short which Timothy fumbles. Blackmar, who replaced Talbot in right, hit to McPhillips and Cahill was thrown out at second. Blackmar stole second. Breslin retired on long fly to Martin who replaced Lange in right. Blackmar stole third on Hebert's fumbling bad throw which Gomez recovered preventing score. Botto retired side by hit to pitcher.

In the second half Hebert reached first on Vaccaro's wild throw. Herbert took three swings but catcher missed ball and Hebert went to second on the throw to first, and came home on the wild throw to third. Regil was thrown out from short and Gomez retired by a long drive to center.

In the ninth Vaccaro fanned. Nolan was caught out at short and Robinson fanned the air three times.

The line-up:

S. H. C.—Herbert, p.; Regil, c.; Patterson, 1b.; McPhillips, 2b.; Hebert, 3b.; Timothy, ss.; Gomez, lf.; Ducote, cf.; Lange, rf.; Martin, rf.

J. H. S.—Robinson, p.; Davey, c.; Cahill, 1b.; Botto, 2b.; Breslin, lf.; Talbot, rf.; Blackmar, rf.

Score—

R. H. E.

J. H. S.....010 000 000—1 4 3

S. H. C.....001 000 01*—2 2 3

Batteries—S. H. C., Herbert and Regil; J. H. S., Robinson and Davey.

Struck out—By Herbert 3, by Robinson 11. Bases on balls—Off Herbert 1, off Robinson 4. Umpires—Becker and Tarleton. Scorer—Pertuit. Time—1:30.

* * * * *

The second game of the Spring Hill-Jesuit High School series was pulled



YENNI LITERARY CIRCLE.

Top Row—P. O'Leary, L. Cassidy, E. Schowalter, E. Newsham, A. Douglas, Middle Row—A. de Regil, M. McPhillips, R. Phillips, E. Herbert, R. Ducote, J. McPhillips, A. Provosty, W. Frederick, R. Touart. Sitting—L. Hickey, C. Ricou, D. Hobert, Le D. Provosty, Rev. J. H. Stritch, S. J., F. Gillespie, C. Timothy, E. Niland, R. Murray.

off yesterday morning at 9:30 on the college campus. A fierce battle was fought and both sides worked hard for the victory, but Robinson, who pitched Saturday's game, was in fine trim and was well supported; and Vaearro's, Robinson's and LaGarde's stick work sent the necessary runs across the rubber. Vaearro lifted a nice one over the left field fence for a homer in the third. Robinson put his weight behind the pill for a couple of doubles. Spring Hill's willow wielding was not up to their standard, though Hebert, McPhillips, Lange and Martin got a nice one each. Regil's catching and pegging was stellar-like and "Gus" Timothy was wide-awake at first. J. McPhillips for the most part showed good form, fanning six men, but was thrice heavily hit. Hebert replaced him in the fifth and his slow underhand out retired a dozen. Robinson claimed sixteen victims and Davey's support was fine. LeGarde, who was not in the first game, played at the first station. The game lasted an hour and thirty-five minutes and passed to the visitors with a score of 6 to 2.

There not being sufficient time to play the third game in the forenoon, it was postponed until 1 o'clock. The last game proved to be the tightest and most interesting of the series. Both sides played close ball and played to win. "Iron Man" Robinson shot the benders for the Jesuit High School and showed little signs of fatigue from the two preceding games, allowing but six hits and walking three. His two-bagger in the second which scored a man and his home run over left field fence in the fourth prove that he has his lamp on the pill and that weight counts a thing or two. Herbert twisted the shot for Spring Hill and had good control. He claimed seven victims, walked three and hit one. McPhillips starred at second sack in the second when he almost stood on his head and connected with a hot liner and pegged the runner out at first. The Jesuits kept the game on ice till the last half of the sixth, when "Lefty" Gomez took it off by swatting the sphere over right field for a two-bagger, scoring a man. Regil and "Moon" Dueote crossed the rubber before the side retired.

With the score 2 to 4 in Spring Hill's favor, the city lads in the first half of the seventh pounded the pill for three runs, Breslin bringing in a man by single to centre. Botto slamming out a three-bagger which brought in two men and made the score 5 to 4 in their favor. In the last half of the seventh McPhillips reached first on an error and Herbert walked. With his eye riveted on the sphere Braud stepped up to the plate and cracked the horsehide square on the nose for a clean single between first and second, scoring two men and winning the series.

* * * * *

On May the 19th, an anonymous team from Mobile were trounced in short order, the score, 6 to 4. Their pitcher, Bruce Robins, lifted one over deep center fence for a homer. Not to be bested, our model pitcher, Herbert, won

his game, by knocking a clean four-bagger. Our star-captain too, still basked in the lime-light, getting a home run and a three-bagger, out of three times at the plate. On June the 2nd, by way of a slight pastime, we walked over a picked team who had come out to play the college nine, in a six-inning contest. When the smoke rolled away it was found that ten Little Yard men had galloped across the platter, while their opponents had pushed over only four runs. What would the score have been if the slaughter had been allowed to continue?

* * * * *

The Little Yard on April the 18th played a Mobile County team on the Big Yard diamond and beat them by the score of 2 to 1. The defeated team besides winning games from all the good amateur teams in Mobile, had also won games from the Southern University, Marion Institute, Keewatin and Loyola.

* * * * *

The June-bug team of foot-ball fame, has been rejuvenated and is now a base-ball pearl of the first water. Captain Nall's braves have succeeded in winning one game in the series with the Hill Billies by a score of 12 to 6, and dropping another by the score of 7 to 6. At present I hear no mention of a third game being played.

* * * * *

The Yenni Literary Circle held its last meeting on Monday, May the 20th, and on the following day had a picnic. (It hurts me even to look back on that good time. Call a taxi!) The Y. L. C. had a splendid year as is shown by the showing a few of its members made in the Elocution Medal contests. Mr. J. E. Niland and Mr. C. Ricou, both of this club, captured both of the medals offered. (Oh! Yes! He is a fast man!)

The Junior Band has disbanded. (Quick! Uncle Henry dust off the electric chair). But not before they had successfully performed their mission in life. Everyone from your Uncle Mun down to Frank Schimpf deserves individual applause.

* * * * *

Next door in the library Big Buffy continues to hold tyrannical sway. The registration department is steered through many a squall by that old Salt Doc, the Ancient Mariner and his mate, Leepy Cassidy. Floss in the role of secretary and treasurer, does not seem to be able to hold the job with the same tact and facility that would be shown by a street-car conductor, but nevertheless the mint is still running.

* * * * *

Now to come to the parlor sports. Top-playing is a popular pastime among some of the younger boys. Little Tommy Hunt is one of the most ardent

devotees of this form of pleasure. "Goat" Anderman has reached the pinnacle of adeptness in this art, even to the point of being able to spin a tooth-powder can. We were much astonished to hear that when he finished his play he made a hearty meal of his top. We have ample proof of this statement from that paragon of scientific sleuthing, Detective Edwardo Byrnes, and his assistant, Doctor Watso Blankensteino. The Little Yard is not famous for its accomplishment in the manly art of slugging below the belt, but Flippers Nieodemus of the Junior Athletic Club has just claimed the championship on the grounds that he had beaten the former belt-holder, "Frenchy" Dolese.

* * * * *

An old custom was reincarnated this year much to the pleasure of the school. It was the May or Auxiliary Choir, sometimes called the Angelic Rooters. Most all of the smaller boys in the Small Yard were members and our handsome Editor-in-chief was the organist. Many fine voices were found among the singers, and Frank had a chance to show that he was proficient in tickling the ivories.

* * * * *

The united and amalgamated order of suffragettes holds daily meetings in Live Oak Hall. Their officers are C. Ricou, president; C. S. Timothy, vice-president; L. D. Provosty, secretary and treasurer, and W. Frederichs, janitor. The roster of this club is too large to enumerate.

Baseball Jottings

P. J. BECKER, '13.

Though slightly dispirited over the wretched turn fortune took in their series with the Marion boys from up-state, all the old team-mates toed the line in the next contest with more determination than is generally considered legal. Fire and vengeance cropped out in their every move, and no sooner had his "Umpship" proceeded with the usual formalities of announcing "batteries for today's game," and yelling in stentorian tones "Play ball!" than outstepped the gallant defenders of the Purple and the White into their respective positions and began to demoralize the whole defense of their opponents. Two or three batting and fielding practices had whetted their taste for benders of every kind and species, and taught the pleasure of gripping a hot liner from any bat. A casual glance at the following will serve only to verify these statements and command the attention and admiration of our supporters.

S. H. C. vs. C. A. C.—The first game after the Marion series the Hill boys came back strongly and defeated "Old Cy Neely" in a well played and hardly fought game. Brother "Moon" Toomey filled the exalted position of manager of the troops and officiated also as "Umps" in a manner totally at variance with Hank O'Day's methods. But jokes aside, John did try to give the boys a square deal, but they couldn't see it in that light.

Neely showed his old time form, but succeeded in sending only six of our batters by his famous three and out route, yielding nine scattered hits. S. H. C. slabman of this game was "Silent" Delaune, who caused nine of the enemy to bite the dust after three healthy swipes at the sphere, allowing at the same time but five hits. The features of the contest were E. Kelly's home run, which came in the ninth with the bases empty, Cassidy's base running and Delaune's star pitching which more than once earned the applause of the stands. The box score:

C. A. C.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S. H. C.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Rehm, s. s.	5	0	0	1	2	1	Mackin, 2b.	5	1	1	2	1	0
P. Neely, 3b.	5	0	0	2	0	0	Potter, lf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Kiash, 1b.	4	0	1	9	0	0	Lawless, 1b.	4	0	2	11	0	1
D. Neely, p.	4	0	1	0	12	1	Braud, rf.	2	1	1	3	0	0
Long, cf.	4	1	1	2	0	0	Druhan, cf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
E. Kelly, 2b.	3	2	2	1	1	0	Cassidy, c.	3	2	1	7	2	1
Williams, c.	3	0	0	5	2	1	Tarleton, 3b.	3	0	1	0	1	3
Border, lf.	3	0	0	2	0	0	Woulfe, s. s.	3	0	2	1	1	1
Carlin, rf.	3	0	0	1	0	0	Delhaune, p.	4	0	1	1	12	0
Donnelly, lf.	2	0	0	1	0	0							
Totals	36	3	5	24	17	3	Totals	31	4	9	27	17	6

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—R.H.E.
Visitors	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	1—3 5 3
S. H. C.	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	1	*—4 9 6

Summary—Home run, E. Kelly. Two-base hits, D. Neely, Carlin. Struck out by Delaune 9, Neely 6. Base on balls by Delaune 2, Neely 4. Hit by pitched ball, Potter.

Batteries—For S. H. C., Delaune and Cassidy. For C. A. C., D. Neely and Williams.

Umpires—Becker and Toomey.

S. H. C. vs. Keewatin.—The game with Keewatin scheduled for the 14th of March, but which was abandoned on that day owing to the untimely interference of Jupiter Pluvius, was pulled off two weeks later on the 28th at the college campus. The Ocean Springs boys arrived on the northbound train at 12:45 p. m. and reported shortly after under the vigilant guidance of our captain and manager.

Though not blessed by the most clement weather, and in the face of a stiff northern breeze, we began the contest at three-thirty sharp. Braud, the game's best amateur pro-

Keewatin.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S. H. C.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kitterinham, c. ...	5	1	2	4	0	0	Mackin, 2b.	6	1	1	0	3	0
Hoffman, s.s.	3	3	1	1	5	1	Potter, lf.	5	2	2	0	0	0
Murphy, 3b.	4	0	2	2	2	1	Lawless, 1b.	5	1	2	10	0	1
Berry, 1b.	4	0	1	12	0	0	Braud, rf.	3	1	1	1	1	0
D. Murphy, 2b.	3	0	0	1	1	0	Woulfe, s.s.	5	2	1	0	1	0
Baleon, lf.	3	0	0	0	0	1	Cassidy, c.	4	2	2	13	1	0
Davis, cf.	4	0	0	4	0	0	Garbarino, cf.	3	1	1	3	0	1
Edmonds, p.	3	0	0	0	5	2	Delaune, p.	5	2	3	0	0	0
Curran, rf.	4	0	1	0	0	1	Druhan, cf.	1	1	0	0	17	1
Babcock*	1	0	0	0	0	0	Tarleton, 3b.	4	2	1	0	0	0
Totals	34	4	7	24*	13	6	Totals	41	15	14	27	23	3

*Batted for Edmonds in ninth.

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—R.H.E.
Keewatin	1	0	1	0	1	0	1	0	0—4 7 6
S. H. C.	5	0	5	1	0	4	0	0	*—15 14 3

Summary—Three-base hit, Braud. Two-base hit, Murphy. Struck out by Delaune 12, by Edmonds 3. Base on balls off Delaune 4, off Edmonds 4. Hit by pitched ball, Delaune 1, Edmonds 2.



SENTELL (Coach).



TARLETON (Captain).

Batteries—For S. H. C., Delaune and Cassidy. For Keewatin, Edmonds and Kiterinham.

Umpre—Becker.

duction in these parts, decorated the mound for our fellows, while "Billy" Edmonds hurled for the travelers, and did as well as he could under the circumstances. In the first inning after one hand was out, Hoffman drew a pass, stole second and crossed the plate on K. Murphy's two-base hit, scoring the first run of the game. Spring Hill's inning was marked by three hits and two men being struck by the pitcher, so that at the close no less than five runs had been tallied. After this it was a case of look for the pill when you saw it, for most of the time it was beating a hasty retreat from the wil- lows of S. H. C. batsmen. In the third we again chalked up five runs to our credit, most of them due to consistent and timely hitting. One more the following inning, with four in the sixth, constituted the enormous total of 15 runs. On the other hand our friends the enemy succeeded in making the complete circuit only four times, two of them arising from slight carelessness on the infield.

Though S. H. C. batted the opposing pitcher's variety all over the place, Braud was the only one who hit for extra bases, lacing the sphere for three sacks in the initial round when the paths were crowded. His superior pitching was also a feature, letting the visitors down with six scattered safeties. Edmonds was, on the contrary, touched for 15 bingles—every one netting a run. In addition to this his team-mates played loosely behind him and offered small encouragement to his trying task.

After the game the Ocean Springs boys departed, taking with them our best wishes and hopes for a return game next spring. The game in detail:

S. H. C. vs. Loyola.—On Saturday, March the 30th, our Jesuit cousins from the Crescent City arrived to participate in a three-game series with our representatives of the diamond. Up to this time S. H. C. had split even in her inter-collegiate contests, and judging from this she was now on the high road to success.

Somehow these relatives of ours never require of us a formal reception at their coming. We and they take it as a matter-of-fact, annual event, and so far our meetings have been blessed with the most favorable approval of the fates. The two time-honored rivals had previous to this competed in nearly every department except baseball, and they celebrated this meeting with a double-header on the date above.

Favored with ideal baseball weather, the first of the bargain couple began sharply at 2:15 p. m. In order to secure the first, Captain "Bob" designated Old Ironsides Braud to wield his unearthly benders while Coach Fusich deemed it best to place "Rube" Fusich in the hands of big Vaccaro. Both of the artists, however, used their talent exceedingly well, holding their respective opponents under leash for some time. S. H. C. was the first to break the profound silence, and ere they heard the gentle whispers of Potter, Lawless and Woulfe, their inattention had cost them two runs. This all happened in the fourth, when the first of these babies singled, the second repeated, and the third drove them home with a howling drive to the gardeners for two sacks. In the sixth the Loyola boys captured a lone tally out of the fusilade of four singles, and continued without another throughout the game. Following Cassidy's good example, Tarleton doubled in the seventh and drove the former home with the last run, leaving the score 3—1 in our favor. The game in detail:

First Game.

Loyola.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S. H. C.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Perrier, 2b.	4	0	1	4	1	0	Mackin, 2b.	4	0	0	0	2	0
Durrell, s.s.	4	0	1	2	0	0	Potter lf.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Fielding, 1b.	4	0	1	6	0	0	Lawless, 1b.	4	1	1	11	0	0
Myers, 3b.	4	0	0	1	1	0	Braud, p.	3	0	0	2	10	0
Vaccaro, c.	3	0	0	11	13	0	Woulfe, s.s.	3	0	1	3	0	0
Guidry, lf.	3	0	1	0	0	0	Cassidy, c.	3	1	1	7	2	1
Harrison, cf.	2	0	0	0	1	0	Tarleton, 3b.	3	0	2	0	2	0
Hinderman, rf.	3	1	0	0	0	0	Druhan, cf.	2	0	0	2	0	0
Fusich, p.	3	0	0	0	10	0	Garbarino, rf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	30	1	4	24*	16	0	Totals	29	3	7	27	16	1

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—R.H.E.
Visitors	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1 4 0
S. H. C.	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	0	*—3 7 1

Summary—Two-base hits, Woulfe, Cassidy, Tarleton. Struck out by Braud 8, by Fusich 10. Hit by pitched ball, Fusich 1.

Batteries—For S. H. C., Braud and Cassidy. For Visitors, Fusich and Vaccaro. Umpire—Austill.

Second Game.

After a few moments' respiration—I mean perspiration—the old guns were back at it again with renewed vigor, eager to ascertain the outcome of the second mill. To put the whole thing in a bomb-shell—no trouble at all for Spring Hill. In contrast to Braud, Fusich sent the semi-pro Myler with his invincible smile to the hill. He kept the noses of the Hillians screwed to the stone for some time before they tumbled to the intricacies of his general delivery. Braud was no less effective and was ably seconded and encouraged by errorless fielding.

The only tallies of the game came in the fourth, when Lawless drew a pass and stole second and came home when the baby short stop shoved out a clean bingle. Woulfe took second when husky Joe walked. Druhan next in order laced out a clean one good for three sacks, and the two men on the lines romped home, thus scoring two runs more, leaving it 3—0 with a big number in S. H. C.'s column. The remaining three innings were for the most part uneventful, being greatly in the hands of the pitchers. Score by innings and detail:

Loyola.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S. H. C.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Perrier, 2b.	3	0	1	1	2	0	Mackin, 2b.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Durrell, s.s.	3	0	0	1	1	0	Potter, lf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Fielding, 3b.	3	0	0	0	0	0	Lawless, 1b.	2	1	0	5	0	0
Myler, p.	3	0	0	0	11	0	Braud, p.	3	0	0	0	10	0
Vaccaro, c.	3	0	0	11	1	1	Woulfe, s.s.	3	1	1	1	2	0
Guidry, lf.	2	0	0	0	0	0	Cassidy, c.	2	1	1	9	0	0
Harrison, cf.	2	0	0	1	0	0	Tarleton, 3b.	2	0	0	0	0	0
Seemann, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0	Druhan, cf.	2	0	1	2	0	0
Fusich, 1b.	2	0	0	4	0	0	Garbarino, rf.	2	0	0	3	0	0
Totals	23	0	1	18*	15	1	Totals	22	3	5	21	12	0

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7—R.H.E.
Visitors	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0 1 1
S. H. C.	0	0	0	3	0	0	*—3 5 0

Summary—Three-base hit, Druhan. Two-base hit, Perier. Struck out by Braud 9, by Myler 12. Base on balls off Myler 2. Stolen bases, Cassidy, Lawless, Mackin (2), Vaccaro.

Batteries—For S. H. C., Braud and Cassidy. For Loyola, Myler and Vaccaro. Umpire—Austill.

Third Game.

On the following day, Sunday, March 31st, the third game of the series was pulled off, a good-sized crowd of followers witnessing it. "Old Ironsides" Braud has done his share on the previous day, and it was now the part of the man with the big round-house, namely, Delaune, to divvy up. Hinderman was the pick of the Jesuit boys, and his success, as will be seen, was by no means meagre.

In the second round of the game "Cooney" Myler leaned against one of those Delaune chose to serve him and drove it to the woods for the first run of the game. In her half of the same round S. H. C. evened up the score, which remained thus until the fourth. In that eventful inning our boys went "aviating" while the bases were chocked. A well-placed bunt completed their ruin, and when three hands were down a lead of five runs was to be overcome. How a man of such inferior ability as that possessed by Hinderman could hold S. H. C.'s best batters under leash in the way he did is a mystery to me. However, we failed to score again until the ninth, and our run then merely counteracted their one of the same inning. A lead of five runs had absorbed a good quantity of pepper so prominent on the day before, and even the presence of our old stand-by Braud, who replaced Delaune in the fifth, failed to supply the wanting inspiration.

Though S. H. C. never said "enough," until the last man was down in the ninth, the entire Loyola squad, save the genial Vaccaro, were willing to quit in the fifth for no other reason than that our enthusiastic rooters ventured somewhat close to the baseline. This unhappy feature was, however, favorably settled, and the game continued without interruption through the remaining innings. The score in detail:

Loyola.	A.	B.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.	S. H. C.	A.	B.	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Pier, 2b.	5	0	1	6	0	0			Mackin, 2b.	2	0	0	0	0	1	0	
Durrell, s.s.	4	1	0	1	2	0			Potter, lf.	4	0	1	1	0	0		
Fielding, 1h.	5	0	2	6	0	0			Lawless, 1h.	4	0	0	1	2	0		
Myler, 3b.	5	2	3	2	1	0			Braud, cf.	2	0	0	1	6	0		
Vaccaro, c.	2	1	0	10	4	0			Woulfe, s.s.	4	1	2	5	2	0		
Guidry, rf.	4	1	0	1	0	0			Tarleton, 3b.	2	1	0	2	2	1		
Harrison, cf.	3	1	2	1	0	0			Cassidy, c.	3	0	0	9	1	0		
Fusch, lf.	4	1	1	0	0	0			Garbarino, rf.	4	0	0	2	0	0		
Hinderman, p.	4	0	0	0	10	2			Delaunce, p.	1	0	0	0	4	1		
Totals	36	7	9	27	17	2			Druhan, cf.	2	0	0	0	0	0		
									Totals	28	2	3	27	18	2		
Score by innings:									1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—R.H.E.
Loyola									0	1	0	5	0	0	0	0	1—7 9 2
S. H. C.									0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2 3 2

Summary—Home run, Myler. Three-base hit, Cassidy. Two-base hits, Fielding, Potter, Woulfe. Struck out by Braud 9, by Hinderman 11. Hit by pitched ball, Hinderman 3.

Batteries—For S. H. C., C. Braud, Delaune and Cassidy. For Loyola, Hinderman and Vaccaro.

Umpire—Austill.

S. H. C. vs. Moose.—Sunday, April the first, S. H. C. added another victory to her credit. The fast city league arrived on S. H. C.'s grounds with great hopes of victory. But the college boys took a healthy lead of four runs in the third inning and tallied two more in the eighth, while the Moose aggregation only succeeded in putting over two runs, one in the fourth and the other in the ninth. Schener showed good form, and eleven of the Hill boys fell victims to his southpaw benders. But Potter's home run with two men on, together with Braud's air-tight pitching and good support soured the southpaw's chances for victory. Braud showed his usual good form, striking out ten

of the Moose. The feature of the game, needless to say, was "Peg's" home run. The game in detail:

Moose.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S. H. C.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
F. Kelly, cf.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Mackin, 2b.	2	1	0	0	2	0
Walsh, lf.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Potter, lf.	3	2	1	0	0	0
Zeiman, s.s.	4	2	3	2	1	0	Lawless, 1b.	4	2	2	10	0	1
Hustedt, rf.	2	0	1	0	0	0	Braud, p.	4	0	0	0	11	0
Smallwood, 1b.	4	0	1	9	0	2	Woulfe, s.s.	4	0	1	2	3	1
Lesley, 3b.	4	0	1	1	2	0	Tarleton, 3b.	3	0	1	1	4	0
Murlhy, 2b.	2	0	0	0	1	1	Cassidy, c.	3	0	0	10	2	0
Johnson, c.	3	0	0	9	2	0	Druhan, cf.	3	0	0	4	0	0
Schener, p.	3	0	0	0	12	2	Garbarino, rf.	3	1	0	0	0	0
Britton, 2b.	2	0	1	0	0	0							
Neely, rf.	2	0	0	0	0	0							
Totals	34	2	7	24*	18	5	Totals	29	6	5	27	22	2

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—R.H.E.
Visitors	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—2 7 5
S. H. C.	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	2	*—6 5 2

Summary—Home run, Potter. Two-base-hit, Lawless. Struck out by Braud 10, by Schener 11. Base on balls, Schener 3.

Umpire—Becker.

S. H. C. vs. Mobile Southern League.—April 8th, Manager Mike Finn, at the request of Mr. Walsh, brought out his husky bunch of ball tossers for an evening's outing with the boys. Delaune started the twirling for the lads, but the big fellow took advantage of his bad control and trotted around the sacks for three runs in the initial inning. Dunn led off with a two-bagger in the second, Hickey and Maloney singled; the latter's hit scoring the first two. Delaune improved by degrees and succeeded in letting the Southerners down with one run in the third and presented them with a goose egg in the fourth. Braud went in to serve the pill in the fifth and the game proceeded without much more run-making until the seventh, when the Finnites chalked up three tallies more to their credit. Spring Hill's lone run came in the seventh when Tarleton got a life on balls, Druhan singled and Garbarino followed suite, scoring Bob. The game was featured by the heavy hitting of the leaguers, led by Dunn and "Baby Doll" Jacobson, and S. H. C.'s strong defense against such odds. Interest was kept up throughout the game and Heine took his time in the umpstand. The game in detail:

Mobile.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S. H. C.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Hickey, rf.	4	2	1	1	0	0	Mackin, s.s.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Maloney, cf.	3	1	2	1	0	0	Potter, lf.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Rohe, 3b.	4	0	0	0	3	0	Lawless, 1b.	4	0	1	11	1	0
Jacobson, lf.	5	2	2	1	0	0	Cassidy, c.	4	0	2	5	2	0
Rowan, 1b.	5	1	2	9	1	1	Tarleton, 3b.	3	1	0	2	3	0
Starr, 2b.	5	0	1	1	3	0	Druhan, cf.	4	0	2	7	0	0
Kneaves, s.s.	4	2	1	1	1	0	Jas. Cassidy, rf....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Dunn, c.	4	1	3	12	0	0	Delaune, p.	2	0	0	0	1	0
Burleson, p.	4	0	1	1	12	0	Van Heuvel, rf. ...	1	0	0	0	0	0
Shontz, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0	Braud, p.	1	0	0	1	4	1
							Garbarino, 2b.	3	0	1	0	2	0
Totals	38	9	13	27	20	1	Totals	32	1	6	27	13	1

Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—R.H.E.
Visitors	3	2	1	0	0	0	3	0	0—9 13 1
S. H. C.	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0—1 6 1

Summary—Two-base hits, Jacobson, Rowan, Dunn (2), Burleson. Struck out by Braud 2, Burleson 10. Walker by Delaune 2, by Braud 2. Hit by pitched ball, Delaune 1. Double play, Tarleton to Garbarino to Lawless. Stolen bases, Maloney 5, Kneaves 2, Hickey 2.

Umpire—Berger.



SECOND DIVISION BASEBALL TEAM.

(1) H. Braud, H. Portuif, R. Murray, C. Martin, (2) M. McPhillips, M. Patterson, R. Ducote, A. de Regil, C. Timothy (Captain), E. Herbert, (3) S. Lange, D. Hebert, J. McPhillips, E. Gomez.

S. H. C. vs. W. O. W.—By a Garrison finish in the ninth the Hill boys defeated the W. O. W. champions on the college campus by the close score of 4 to 3. Farnell and Braud were the opposing twirlers, the former giving up five hits and striking out fourteen S. H. C. batters. Braud, on the other hand, kept his safeties scattered and was invincible in the pinches. The Woodmen, who secured the first run, led the race until the ninth inning, when the collegians, coming with one run behind, put the necessary two across, and nosed out with a victory. Featuring in this contest was Farnell's pitching and hitting, securing for himself three clean hits out of four times at bat. Cassidy, Kelly, and Johnson made the long hits of the game. Braud, in his usual form, struck out eleven of the opposing batters. The game was as follows:

W. O. W.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S. H. C.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Thomas, lf.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Tarleton, 3b.	4	0	0	1	2	1
Calmetti, 2b.	4	0	0	2	2	0	Woulfe, s.s.	4	0	0	3	3	0
Pocase, s.s.	3	0	0	3	1	0	Lawless, 1b.	3	0	0	12	1	1
Toenes, rf.	3	0	0	0	0	0	Braud, p.	2	0	1	0	13	1
Chambers, 1b.	4	0	0	4	0	0	Potter, lf.	4	1	0	0	0	0
McGraw, cf.	3	0	1	0	0	0	Cassidy, c.	3	3	2	10	5	0
Kelly, 3b.	3	2	1	0	1	0	Druhan, cf.	4	0	1	1	1	0
Johnson, c.	4	0	2	15	1	0	Mackin, 2b.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Farnell, p.	4	1	3	0	16	2	Garbarino, rf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Lesley, cf.	1	0	1	0	0	0	Van Heuvel, rf. ..	2	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	35	3	8	25*	21	2	Totals	30	4	5	27	26	3

*One out when game ended.

Score by innings:

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R.	H.	E.
Visitors	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	0	0	—	3	8 2
S. H. C.	0	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	2	—	4	5 3

Summary—Two-base hits, Cassidy, Johnson. Three-base hit, Cassidy. Struck out by Braud 11, by Farnell 14. Base on balls off Braud 2, Farnell 4. Sacrifice hit, Johnson.

Batteries—S. H. C., Braud and Cassidy; W. O. W., Farnell and Johnson.

Umpire—Becker.

S. H. C. vs. Crown Theatre.—Sunday, April 21, S. H. C., the champs of Mobile in the line of amateur baseball, mounted to the diamond to defend their rights against the fast aggregation from the Crown Theatre. Much interest was centered in this contest owing to the reputation of the latter, and a large crowd came out to witness the outcome.

"Big Ship" Townsend toed the rubber for the Crown lads, and his benders proved beyond solution, for at least thirteen of Spring Hill's lads. The collegians did not show their usual amount of pepper, ginger, etc., and when Braud was touched for a few safeties, loose playing yielded a harvest of unearned runs. Two in the first, followed again by two in the fourth and three each in the sixth and seventh innings, constituted a fearful handicap of ten runs. S. H. C. in the meanwhile could cross the pan but once, and that in the second inning. Had their runs been as many as their errors they no doubt would have secured the contest. The features of the game were the superb twirling of Townsend, and the two-base hits of Kirsh. The game was as follows:

Crowns.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S. H. C.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
P. Neely, cf.	5	1	1	1	0	0	Mackin, 2b.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Aerhardt, lf.	5	0	0	0	0	0	Potter, lf.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Yost, 3b.	4	1	2	1	0	0	Lawless, 1b.	3	0	0	10	1	1
Wagner, s.s.	5	0	0	0	1	0	Cassidy, c.	4	0	0	9	0	0
Ross, 2b.	5	1	1	2	2	0	Braud, p.	3	1	1	2	12	3
Karsch, 1b.	4	3	3	8	0	0	Woulfe, s.s.	3	0	1	3	5	3
D. Neely, rf.	3	2	1	1	1	0	Tarleton, 3b.	2	0	0	0	1	1
Long, c.	5	0	2	13	3	1	Druhan, cf.	3	0	2	1	0	0
Townsend, p.	3	1	1	1	14	0	Garbarino, rf.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Airey, rf.	2	1	1	0	0	0	Totals	29	1	4	27	19	8
Totals	41	10	12	27	21	1							

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—R.H.E.
Visitors	2	0	0	2	0	3	3	0	0—10 12 1
S. H. C.	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—1 4 8
Summary—Two-base hit, Kirsch. Sacrifice hit, Townsend. Struck out by Townsend 13, Braud 6. Base on balls, Braud 2, Townsend 3. Double play, Woulfe to Lawless to Tarleton.									

Batteries—S. H. C., Braud and Cassidy; Crowns, Townsend and Long.
 Umpire—Becker.

First Game.

S. H. C. vs. Southern University.—Eager to drown the sorrows of defeat incurred at the hands of Southern University's football team, Spring Hill arranged a three-game series of baseball to be played on the college campus on April 24-25. Consequently on this date the doughty Southerners arrived in all their pomp and glory prepared to scalp us by hook or by crook. Nor were they alone in this determination, for our boys were imbued with the same spirit, and perhaps a skimpion more.

Under the eloquence of Umpire Schener the curtain of the series was raised, and such another howl from the lusty throats of two hundred rooters was never heard on these grounds ere now. After "serious thought and mature deliberation" Marse Bob designated Braud to perform, hopeful, of course, by this action, to cop the first. Brown, the southpaw, was the choice of our opponents, and his work was little short of wonderful throughout the contest, considering his condition.

Southern scored the first run of the game in the initial inning, when Locke reached first on an error and pilfered every sack thereafter, never stopping until home was reached. Their second came in the sixth from a clean bingle and two consecutive fielding errors. S. H. C. failed to tally prior to the ninth, when Druhan, the first man up, hit for two sacks, the second of the kind in the contest, and was brought around after stealing third, on Cassidy's sacrifice fly. For some time it looked as though S. H. C. would rally in their last ditch and overcome the lead of four runs acquired by their opponents in their portion of the same round. But Brown had his mind on the game and was not to Southern boys. The following is a detail of the game:
 ern boys. The following is a detail of the game:

So. University.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S. H. C.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Rush, 2b.	5	0	1	4	2	0	Garbarino, rf.	4	0	0	1	1	0
Chapman, 1b.	5	0	2	10	0	1	Druhan, cf.	4	1	2	1	0	0
Locke, cf.	5	2	0	2	0	0	Lawless, 1b.	4	0	0	1	0	2
Steed, lf.	4	1	1	0	0	0	Cassidy, c.	3	0	0	6	1	1
Roberts, c.	4	1	1	8	4	0	Braud, p.	2	0	1	0	9	0
Fersh, rf.	4	0	0	0	0	0	Woulfe, s.s.	4	0	0	4	2	1
Rushings, 3b.	4	1	1	1	0	0	Potter, lf.	2	0	0	3	0	0
Reddock, s.s.	4	1	1	1	0	0	Tarleton, 3b.	2	0	0	1	3	1
Brown, p.	3	0	0	1	9	0	Mackin, 2b.	1	0	0	4	1	0
Totals	38	6	7	27	15	1	Totals	27	1	3	27	17	4

Score by innings:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—R.H.E.
Southern	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	4—6 7 1
S. H. C.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1 3 4
Summary—Two-base hits, Druhan (2). Struck out by Braud 5, by Brown 10. Walked by Brown 5, Braud 1. Sasrifice hit, Cassidy.									

Batteries—S. H. C., Braud and Cassidy; Southern, Brown and Roberts.
 Umpire—Schener.

Second Game.

The following day, April 25, a double-header was scheduled to be played, and if S. H. C. succeeded in taking their pair the series would be decided in her favor. Hopes ran

high in the heart of every loyal student, and no few had breathed sweet little oaths that the former defeats, yesterday's included, would be avenged in the taking of the couple. Our old friend and enemy Schener officiating in his lofty position of the day before, announced "Play ball!" at 2:30 sharp.

Spring Hill's marked predilection for right-handers became evident in the opening round. Tarleton made first on an error and Lawless pasted one so hard it looked like a pill, and when it ceased to soar he was bedecking the keystone station with Tarleton crossing the plate. In the following inning Becker, who replaced Mackin at second, kept the pot boiling by securing a pass and was sent down on Garbarino's perfect bunt. Hits were not needed this inning, for four men took Becker's route and the whole fracas netted three runs. An awful fusilade of clean bingles gave us four more in the fourth inning. Garbarino opened up the seventh with a nice safety and was followed closely by the "Iron Man" Braud, who clouted one that was good for four sacks in any league. This ended S. H. C's assortment,—ten in number. What, you say, were the visitors doing while we were running bases in this barbaric manner? Well, I'll tell you. They were replacing the pitchers as fast as we knocked them out. The Southerners failed to solve Braud's erratic delivery throughout the nine rounds, and never once did they make the complete circuit. The game was as follows:

So. University.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S. H. C.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.		
Rush, 2b.	5	0	0	2	3	0	Braud, p.	4	2	1	0	13	1		
Chapman, 1b.	4	0	1	6	0	0	Tarleton, 3b.	5	1	1	2	0	0		
Locke, rf.	4	0	0	1	0	0	Lawless, 1b.	4	2	2	12	0	0		
Steed, lf.&p.	3	0	0	0	4	3	Cassidy, c.	2	0	0	9	3	0		
Roberts, c.	3	0	0	6	0	1	Potter, lf.	4	1	2	1	1	0		
Kersh, rf.	3	0	0	3	1	0	Woulfe, s.s.	4	1	1	2	1	2		
ushing, 3b.	3	0	1	5	0	0	Druhan, cf.	5	1	3	1	0	1		
Reddock, s.s.	3	0	0	0	2	0	Becker, 2b.	3	1	0	0	1	0		
Brown, cf.	1	0	0	1	0	0	Garbarino, rf.	2	1	2	0	0	0		
Little, p.	2	0	0	0	5	1									
Carmichael, rf	1	0	0	0	0	0									
							Totals	33	10	12	27	19	4		
Totals	32	0	2	24*	15	5									
Score by innings:							1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—R. H. E.
Southern							0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0 2 5
S. H. C.							1	3	0	4	0	0	2	0	*—10 12 4

Third Game.

After a brief space, the second game commenced. Braud was again seen on the mound, being placed there at his own request, not, however, without some opposition on the part of those zealous for his welfare. Though hit hard and frequently, he could have offered a better showing had the support of his team-mates been a little more encouraging. Though vanquished in the first game of a bargain day couple, Southern came back with renewed pepper and scored the first run in the first inning. She again tallied two each in the fourth and fifth, whereas our boys, exerting themselves, could get but one over in the former. The presence of Lefty Locke seemed to inspire them with awe, so much so that their bingles landed on safe territory but three times, while those of the opponents numbered ten safeties. Failing to hit at opportune moments, joined with errors amounting to six, contributed to their defeat, but we fought them to the finish, and they know us sufficiently well to keep on their toes till the last ditch was crossed. The game was as follows:

So. University.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S. H. C.	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Rush, 2b.	4	1	1	1	1	1	Braud p.	2	0	0	1	5	0
Chapman, 1b.	4	1	3	8	1	1	Tarleton, 3b.	3	0	0	2	2	1
Steed, lf.	3	0	1	1	0	0	Lawless, 1b.	3	0	0	5	0	2
Locke, p.	4	0	0	2	10	1	Cassidy, c.	2	1	0	5	1	0
Kersh, c.	4	1	1	7	0	0	Potter, lf.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Rushing, 3b.	4	0	2	0	0	1	Woulfe, s.s.	3	0	0	3	2	1
eddock, s.s.	4	1	1	1	3	0	Druhan, cf.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Brown, cf.	2	1	0	1	0	0	Becker, 2b.	3	1	1	1	3	2
Carmichael, rf.	3	0	1	0	0	0	Garbarino, rf.	3	0	2	0	0	0

Totals32 5 10 21 15 4 Totals25 2 3 21 13 6

Score by innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7—R.H.E.

Southern 1 0 0 2 2 0 0—5 10 4

S. H. C. 0 0 0 1 1 0 0—2 3 6

Summary—Two-base hits, Chapman and Rushing. Struck out by Braud 3, by Locke 8. Base on balls off Locke 2.

Batteries—S. H. C., Braud and Cassidy; Southern, Locke and Kirch.

Umpire—Schener.

S. H. C. vs. Hill Billies.—Sunday, May 12, the college lads defeated the Hill Billies in an interesting and hotly contested game of ball, winning out in a close play at home in the ninth inning. The features of the game were the heavy hitting of the collegians and Burch's long drive over left field fence in the fourth.

Score by innings: 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—R.H.E.

Visitors 0 0 0 1 1 1 1 0 0—4 1 1

S. H. C. 0 0 0 2 2 0 1 0 *—5 13 5

Summary—Home run, Burch. Three-base hit, Lawless. Two-base hits, Potter, Markin, Tarleton, Delaune. Base on balls, off Williams 1. Hit by pitched ball, by Braud 1, Williams 1. Sacrifice hit, Potter.

Umpire—Becker.

1912 BASEBALL SCHEDULE.

Feb. 11—S. H. C. vs. Mobile Juniors, 4-3.

Feb. 18—S. H. C. vs. Oakdale, 2-6.

Feb. 22—S. H. C. vs. Wheeling, 3-2.

Feb. 25—S. H. C. vs. Dures, 10-2.

March 7—S. H. C. vs. Hill Billies, 8-3.

March 20—S. H. C. vs. Marion, 5-6.

March 21—S. H. C. vs. Marion, 1-8, 8-6.

March 24—S. H. C. vs. C. A. C., 4-3.

March 28—S. H. C. vs. Keewatin, 15-4.

March 30—S. H. C. vs. Loyola, 3-1.

March 31—S. H. C. vs. Loyola, 3-0, 2-7.

April 7—S. H. C. vs. Moose, 6-2.

April 8—S. H. C. vs. Mobile Southern League, 1-9.

April 14—S. H. C. vs. W. O. W., 4-3.

April 21—S. H. C. vs. Crowns, 1-10.

April 24—S. H. C. vs. Southern University, 1-6.

April 25—S. H. C. vs. Southern University, 10-0, 2-5.

May 5—S. H. C. vs. Hill Billies, 5-4.

May 9—S. H. C. vs. M. M. I., 2-1.

May 12—S. H. C. vs. Whistler, 14-5.

AVERAGES.

Name.	A.B.	H.	Pc't.
Delaune	24	8	.333
Druhan	74	23	.310
Adoue	7	2	.285
Braud	62	16	.258
Woulfe	74	18	.243
Cassidy, Jos.	78	19	.243
Lawless	68	16	.238
Potter	79	16	.202
Tarleton	75	15	.200
Garbarino	55	11	.200
Mackin	70	13	.185
Becker	6	1	.166
Van Heuvel	14	1	.071



Spring Hill College

Mobile, Alabama

SPRING HILL COLLEGE is built on rising ground, five miles distant from MOBILE, and elevated one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. It enjoys a constant refreshing breeze, which renders its situation both agreeable and healthy. The surrounding woods afford the most pleasant summer walks. A never failing spring at the foot of the hill, and within the College grounds, furnishes an abundant and lasting supply of water to the beautiful lake where the students may safely enjoy the beneficial exercise of swimming. Long experience has proved that, owing to its position, the College is entirely exempt from those diseases which prevail at certain seasons in the South.

The College was incorporated in 1836 by the Legislature of Alabama, with all the rights and privileges of a University, and empowered in 1840 by Pope Gregory XVI. to grant degrees in Philosophy and Theology.

The directors of the institution are members of the Society of Jesus, which from its origin has devoted itself to the education of youth. They will endeavor to show themselves deserving of the confidence reposed in them by evincing on all occasions a parental solicitude for the health and comfort of those entrusted to their charge, by sparing no pains to promote their advancement and by keeping a careful and active watch over their conduct. The exercise of their authority will be mild without being remiss, in enforcing the strict discipline and good order so essential for the proper culture of both mind and heart. By this two-fold education, which is based on Religion and Morality, they will exert all their energies not only to adorn the minds of their pupils with useful knowledge, but to instill into their hearts solid virtue and a practical love of the duties which they will have to discharge in after life.

The public worship of the institution is that of the Catholic Religion ; however, pupils of other denominations are received, provided that, for the sake of order and uniformity, they are willing to conform to the exterior exercises of worship.

The plan of studies is established on a large scale, and is calculated to suit not only the wants but the progress of society. It consists of three principal courses under the name of PREPARATORY, ENGLISH and CLASSICAL.

French, German, Spanish, Italian, form separate courses, are optional, and are taught without extra charge.

Extensive grounds, spacious buildings, commodious class-rooms, library, reading rooms, billiard and recreation rooms, and the largest and best equipped college gymnasium in the South, every facility for the self-improvement and physical well-being of the student.

For Catalogue, etc., apply to REV. F. X. TWELLMEYER, President.



